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A CONTINUATION OF

RICH AND POOR.

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PASCAL.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;
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COMMON EVENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Slander, that worst of poisons, ever finds
An easy entrance to ignoble minds.

Juvenal.

A TWICE-TOLD tale is proverbially tedious. To avoid this reproach, we shall not recapitulate those circumstances in the history of the Marquis of Vainall and his family, which have been related in a previous publication, and with which some of our readers may be already acquainted. Nor shall we detail the trivial events which marked the progress of five following years of the history of that noble house; but shall commence our present narration by stating, that, at the period at which we have now arrived, the Marquis and his family, in the

month of October, were still at Roe Park; and that Lady Amelia Truefeel, with permission of the Marchioness, had taken Amelia Bell, the daughter of Sarah of notorious memory, into the house, and meant to educate her, and confer upon her in due time the honour of becoming her own maid.

This event was ascribed by Amelia to the care and goodness of that Providence which had hitherto watched over her. The Marchioness ascribed it entirely to the manœuvring of the girl's old patroness, Mrs Miller; and the Marquis really believed it to have come about by what he termed chance or good luck.—Amelia Bell was but ten years of age when she found herself thus highly promoted; and she already evinced a very considerable aptness in acquiring the qualifications of a lady's-maid, and joyfully anticipated the time when her office would be to exercise the acts she admired so highly in the service of a mistress whom she so greatly loved and respected. Greatly, too, did she rejoice when the employments of the day were over; when Lady Amelia rang her bell; when they read together the sacred oracles of God, and mutually felt the difference of station appointed for them in this short transitory life, swallowed up in the begun and never-ending unity of Christians. Amelia Bell was yet too young to be sensible of the restraint arising from difference of stations, which is felt so strongly in more advanced years.

She was a very good girl; but there was nothing either in her personal or mental endowments to make Lady Amelia Truefeel regret the impossibility of training her for a more elevated station; for the young Amelia's genius was confined entirely to the arrangement and preparation of dress. No doubt Messrs Gall and Spurzheim (amongst various other elevations) would have discovered in her skull the organ of that neatness which was gradually developing, and proved an invaluable quality in her present sphere. She would have been an enthusiast in dress, both for the adorning of herself and her beloved mistress; but all natural redundancies were subdued into neatness, order, simplicity, and decorum, by that better spirit whose influence and direction she had been taught by her patroness to implore. Though Amelia was still very young, there was every reason to hope, that the moral qualities had taken deep root upon the blessed soil of a renewed heart. How immaterial (too often alas!) the qualities which are born with individuals, in their ultimate effect on the character! An evil heart can corrupt and misapply the noblest attributes of the creature; and a renewed spirit can in some degree refine and dignify what otherwise might be deemed ignoble and grovelling.

In early youth, Lady Amelia had adopted the

sentiment, that "Education formed the common mind;" she now entertained doubts of the truth of this maxim; and as she became more intimately acquainted with the habits of the lower orders, she admired the wisdom and benevolence of the great Governor of the universe, who, in man, as well as in the lower animal creation, adapted so admirably the talents, desires, and capacities of each individual to fit and fill the niche it was destined to occupy in the finished architecture of the world. Of the human heart, even from her own limited experience, she had no hesitation in subscribing to the Scripture account—that its natural thoughts and inclinations were only evil continually; and this humbling truth she found daily confirmed by her increasing knowledge of her own heart—but much it grieved her to find, when called upon to deliver her sentiments, that this fundamental tenet was entirely rejected; that it sometimes created great irritation against her; and when it had not this effect, was generally turned into ridicule.

"I am sorry to hear such a black account of Amelia's heart," said the Marquis; "but I am thankful to say no such wicked imaginations ever enter into mine."

"All cant," said the Marchioness; "her heart is just as pure as either yours or mine; but that is the slang of the sect. They are proud of what

they consider their own superior discernment, and pique themselves upon the knowledge and acknowledgment of their sins."

Fain would Lady Amelia have been silent upon this and other controverted subjects; for she did not feel herself called upon to become a preacher; but the Marquis, for want of other conversation, frequently introduced these strife-stirring topics, and found an ample field for displaying his eloquence in combating what he deemed the mad, foolish, and unscriptural dogmas of his daughter. It was, however, very congenial to the natural character of the Marquis, when he got everything his own way, to be willing that other people should have a little of theirs; and he would have been much grieved had he really been aware how severely he distressed Lady Amelia, by his frequent introduction of themes so sacred; the more especially when, without the slightest intention on his part of infringing on the sacredness of truth, she heard him often, in a careless manner, advert to her sentiments with such exaggeration, and distortion of their real import, as to convey a most erroneous and frequently most revolting picture of her notions of Christian truth. But Lady Amelia had learned to bear all things, and realized, in her experience, the sentiment of an old divine, "that it will mitigate our impatience of some per-

sons and things, if we consider them as appointed by God to exercise our patience; and if we accustom ourselves to think more of what we owe to others than of what others owe to us." She also felt that she must not be angry because she could not make others as she wished them to be, seeing that she herself fell far short of what she knew it was her duty to be, and was continually striving to become.

The Vainall family were seldom alone, for the families at the mansions of Salmondale, Old Ewe House, and Grouse Park, carried on with them a constant fire of mutual invitation and acceptation. But, notwithstanding the gossipping which grew out of these mutual festivities, an unavoidable tedium was frequently experienced, and a consequent craving for news, which nothing but the post could satisfy.

It was a gloomy, undecided day, too good to be bad, yet too bad to be good, when the Marquis, after having finished his breakfast, said that he felt a headache; but the literal truth was, that he did not know what to make of himself, till the hour of his next meal should arrive. "I really wonder what can be detaining the post-boy this morning," said he, yawning.

This expression of wonder was addressed to no one in particular; but Miss Jane Pert (who was

staying at Roe Park, and whose propensity to talk rendered her particularly agreeable to the Marquis) made a point of appropriating to herself all unpointed questions of this nature. "I cannot tell," said she, stretching her obliging eyes as far as their vision would extend from the window to the road, till the wood terminated the view. "I cannot see the smallest trace of him," she continued; "and I am miserably anxious for letters. Dear Sally Gossip promised to write to me twice a-week; her letters are really enchanting; they are so full of news."

"Past twelve o'clock," said the Marquis, taking out his watch—"I must really get the post-bag put under better regulation. If Mrs Little Thrift will persist in detaining it till she answers her paltry cards, in order to save one sixpence, she shall find it will cost her two; for I will not permit the post-boy to call for her letters any more."

Jane Pert applauded the justice of this proceeding, but still continued to gaze out of the window, till her open, vacant, and happily communicative countenance, was at last lighted up with joy, and she exclaimed, "There he comes!"

The Marquis mechanically rose to ascertain the correctness of this intelligence, but soon resumed his seat with a look of disappointment. "You are all in the wrong, Miss Jane," said he; "'tis

only Webster the parson. I will not give up my old eyes for your young ones—I know the jog-trot of his dun pony too well."

A few minutes proved the correctness of the Marquis's vision; for Mr Webster entered to inquire for the family, in his rounds through his parish. He was considered by them all as an inoffensive man; but as a divine and a moralist, the Marquis and Marchioness gave the preference to their old friend the Rev. Dr Pelham.

"I am happy to see you, Mr Webster," said the hospitable Marquis.

"Won't you sit down, Mr Webster?" said the Marchioness, waving her hand graciously.

"I hope your lordship has been quite well since you came to the country?" said Mr Webster.

"Why, I cannot say I have much reason to complain," said the Marquis; "I hold out pretty well, considering that I am not so young as when first I knew you, Mr Webster. At my time of life, people require to take great care of themselves; indeed I think it is one's primary duty—founded, as one might say, on the great law of nature—self-preservation."

"Why, my lord," said Mr Webster, "I believe, in most instances, we may leave the great laws of nature to operate by themselves. To get a new nature is the Christian's great endeavour; and—"

But this colloquy was interrupted by Miss Pert's again announcing the arrival of the post, who now came up the approach with spattered boots, strapped waist, and bag trundling behind.

The Marquis hastened to meet him, and soon returned, bearing the bag with his own noble hands. "There is the Courier for you, Mr Webster," said he; "and the Morning Post for you, Miss Jane; and here is a packet for you, my lady; and a love-letter, or some such sort of thing, for you, Amelia; and all the other dispatches belong to myself."—He took out several magazines and reviews.—"I must forbid the bookseller to send so many; they multiply every week; there are certainly as many reviews as books; I shall be ruined by literature, if I do not put an embargo upon them."

After a little more desultory grumbling, the Marquis put on his glasses, and the whole party settled themselves into reading attitudes, in their respective seats. "Silence was pleased" and uninterrupted, except by a few involuntary exclamations when any unexpected intelligence met their eyes.

"La!" exclaimed Miss Pert, "and so Miss Fenton has really made out her marriage!—What a fall!—Ay, so we are to have a Musical Festival! —that is delightful."

Miss Pert's exclamations called forth no echoes, for all the others were too much engrossed with their own letters, to pay any attention to hers.

Lady Amelia gave a faint sigh as she turned the page of her letter. "'Tis indeed a vain world," said she.

"It is most provoking," said the Marchioness in her soliloquy. "I would require the patience of Job. My gown's not yet sent off!—Do they suppose I am still wearing the dresses I was married in?"

The Marquis groaned and fidgetted about on his seat; some sentences he muttered into himself; and sometimes he seemed actually spelling. The letter was from his son, Lord Emery. He adjusted his glasses, as if he did not see clearly; he opened his snuff-box, and took a hasty pinch, exclaiming, "Affectionate son, indeed!—Debts, debts, debts!—Will he never have done with that odious word?" And ended by throwing into the fire the whole contents of the packet, which soon expended itself in a few crackling sparks; while the sparks of the Marquis's rage going out at the same time, he took another snuff, and shook himself into his usual composure. He cleared his voice—"What news, Mr Webster?"

"Why, my lord, I cannot say there is any news, —debates in Parliament about the state of the West

Indies—education in Ireland, and so on; the rest of the paper, I would say, was filled with trials, and accounts of blasphemies, murder, theft, rapine, tumults, and crimes of almost every description. The newspapers of the day are indeed a strong confirmation of the great Scriptural doctrine, that this is a world that lieth in wickedness."

"I declare, Mr Webster, you would make one's blood run cold," said the Marchioness; "the half of these are fabrications; don't you know, the editors of newspapers, when at a loss to fill a column, just get up a set of murders and thefts from some old paper, which passes very well on the ignorant?"

"It shews, then, my lady, what the taste of the world is supposed to be," said Mr Webster; "though I sincerely hope that your information is correct."

"But are you not all surprised at Miss Fenton's marriage?" said Miss Pert—"married to a man with little or nothing, and whom nobody knows!"

"Then there is no evil known of him, which is one great point," said Mr Webster.

"I never knew better come of your *good* ladies," said the Marquis, darting a significant look at Lady Amelia; "and I make a point never to allow myself to be disturbed or surprised at anything they may think proper to do."

"She refused Charles Splash, with his fine for-

tune, all for some whim about religion," said Miss Pert.

"That I cannot believe," said the Marchioness, "else I must suppose she had taken leave of her senses."

"But I assure you it is perfectly true," replied Miss Pert, who never allowed her information to be questioned—"his sister told it me as a great secret."

"How lucky her parents are both dead!" said the Marchioness—"it would have broken their hearts."

"The gentleman she has married is a Christian," said Mr Webster; "and, in other respects, she had a right to choose for herself."

"If being a Christian is his principal qualification, that will go no great way; for you know we are all Christians—everybody in this country is a Christian, you know."

"In name I know we are," said Mr Webster—"Would I could think so in deed and in truth!"

"Speak for yourself, Mr Webster," said Miss Jane; "I, for one, have been a Christian all my life, and a good one too. Why do you talk as if Christians were evil instead of good? I never did any evil in my life, that I know of; and hope to go to heaven as well as my neighbours."

"Well said, Miss Jane!" cried the Marquis; "I

think exactly like you; I am as good as other people, and never committed any crime, that I know of."

"Nor I"—"Nor I"—"Nor I," was re-echoed from various corners of the room.

Mr Webster felt at a loss what to say. In his clerical capacity, he thought it wrong to be silent—something ought to be said. He gravely and mildly resumed—"'Tis well and pleasant to possess a good conscience; I wish we all possessed those outward marks of Christianity, piety to God, and universal charity to man—God only, who discerneth the thoughts and intents of the heart, can truly discern whether we possess the inward motive, which sanctifies the outward act, or not. The world's approbation is often quite opposed to Scripture; but the Bible, when opened to our understandings, will prove a perfect directory for Christians in their conduct through life."

"O, we shall all get through life very well," said the Marchioness. "But what were you saying of a Musical Festival, Jane?" addressing Miss Pert—"is there really to be one in Edinburgh?"

"So my correspondent, Sally Gossip, writes to me. I suppose, Mr Webster, you will think that a very wicked thing; but I hope you won't preach against it?"

"Certainly not, madam," said Mr Webster; "I have more material points to preach upon—I

look upon all these things as the non-essentials of religion."

"Then you approve of the Festival, Mr Webster —I am glad to hear that," said the Marchioness.

"Pardon me, madam—I did not say so," replied Mr Webster.—"But I find," continued he, rising, and taking out his watch, "I have staid longer than I intended.—We shall discuss these controverted points on some other occasion." So saying, he took his leave.

When the contents of all the various letters were discussed and conned over, and all the intelligence extracted from them—and, indeed, a great deal more collected and inferred from them than the writers of them intended to convey, they were consigned to their final destinations—some to the fire, and some to the reticule, or work-box, all the party, except Lady Amelia, exclaiming, that they were so stupid, they were not worth the postage.

"What! is Mr Webster really gone?" said the Marquis, folding up the paper, and again taking a snuff—"He is a good, honest man."

"Yes, he is a good, honest man," said the Marchioness.

With the Marquis, this appellation really meant that he was a just and an upright man; but, in the Marchioness's dictionary, it had a different interpretation, and denoted one who would not set the

Thames on fire—a man of no energies—not strong enough to do evil—not clever enough to be wicked—incapable of thinking for himself—a harmless creature in a certain rank.

"The honest man," said the Marquis, with a smile, "was getting a little warm to-day."

"He was beginning to be posed a little about the Festival," said the Marchioness.

The drawing-room was gradually vacated; and the party set off, each to spend the day according to his own pleasure.

CHAPTER II.

Since God or man must alter ere they meet,
'Tis manifest, Lorenzo, which must change.
YOUNG.

IN the country as well as in the town, there is a season for gaiety. The sports of the field were still to be enjoyed; and every day brought new visitors to Roe Park, where shooting the moor-game, and hunting the wild-deer, might be carried on, with all appliances and means to boot. Amongst others, Lord and Lady Emery arrived, accompanied by their little boy, who was as spoilt a cub as could well be imagined. Indeed, poor child! what else could be expected? for his parents seemed agreed that he was born for no other purpose than their amusement, and his grandfather looked upon him merely as an animal that was to be highly esteemed, as having preserved the Vainall family from the danger of becoming extinct in the present line, and passing into that of their cousin Sir Frederick Noble.

Young Edward Truefeel was by no means defi-

ficient in observation, and soon discerned, that, though little in stature, and at this hapless period doomed to be domineered over by disobedient nursery-maids, still he was a very considerable little personage, and the heir-apparent to all these spacious domains. These truths were instilled into his infant mind by the persons to whose care he was consigned, and whose employment it consequently became, "to rear the tender thought, and teach the young idea how to shoot." That the man may be seen in the boy, is a just observation. The restraints, few as they were, which were placed on young Edward's pleasures, were extremely irksome to him; and many were the schemes of emancipation which passed through his thoughts. Like our first parents, he was tempted by the fruits of the garden. "Clara tells me all these trees are mine," said he to himself, "and yet she will not let me snatch a peach. She is a wicked Clara for keeping me from what is so good. When I am old, I shall eat as many apples and peaches as I please; and I shall make Clara do as I desire her; and I shall take Tommy, the gardener's boy, to live with me, and we shall ride on ponies the whole day long, and never go to bed at all."

In such infantine castles in the air did young Edward's imagination delight, and at this moment

would he have given up all his brilliant prospects for the present enjoyment of the Eden now before him. Alas! how often do we see full-grown people, with selfishness equally absurd and short-sighted, make havoc of future advantage for the sake of immediate gratification! Roe Park was strictly entailed, or its whole future rents would have been disposed of by Lord Emery. So prone is man to seize the present hour and choose it as his portion, while bright and glorious certainties hereafter are offered to him in vain.

Young Edward was an object of warm affection to Lady Amelia, who saw, with deep regret, how easily the principle of evil could be nurtured; but to the remonstrances which she ventured to make to his parents, she invariably received for answer, "He is only five years of age. What! would you begin already to make a methodist of the infant?"

"I am sure," exclaimed the Marquis, "she has my consent to make him anything she pleases, for at present he is neither more nor less than a devil, in my humble opinion."

"I like to see that spirit, that life in the boy," said Lord Emery. "When I was a younker, I was just such another, always in mischief, and the plague of every man and beast that came within my reach, till suddenly I became all at once disgusted with those sort of things, and began to

enact that pattern character, which I maintain to the present hour."

While the father was making this harangue, the young hero, who had by some means found his way to the drawing-room, was quietly standing by a writing-table, and contrived to empty the contents of an ink-stand upon a letter his father had just finished writing. Luckily this achievement was not observed at the moment, and the little urchin, conscious of deserving, but no way desirous to obtain, the due reward of his deeds, conveyed himself from the scene of action in as quiet a manner as possible. An uncommon stillness in the air, as has often been remarked, generally indicates a storm; and when a headstrong boy is of his own accord in a state of stillness, it is next to a certainty that he is contriving some deliberate mischief, or conducting his retreat from its perpetration. At the hour of sending off letters to the post, Lord Emery discovered that his letter was spoiled. He rang the bell in a fury; but none could tell who had perpetrated the deed. A cat, a rat, the lap-dog, the wind, anybody, somebody, nobody, were alternately blamed.

Master Edward was asleep, and did not again come on the carpet till the matter was forgotten; and but for this circumstance, he might have been taught to remember, that mischief and punishment

were closely allied; for Lord Emery's parental authority was always severely exercised upon all crimes and misdemeanours committed against himself; all other faults he looked upon as the inadvertencies of childhood, which the child would grow out from, as naturally as from his clothes.

Lady Jane Selby, and Lady Maria Wilde, had each her children along with her. They seemed in no hurry to shorten their visit; for which the ostensible reason was the tendering of their dutiful respects to the Marquis and Marchioness; the real one, that their respective husbands might enjoy the refined and fashionable pleasure of murdering moorfowl and deer. The propriety of this amusement was one of the few subjects upon which Lady Amelia agreed with Dr Pelham. That gentleman was no sportsman, and though he entered warmly into the pleasure and delight of eating grouse and venison, yet he scrupled not to pronounce it inconsistent with his ideas of refined feelings, and a humane mind, to have any pleasurable emotions in killing them. The Doctor was always careful to express his sentiments upon this point with precision, invariably remarking, that he was willing to eat, though not to kill—fearful that any mistake in this particular might lead his friends to think it unnecessary to send him presents of game—a misapprehension the more deplo-

rable, as there were no moors within many miles of Dunder vicarage.

Lady Maria Wilde had not altered in character during the few years that had elapsed since her marriage. As the features and lines of the countenance are generally strengthened and deepened by years, so are the lineaments of the mind. She was full of self-wisdom, full of self-righteousness, and full of selfishness; and these propensities were brought more frequently into view in her arrangements for her children, particularly for the oldest, her second self, little Caroline, whose education exhibited a perfect contrast with that of her cousin Edward; for while he was left uncultured and unpruned, Caroline was subjected to the laws of the Medes and Persians, and slept, ate, and walked by rule. Lady Maria had already turned off two excellent nursery-maids, for deviations from her ordinances: and her present aid-de-camp, Bennet, by dint of art, flattery, and cunning, had finally and firmly rooted herself in her good graces. Lady Maria declared, that in finding Bennet, she had found a treasure. Lady Maria had declared so, and therefore it must be so. Lady Jane Selby was also unchanged; but by the lapse of a few years, her carelessness was now converted into thoughtlessness, and her thoughtlessness into passive indolence; and her daughter, Helen Selby, was edu-

cated upon the system of universal indulgence. Lady Jane had no system, no theory, but to save herself trouble; and upon the whole, Helen Selby was a greater favourite than her cousin Caroline at Roe Park, being perfectly at her ease, and naturally possessed of a sweet temper. "To subdue the will, to get the entire command of the child's mind and person, is everything," said Lady Maria Wilde. —"Not to allow a child to annoy any one out of his own nursery, is everything," said Lord Emery —"let every cock have its own hillock."—"To let a child be happy, and not to allow it to weep or make a noise, is everything," said Lady Jane.— "Train up a child in the way in which he should go, is everything," said Lady Amelia—"And there is but one way, and that way is, 'in the fear of the Lord.'"

Many were the harangues and debates upon this copious and interesting theme; but as we are doubtful if any of them would prove instructive, we shall not obtrude them upon the reader. Happy is it for many a helpless child, that there is a wise and Almighty Governor of the universe, who can make all things work together for good; and that even the selfishness, the tyranny, or the over-indulgence of parents, is sometimes overruled, and made productive of most essential benefit to their children.

There are many excellent treatises on the subject of education, but nothing can be more forcible

than the advice contained in the directions of St Paul, in the sixth chapter of his Epistle to the Ephesians. Yet to this book, as a guide even in their dearest interests, these parents of whom I write very seldom had recourse. True, the ladies read the prayers and the chapters appointed by the church every Sabbath; but when this was done, they were done with the Bible; they had performed the serious, and to them dry duty of reading it, and they looked to the world, and the ways of the world, for their rule of life.

Sir Adolphus Wilde, and Lord Francis Selby, the husbands of the two ladies, did not bestow much care or deep reflection on the duties belonging to the important office of a parent. At this period they were absent on an excursion, *pour passer le temps*, which is as necessary to those loaded with unemployed time, as rest is to the labourer, whose time is overloaded with employment; and their wives were not such loving partners, such desponding domestic Penelopes, that they either felt or said, like Milton's Eve to Adam, "Neither breath of morn, nor summer eve, without thee is sweet." Yet, upon the whole, there subsisted more love between them than it would have been fashionable to express; and each couple esteemed themselves fortunately matched, particularly when their lot was contrasted with the lot of the other; and though

none of them could be called remarkably affectionate parents, yet they possessed, in common with others, both in the human and animal creation, a decided partiality and pride in their own offspring, and a firm adherence to their own opinions, as to the best system for education.

Sir Adolphus Wilde was a correct, particular man, and privately reckoned a bore by all who were not equally formal and precise. He had no imagination save on one point, an imaginary idea of his own excellence; he could not conceive how any one could be wiser, or more virtuous, than himself; and although he was satisfied that he had shewn his usual discernment in selecting Lady Maria for his wife, yet he thought her remarkably fortunate in having been the object of that selection. He was thirty years of age, and his good opinion of himself had been gradually increasing from his childhood. He was finished at an early age, and had not acquired one new or enlarged idea since that time; and Lady Maria found his rooted opinions often run counter to her theories and improvements. But she felt that her fate was enviable indeed, when contrasted with her sister, Lady Jane; for Sir Adolphus was considerate and consistent; but no one could tell or foresee what Lord Francis Selby would do to-morrow, from his conduct to-day. He was like a vessel without a

helm, like a courser without a rein, like a mariner without a compass—he lived for himself and the present hour, and if there was a state of retribution, what had he to fear from it? He was no one's enemy but his own; his wife loved him; he loved her in return; he had never wronged any man, he wished well to all; he had only now begun to borrow money, which he would not have done, had his rents risen as he expected; and he meant to pay when he could. Universally benevolent in his desires, cordial and affable in his manners; compared with the scrupulous, punctilious, self-satisfied Sir Adolphus, surely he was an amiable man! So thought his wife; so thought the Marchioness; but the Marquis groaned as he saw him scampering down the approach. "There goes light-head, light-heart, and light-purse," said he; "it would be a mighty improvement to both, if my sons-in-law could be blended together—the one bores and torments me with his care and prudence, the other with his carelessness and confidence. It would be well if Lord Francis's estate of Letgo were sold, before he thinks of building at Selby Hall; many a wiser than he has built himself out of house and hall."

"Nonsense," said the Marchioness; "though you are getting old, don't be gloomy—you can

lend him a little money for the present, and he will soon retrieve."

"Why, my lady," replied the Marquis, "large as my estates are, I cannot afford to lend money both to Emery and Lord Francis, unless you choose to sell our house in town, and dismiss a part of our establishment."

The Marchioness drew up her head, and, with a determined air, replied, "*That* I shall never do. What would the world say!—at your time of life, to retrench, when you require every comfort! And at my time of life to retrench! I may say, in the prime of my life,—that would be folly indeed! Come, cheer up, we shall talk no more on such gloomy themes; our old friend, Spleen, will be here to-day, you know, to give you good advice, and put us all in good humour; he has the talent of extracting all the bile from others, and venting it himself *con piacere*."

We must intimate to our readers, that their old acquaintance, Dr Spleen, was considerably altered in his circumstances as well as in his name, since his former introduction to them; for he was now Dr Spleen Harris, of Harris-Hall, and in possession of a large fortune, by the unexpected death of a rich relation, to whom he was the nearest of kin. Dr Spleen Harris's consequence was, of course, much increased, and, being a man of sense, he was

gradually endeavouring to get quit of the habits of a poor man, and to acquire that ease and confidence, which nothing but the consciousness of having money at command, or credit to run in debt, can confer. As a first step, he resolved, since business in his poverty had cut him, now in his prosperity to be revenged by cutting it; he therefore left the pulses at the Royal Infirmary to be felt by poorer fingers, and resolved for the future only to feel the pulses of the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood of Harris-Hall, on extraordinary occasions, and as a matter of most particular favour. And that the noble science of medicine might not suffer by the mass of intellect and intelligence thus withdrawn from operation by his retirement, he resolved still more effectually to enlighten the world, by writing various treatises, on the brains, and the bones, on the flesh, on the skin, and on all the various ills the flesh is heir to. But, in the interim, he determined to pay his annual visit to Roe Park, in his own elegant travelling-carriage and four greys, attended by a servant, who made up, by the elegance of his air, for the deficiencies of his master, instead of, as in former days, arriving *solus* in the Dintherout diligence, and hiring a hack from thence to Roe Park.

Dr Spleen Harris was now on such an intimate footing with the Vainall family, that he could take

the liberty of introducing a friend, first into the vacant seat in his travelling-carriage, and from thence into the mansion of Roe Park. He meant to have acquired hospitable habits suitable to his fortune, but had not yet had leisure either for the new furnishing of his house or of his mind; and just when he had made all his arrangements for going to Roe Park, he received a letter of introduction, recommending Sir Philip Hum, a relation of the deceased Mr Harris, to his most particular attention. "What a bore!" thought Dr Spleen Harris; "but I cannot get off—I shall just take him with me to Roe Park, and pass him off with the Marchioness as a good match for her to take in for Lady Amelia or Jane Pert, if I do not take Lady Amelia myself."

No sooner said than done with Dr Spleen Harris. "My dear sir," said he, to Sir Philip Hum, "I have no doubt you wish to see the north, and have a shot at the grouse—there is many a good covey, or, to speak more like a sportsman, many a good pack, of them there; therefore, as I think it likely to prove more agreeable to you than remaining in my poor bachelor house, I hope you will accompany me to my friend the Marquis of Vainall's, where I shall insure you a hearty Scotch welcome."

Sir Philip Hum made a pretty accommodating speech, which literally meant, "I care not where

I go; where you go, I go;" and concluded with an appropriate want-word kind of speaking bow. And that same evening Dr Spleen Harris set off for Roe Park, accompanied by his new acquaintance, Sir Philip Hum, whose character shall be developed in the ensuing pages.

CHAPTER III.

"In argument, we must judge by the words we hear, and not by the persons who utter them."

EVERY one has some characteristic feature of person as well as of mind; and physiognomists and mankind in general, without thinking of the import of their words, give assent to the truth of the proposition. How often do we hear it said, I know such a one by his walk, by his bend, by his head, by his back, by his height, by his shortness, by his thickness, by his leanness. The same observations extend to the brute creation; and the experienced shepherd attaches a certain individuality to every sheep in his flock.—How great are the varieties in the works of God!—How minute and distinct are their separate peculiarities!

Upon the whole, the figure of Sir Philip Hum was good; he had a certain ease and *air distingué* about him, which marked a man who had lived in good society. Those who saw him at a distance recognized his firm step and erect carriage; as he drew nearer, they distinguished him by his nose, for it was a noble-looking high aquiline nose, which

supported a white forehead, adorned with regular eye-brows and clear expressive hazel eyes. He had a mouth *a la* Buonaparte, and a head and hair *a la* Brutus; in short, he was generally esteemed a good-looking man, and not a few reckoned him handsome. His manners were quiet and unobtrusive, and he was more of a thinking than a talkative personage. All the charms and embellishments of the outward man were fully appreciated by the inward man; and, indeed, it will generally be found, that the male sex, however lowly may be their demeanour under the consciousness of outward attractions, have a perfect knowledge of their charms, and value them never under their current price.

But perhaps this opinion of Sir Philip Hum may be erroneous, and formed too hastily upon the sarcastic remarks of Dr Spleen Harris, who thought no man could cast a passing glance on a mirror, adjust his collar, and put aside a wandering hair, without thinking, What a fine-looking fellow am I!

Sir Philip's rank in society was that of representative of the Hums, who had been baronets of Humhall for upwards of two centuries.

He had been two years in the Guards, but had now sheathed his sword, and changed his implement of glory. He was now in Parliament, and once a-year made full use of his tongue in the ser-

vice of his country; for he was member for the borough of Hum, and his speeches were much admired, and nought diminished, when inserted in the Long-Bow, that old established and justly esteemed newspaper. In short, Sir Philip Hum was a man well received in society, and consequently Dr Spleen Harris knew that he would certainly be well received by the Marchioness of Vainall. He admired Lady Amelia very much; she was looking very well; and he was agreeably surprised to find a person so little Gothic who had been brought up in Scotland, and who had never been in town. She likewise appeared to him to have a soul; she was indeed a remarkably good listener. The full extent of her merits he could not fully appreciate, for, if not a professed freethinker, he was certainly a practical one. Accordingly, the first time he found himself alone with Dr Spleen Harris, he expressed himself in the following terms:—"Well, Harris, I am really vastly indebted to you for introducing me to this very agreeable family—Lady Amelia appears to me particularly agreeable, indeed a very charming young woman."

"She is pleasant enough when she pleases," said Dr Spleen Harris; "she is not so very young either, but looks very well, considering; she is not many years my junior, I assure you."

"Indeed!" said Sir Philip, "I should not have thought her above twenty."

"Twenty!" repeated Spleen, "she will never see twenty, nor some years above it again, or I am mistaken; she is nearly twenty-six, depend upon it."

"Indeed!" again exclaimed Sir Philip; "I am surprised then that she is not settled in life."

"Why, your wonder would cease, if you knew as much of her as I do," said Dr Spleen Harris; "but she has much need to look about her. She is so very whimsical about religion, she has already let two or three excellent offers slip through her fingers. There was a Nabob Mammon, an excellent worthy honest man, with a large fortune, and she appeared to be very much attached to him, yet she jilted him even after the wedding-day was fixed, because, forsooth, he was not good enough for her. And there was an admirable fellow of the name of Sydney, whom she served exactly in the same manner;—he fell afterwards in a duel, poor fellow."

"Sydney!" said Sir Philip, in a hesitating manner. "Was not Moreland the name of the man who killed him?"

"Oh! no," said Dr Spleen, "you are all in the wrong box. Moreland is one of her own sect, and calls duelling, murder. It was a Lord something or other,—I forget his name now, but no matter.

But I think these lovers of hers played their cards very ill. If I wished to court her, I would take her in, as to my religion, in a very few days, for these Methodists have not much penetration. A few slang phrases, and a few cant words, and the thing is done, for I am persuaded they do not know what they would be at themselves."

"Conscientious scruples ought to be respected all the world over," said Sir Philip Hum; "for my part, I would rather marry a woman enthusiastic upon religion, provided she was not absolutely mad, than one of your moderate every-day Humdrums, content to dwell in decencies for ever."

"Then Lady Amelia Truefeel is the woman for you," said Dr Spleen Harris; "for I am sure she is not content to dwell in decencies, or she would not so often frequent the West-Port, which she does frequently to my certain knowledge."

"Where, or what, is the West-Port?" said Sir Philip Hum, who was as yet unacquainted with the geography of Edinburgh. "Is it in the west end of the town?"

"In the west in point of latitude," said Dr Spleen Harris; "but quite the reverse in point of fashion. I take it, that the society in the West-Port is quite on a footing with that of St Giles or Spittalfields in London."

"Well," rejoined Sir Philip, "what of that?

I am sure there are some friends of ours in town, in whose circles immorality or vice, vulgarly so called, has the same unlimited range, and where inclination and fashion give the tone even in contempt of law."

"But I assure you," replied Spleen Harris, "that Lady Amelia does not extend the liberality of her sentiments respecting the poor to the rich. No, no, there she turns the tables, and denounces judgment and reprobation, in terms sufficiently severe, against many very respectable characters in high life, as if she supposed herself the Pope, or the representative of John Knox."

"Indeed," said Sir Philip, "I could not have believed that,—she looks so very meek."

"Nor I either," said Spleen, "had I not had the evidence of my own eyes and ears. She is perfect gunpowder upon that subject, I assure you."

"The weaker sex are apt to go too far when they take up any one idea warmly," said Sir Philip; "but to know that religious enthusiasm was a woman's weak side, would not deter me from paying my addresses to her, though I would prefer a musical or a painting enthusiast;—poetry and religion I would have difficulty in choosing betwixt.—However, anything is better than a bustling philanthropist. Your actual Buxtons, and Frys, and Howards, would literally put me into a fry."

"Why," said Spleen, "I differ with you there. If they would not mix up all their humanity with politics, I have no objection to people living in Newgate, and being as benevolent as they choose. On the contrary, I approve of it, providing they would not plague one soliciting for subscriptions. Religion is a good thing in its own place, and in moderation. I hate infidelity;—I am not an infidel myself. In a woman, I think it monstrous; I cannot bear it, it is so very masculine. That is the most disagreeable of all the Marchioness's disagreeable qualities, to my mind. I do not believe that she believes in Noah's flood, though she is utterly incapable of giving any good reason for her unbelief; and if called upon to explain either the opinions of Hutton or Werner on this subject, she would probably mistake the fire-man for the water-engine."

"The Marchioness is indeed but a shallow woman," said Sir Philip Hum.

"On some subjects quite an idiot," said Spleen; "but on others, take care you do not find her too much for you."

"I always bow, and let her have it all her own way," said Sir Philip; "it is the only plan a polite man can follow with your termagants—I hate a female infidel as much as you can possibly do; it seems to me quite inconsistent with all my ideas

of the becoming weaknesses, dependence, and inferior intellects of the fair sex—yet certainly that decided turn to the other extreme, which you represent Lady Amelia to have taken, is fully as inconsistent with feminine feelings and feminine understanding."

"Why," said Spleen Harris, "there is a happy medium in this as in everything, and I would wish my wife just to believe to the extent I believe, and no farther."

"And pray, to what extent is that," asked Sir Philip, "if I may presume to dip into the mysteries of your faith?"

"Oh," said Spleen, "you must not pose me too far—it is unnecessary to be too particular, but I believe the Bible in part; and there are other parts of it which I neither believe nor disbelieve. I believe Christianity upon the whole to be a system intended for the benefit of mankind in this world—as to the future world, the wisest of us know very little about it."

"I am surprised," said Sir Philip Hum, "that a man of your sense can believe any part at all of a volume professing to be inspired, yet containing such contradictions and absurdities. If you would lay aside your preconceived opinions, and take the trouble of reading and examining it for yourself, the result would be an honest and total rejection

of it. You may rest assured, that the number of infidels, as you please to call them, would be greatly increased if men would only examine for themselves. Look at the policy of the Catholic priests; they withhold the Scriptures from the laity, because ignorance of them is the best security of unshaken faith."

"Extremes certainly meet," said Spleen Harris, "for you suggest the very means for diminishing the number of Christians, that Lady Amelia and others prescribe for their multiplication. But for my part, I remain perfectly satisfied in the happy moderation of my own private faith, and even your powerful eloquence will not persuade me to become an infidel; neither will Lady Amelia's preaching convert me to Methodism. Bad as the world is, it would be worse if there were no Christianity, depend upon it."

"Philosophy of any kind has always benefited mankind," said Sir Philip Hum, "and perhaps Jesus Christ may be reckoned a greater benefactor to mankind than even Socrates. But if successful benevolence is a proof of the divine origin of any system, look at your infidel countryman, Mr Owen of Lanark—see what he has accomplished—what a Paradise he has created, where none but angels dwell!"

"How can you possibly believe such stuff?" said

Spleen Harris; "I know a little more of New Lanark than you do, and you may depend upon it, it is all humbug—if it is a Paradise at all, it is a Paradise after the fall; and if you choose to call the cotton-spinners angels, depend upon it they are fallen angels. There are some showy things, perhaps even good things, in his establishment, but his warmest admirers will be found amongst those who are comparatively unacquainted with the success and superiority of establishments decidedly religious. Besides, as the Bible is still used at New Lanark, notwithstanding Owen's well-known dislike to it, I believe much of the success of the establishment may be justly ascribed to its influence, and to the care of the teachers, some of whom are Christians. I have known many a one pass through Edinburgh to see the schools at New Lanark, unconscious that there were very superior schools for the poor in Edinburgh, and where the attainments of the boys and girls, except in dancing, would have put Mr Owen's fairest specimens to the blush. But there is something more attractive to the eye in spacious halls, classic dress, and romantic scenery, than in pent closes and smoky towns—No, no," continued Spleen, "I regret the progress of infidelity as much as I do that of Methodism; and Owen and New Lanark have given me no reason to change my opinions. I respect Christianity in mo-

deration as the promoter and stimulus to high morality, and they who endeavour to overset it, I look upon as the worst enemies of mankind."

"Indeed," said Sir Philip Hum, "I did not know you had been so devout."

"Whether I am devout or not is nothing to the argument I maintain," said Spleen Harris; "if I were an infidel, still I would support Christianity; for what keeps the mind of the vulgar in order—what restrains them in due subjection to the higher classes, but Christianity? Lady Amelia cannot go farther in that respect than I do, I assure you; though when she talks of denying one's self, and taking up the cross, and so forth, I must candidly confess I have sometimes thought her raving. But to return to Owen and Deism, what would you say to our taking a trip to Lanark, where we shall see the celebrated Falls of Clyde, and you will be enabled to judge for yourself, of the wonderful virtues of Owenism? I think I could soon prove to you that he has neither abolished vice, vulgarly so called, nor pauperism, in his own domains; and that the religion of charity he prates about so much, is inculcated as strongly as possible in the Bible; indeed, all the best parts of his theory are taken from that sacred volume. But his principles will not stand the light—they are full of contradiction, and, like the Catholic priests, he does not scruple

to use deception for the good of the cause. He is a wrong-headed man, and the weakest and wildest of the Methodists have more truth on their side than he has in his much boasted theory."

"Pardon me," said Sir Philip Hum, "I cannot think that the very respectable individuals who subscribed for his plans at the London meetings, did so without examining into his pretensions.'

"He only produced the fairest parts of his scheme," said Dr Spleen, "and they took his own word for almost all that he asserted. He has a kind of liberality about him, and spends his money freely, I own; but so do all the honest Christians. The humbugs, to be sure, put you off with prayers, and attendance upon sermons and meetings, and so forth, but that will not do for me; neither can I bear a rich Christian eager in the pursuit of riches and honours—'tis quite inconsistent with the tenets of the religion they profess, and I know the Bible too well for them to pass themselves off upon me."

"Apropos of the Bible," said Sir Philip Hum, "I have often remarked, though there cannot be a plainer book, yet every one seems to have a different copy of it, with readings for his own private use—containing various dispensations for the free indulgence of his own ruling passions."

"I have remarked the same," said Spleen Harris; "but I assure you I also know many sincere

Christians, particularly amongst women, who read and act upon it, such as it is; and that Lady Amelia Truefeel is one of them, I"——

Here the dialogue was interrupted by the entrance of the Marchioness and her two married daughters. She graciously took hold of Dr Spleen Harris by the arm, and urged him gently into a recess of the window, in order to have some confidential talk; for she kindly thought that a little of her wisdom, experience, and advice, might be well bestowed upon her old friend in his present happy change of circumstances. Dr Spleen Harris's acquisition of fortune had not lessened his influence with the world in general, nor with the Vainall family in particular. He now possessed great and unencumbered estates, and was a reputed beau wherever he went; and his sarcasms passed even more current than before, as they now proceeded out of the mouth of the rich Dr Spleen Harris, instead of, as formerly, from the lips of Dr Spleen, or, as he had been familiarly called, poor John Spleen. The Marchioness was an active, bustling woman, and when not completely engrossed with her own affairs, was sure to intermeddle with those of her neighbour. Of late years, she had rather taken a turn for matchmaking, but, true to the interests of her sex, she bent her intrigues chiefly to the disposal of " pennyless dames, with long pedi-

grees," to rich young men, with or without ancestors; and accordingly she looked upon Dr Spleen Harris as now her own property, to be disposed of, in this way, to the best advantage. She sighed to think how much Lady Amelia was out of the question—so much indeed, that she could not even have the refusing of him.

CHAPTER IV.

I found a direful prediction stretching from the top of the page to the bottom.—*Through the whole month, expect much rain—about this time.*

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THERE are many people who can occupy themselves at home, in spite of wind and weather, and, with the various duties of their own domain, defy the inroads of that gigantic reptile, ennui. But to enjoy other people's pleasures—to be busy about other people's affairs—to be interested from morning to night in other people's mansions—is not so easy, neither is it so pleasant. This Dr Spleen Harris felt, after sitting two tedious days in the library of Roe Park, listening to the incessant pitter-patter of the rain. He possessed not a mind so amply stored with knowledge, or so richly endowed with variety of power, as to find endless amusement in its own capacities; nor was he composed of that passive vegetable matter, which takes root in any soil, and flourishes in any clime. He had always been accustomed to be occupied, and to have an end in that occupation—the earning of

his daily bread; and he felt profoundly how difficult it was all of a sudden to have his habits transformed into those of an idle, easy, indolent, independent gentleman.

Sir Philip Hum possessed fully as much mind as Dr Spleen Harris, and was naturally as liable to feel the disquietudes arising from want of food to fill its endless cravings; but he had one great advantage over the Doctor; he had been accustomed and educated to be an idle gentleman, and found a pleasure in reading for his amusement, which cannot be entered into by those who read merely for instruction, or to qualify themselves for a particular profession. There was, to be sure, society in the house; they were all vastly pleasant people; but Dr Spleen Harris thought them all vastly tiresome—the gentlemen always yawning, reading, or sleeping—the ladies always working, smiling, and singing—the whole air breathed insipidity. Sir Philip Hum's sensations were much more agreeable; he was beginning to fall in love, though not quite so bereft of his senses as to render him insensible to the weather. If the impenetrable clouds would but break up—if the ethereal blue would but again appear, how would they all burst again into action; the horses, the hounds, the guns, again come into play!

"If I were to remain long in this state," said

Dr Spleen Harris to himself, " I must inevitably become either a gamester or a gourmand. What an inexpressible relief to my feelings is the blessed sound of the gong at six o'clock !—Fretbeef is an excellent cook—the meat perhaps a little underdone. What a dreadful situation would be ours at present, if such a person presided over the commissaryship of this castle, as my old torment, Betty Reeky !—Then adieu even to the low pleasures of sense."

Even Dr Spleen Harris felt that there were pleasures the ennobled mind could enjoy, " far above the vulgar joys that move our gross desires, inelegant and low;" and even situated as he was, he would have blushed to have revealed some of his musings. He was tired of the company, and tired of himself; he could not help wondering why Sir Philip Hum was not equally sick of their society, unless, as he began to suspect, the Baronet was a little in love with Lady Amelia. It could not be Jane Pert who attracted him—a little idle flirt, against whose views (if views she could be so presumptuous as to form) Dr Spleen Harris was upon his guard.

The Doctor knew little of love from his own experience; but he had always heard it described as giving wings to what otherwise would have proved leaden moments, and enabling its votaries to

breathe a second spring, even in the dull, damp, easterly mists that darken the close of the year.

"Sir Philip Hum must certainly be in love," said Dr Spleen Harris to himself, "else he certainly would have proposed to me what has been at the tip of my tongue to suggest to him—to cut and run."

Lady Amelia was not in the room—Lady Maria and the Marchioness were playing at bagatelle—Lady Jane was writing out a bit of music—Jane Pert was working a bead-purse, and endeavouring, by her chatter, to amuse Sir Philip Hum; but he was evidently thinking of something else, and whenever the door opened, seemed to expect the entrance of some more agreeable personage.

"I see how the land lies now," said Spleen Harris,—"love is like a giddiness; it will not let an honest man go about his business."

The wind and rain continued to batter on the window, and ennui to steal o'er the mind of Spleen Harris. Something must be done—an exertion must be made. He took up the county newspapers. The Dintherout theatre attracted his attention. A change of place, a change of scene, could surely prove no worse than a change of pain; and he ventured to propose, that, by way of a little amusement in this dreary weather, they should go next day, which was Saturday, to Dintherout, the

county town—see the play—shew Sir Philip Hum the old cathedral—and hear a sermon next morning before returning.

In this arrangement he thought he had happily met the wishes of all the party; but after having discoursed a little upon it, he found that Lady Amelia would not consent to accompany them to the theatre, even with the hire of hearing a sermon the following day. "But, my dear mother," said she, "if you wish it, I shall be quite happy to go with you to Dintherout—I can take a book, and remain in the inn till your return from the play—I never tire when I am alone; and it will give me a great deal of pleasure to go with you next morning to the church—I would like so much to hear the new clergyman, Mr Peters; though, indeed, I have never heard what kind of doctrine he preaches."

"Why, that is very rash of you," said the Marchioness, in an ironical tone. "Who knows what heresies he may preach—what loose doctrines he may hold?—But, at all events, he will no doubt be much flattered by your patronage."

The Marquis of Vainall was perhaps more conscientious in his errors than the other members of the family. "At my time of life, one requires a little amusement," said he; and he entered warmly into the plan of patronizing the poor players;

but he had some doubts and scruples about the propriety of what he termed the Sunday's amusement, —for it was a Presbyterian church, and the Marquis, though so lukewarm as to the essentials of religion, was yet so much attached to the Episcopalian form of worship, that he deemed the countenancing any other rites or forms, nearly equal in atrocity to sanctioning Mahometanism. Episcopacy was the form of religion he was born in, baptized in, bred in, married in, and hoped to die in, and to be interred in—its rites had been preserved in the family for many generations, since his great forefather, John Truefeel, the Valiant, was created Marquis of Vainall at the Reformation, and allowed to add to his arms, spears, swords, and darts, bearers mouttes, and all the train of honours heraldry had to bestow. His forefathers had partaken of the ordinances of the Episcopalian Church, and had all been interred according to its rites; in short, it was in the family—the family religion—and a family thing—the Marquis's foot had never been contaminated by entering either a Presbyterian or any other meeting-house; and he would as soon have thought of changing his politics as his mode of worship. He had some confused thoughts floating through his brain, that there were many different religions in the world; amongst others, Presbyterianism, Quakerism, Methodism, Episcopacy—that

there were real Christians to be found in every denomination, was a truth he could neither comprehend nor give his assent to.

The awful characteristics, and deeply important truths, of real Christianity, were quite unfelt by him; but there was one sentiment he held as perfectly uncontrovertible—that all who acted up to their own faith were acceptable to God—not considering how the reception of that doctrine would lead to the deduction, that in some countries they who had burned most children, presented most human sacrifices, endured most penances, persecuted most Christians, would consequently be the greatest saints. Far less did he advert to the declarations of those Scriptures to which he gave his milk-and-water assent, that it would be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah, (those notoriously wicked Heathen cities,) in the day of judgment, than for those who had rejected the great light of Christianity, after it had been preached amongst them.

But Dr Spleen Harris's arguments were so well calculated to bear upon the Marquis's love of amusement, that he consented to the arrangements in question; and, accordingly, the carriages drew up on the day appointed, and the party set off to dine at the Silver Key, the principal, if not the sole inn at Dintherout. Dr Spleen Harris contrived to

drive Lady Amelia in his curricle;—he could not tell how it was, but even foolish and enthusiastic as he considered her religious principles, he preferred her company to that of any other female of the party. The Marchioness was so dignified and instructive, and patronizing and protecting,—and Lady Maria Wilde was so dogmatical, and systematic, and correct,—and Lady Jane was so flexible, and agreeing, and simple, and insipid, and so ready to turn with the last speaker,—and Jane Pert was so gossipping, and curious, and officious —up with the window, and down with the window, whether you were cold or hot, questioning you and cross-questioning—that, in his own private cogitations, he voted them all bores, and thought himself comparatively happy in having obtained Lady Amelia as a travelling companion —for certainly, if not absolutely agreeable, she was not disagreeable—she could be silent, she could be inanimate; you might indulge in a reverie in her company; she could live upon her own thoughts, and let you live upon yours; she was not officious, yet she was not positively inattentive. In short, he was so much pleased with her, that some floating thoughts passed through his mind of offering her his hand, and obtaining her as his companion for life; the more especially, as

all his friends told him, that now that he was laird of Harris Hall, he must and ought to have a wife.

He despised falling in love; he thought that passion only becoming, or rather pardonable, in high-school boys and boarding-school misses; but he meant in a cool deliberate manner to choose a wife who would in all respects suit and be suitable. In this respect, the character of Sir Philip Hum differed very materially from that of Dr Spleen Harris; he was always what *he* called in love; he had just recovered from a violent attachment to the Hon. Miss Selina Waver, who, from some wilful or real misunderstanding, had married Lord Felix Hasty, while Sir Philip had thought her heart and hand engaged to himself. Sir Philip came down to Scotland, with a determination to renounce the sex; but, after a few days' residence at Roe Park, had altered this cruel resolution in favour of Lady Amelia Truefeel; and having got his cue from Dr Spleen Harris, who, without being aware of his views, had let him into the leading traits of Lady Amelia's character, he determined, in the course of his courtship, to hold any creed, assume any character, talk any language, that might suit the shifting scene. This line of conduct was not inconsistent with his notions of honour, as stratagems were always permitted in love and in war; and he meant

sincerely to make her an excellent husband, and had no intentions of contradicting her, either on religion, or any other point, after matrimony.

Little did he know how easily the false professor may often be discriminated from the true, (though, in particular cases, even St Paul himself was deceived;) but the real truth he never could have credited, that the Saviour guides and protects all those who put their trust in him, and delivers them from snares within and perils without. Poor man, how could he know it! he was only wise as to this world. Sir Philip Hum, therefore, acting upon the Scotch proverb, "you must court the cow if you want the calf," began his operations by paying marked attention to the Marchioness, who did him the honour of allowing him a place in her carriage, in their drive to Dinther-out. He was a very agreeable man, and he carried on the usual colloquies with much ease and vivacity. The weather, the views, the theatre, the performers, company likely to be expected in the boxes—the state—Dr Spleen Harris—politics—sad times—the more done for the poor the worse they grew—game laws—country overrun with hares—not an eye of pheasants to be seen—coveys of partridges getting rare—packs of moor-fowl, but distant and shy—handsome women—Lady Amelia—the church—methodism—fanaticism—

madness—infidelity. To all the Marchioness's remarks, the Baronet hemmed and bowed assent, and adapted his manner and discourse to the shifting topics, with the address and ease of a courtier.

But now the clouds seemed to have exhausted themselves, and bright azure, more than enough to clothe a regiment, appeared through the broken vapours. A gleam of sunshine enlivened the scene, as the road winded round a hill, and the view opened on the beautiful ruins of the ancient Cathedral of Dintherout.

"The architecture of former times is beautiful," said the Marchioness.

"Sublime, indeed!" said Sir Philip Hum; "that is an exquisite turret."

The Cathedral of Dintherout was, indeed, an object to excite admiration in all the lovers of the picturesque. The architecture was pure Gothic, and perfect of its kind, though in ruins.

"I understand it looks particularly magnificent by moonlight," said Sir Philip Hum.

"Would'st thou view fair Melrose right," said the Marchioness, repeating the hackneyed, because beautiful lines of Sir Walter Scott. But just as Sir Philip Hum was preparing to finish the passage for her, the postilion, who treated moonlight and sunlight as very secondary lights, compared to his entering his native town in style—put the whip to

his nags, and flew over the stones in such a manner as to let the inhabitants know he was the post-boy of a Marchioness—and with an air much to his own satisfaction, drew up at the door of the Silver Key, the principal inn at Dintherout.

CHAPTER V.

From north and south, and east and west,
Till all the countless throng partake
Of looking on, for looking's sake.

DINTHEROUT was, in all respects, like any other country town. It contained one principal street, in which there was the Silver Key, and a few shops, in which small quantities of all things might be had. The working part of the population were, some of them, at the loom, and some of them in the field; but the street, as usual, displayed a proportion of old men and old women, children, ducks, chickens, dogs, and, at the door of the Silver Key, there were several carriages, and gigs, and curricles; and there were boys riding through the town on horses newly caught, without any furniture whatever. The weather had brightened up so considerably, that some of the party from Roe Park were half repenting of their expedition, but it would ruin the players were they now to return. It was an uncommonly comfortable, commodious theatre, built by subscription, and the Marchioness's patronage was expected to fill it. The town of Dintherout had given it free to the strollers, who were,

as usual, in a state of the greatest poverty. There was little amusement expected from the excellence of the performance, yet much might be derived from its absurdity. There were flaming handbills posted up in various parts of the street, intimating that, under the patronage of the Marchioness of Vainall, would be performed the tragedy of Macbeth; and never was such a pennyworth to be given for the money, for Macbeth was to recite between acts the adventures of Cornet Flash, and to sing several favourite songs; and Miss Flowers was to dance the shawl dance, and to sing the Maid of Windsor, and to go through a fire balloon upon horseback; and the whole was to conclude with a new pantomimic farce, never before performed in Dintherout, called the Interesting Clown. Many a boy and girl loitered on their way to school to spell this attractive bill. Dr Spleen Harris and Sir Philip Hum found themselves engaged in the same occupation as they were loitering about before dinner.

"I am not quite convinced," said Dr Spleen Harris, "that it adds much to our friend the Marchioness's dignity, to have her name flourishing as patroness to such a set of ragamuffins, as the names in this bill would indicate them to be."

"We must not be scrupulous about trifles in this bustling world," said Sir Philip Hum.

Strolling players have been frequently and well described. Hogarth's admirable delineation brings them before our eyes in all their wretched trappings; and Crabbe has not lessened the horror that a mind alive to humanity, and not perverted by satire, must experience in contemplating this degrading occupation of our brothers and sisters of the human race. The earnings of many a labourer in Dintherout were destined to be spent this evening in the encouragement of this band; the ale-houses and inferior inns expected much custom on the dismissal of the theatre; and it would be early on the Lord's day ere the cottages received again their inmates. Many a farmer's wife and daughter decked themselves in their best array, their Sunday's clothes, to attend this amusement, sanctioned by the Marchioness of Vainall. But had they seen the wretchedness of the beings who were labouring to divert them, we shall hope that better feelings would have prompted them so to bestow their money as to have enabled the poor vagabonds to rest their wearied bodies, to look after their famishing children, to fly from the contamination of one another.

The landlord of the Silver Key, Joseph Macbill, had been in bad health for some years, and *set bye*, as his wife expressed it. She had been a cook before her marriage, and talked of him with much

the same respect as she would have done of an old tureen, and uttered her sorrows concerning him in this manner to Jerkins the Marchioness's maid, in reply to her inquiry after his health.

"Thank you for speerin' for him—hech me! he'll no mend noo—I think he's got an income in his arm—he's noo clean cracked and broken; wae's me, he's been a silly man a' his days. The mainteenance o' him is a sair drawback upon me, for I'm but a silly woman mysell, no able to fight and steer about the house as I used to do."

"But I hope your customers still frequent the Silver Key?" said Jerkins.

"I canna compleen," said Mrs Macbill; "but they cum a' at ance, and I may say, speak a' at ance; thae Englishmen are sometimes like to pit me woof, when they cum doun wi' their guns an' their dougs, and their valys.—But wha is yon?" continued she, looking out at the door, and pointing to the gentlemen.

"It's Dr Spleen Harris," said Jerkins.

"Houts, woman, I ken him weel enough," said Mrs Macbill, "he's often here: but wha is he yon who is walken wi' him?"

"He's a grand Englishman," said Jerkins; "a Sir Philip Hum, with a great deal of money; he's one of those who come into the country with the moorfowl, and depart with the partridges."

"I haena seen a patrick the year," said Mrs Macbill:—"but surely I'm no wise! I hae little need to stand cracken here, when a's on my shouthers, and when I hae sa muckle ado."

"How do you do, Mrs Macbill?" said a man who came up to them.

"I'm gaely; how's a' wi' ye yoursell, John?"

It was John Pow the barber, who, seeing so much company arrive at the inn, came to see if there was any employment for him.

"Just stap in and tak your chance, John," said Mrs Macbill, as she ran off to the kitchen, to bustle the cook and hurry the waiter. Next in degree appeared Betty Broom, to receive from the lips of Jerkins instructions how the noble party liked their pillows, and blankets, and mattresses arranged. There is no station in society exempt from the inroads of pride and ambition; and Mrs Macbill of the Silver Key had her own share of it. She was not overstocked with any sense, and certainly not with what is called common sense, else she would have known how impossible it was for her to have vied with Cochon, the Marquis's French cook; but this she had the ambitious daring presumption to attempt, and gave herself a prodigious deal of ill-bestowed trouble in preparing badly-cooked fine dishes, which, privately, the family of the Vainalls were tired of at home, even when cooked with the

best materials, and in Cochon's best style. Whereas she might have given them the highest pleasure of a gourmand, an agreeable variety, by preparing for them what she was quite an adept at, a well-cooked plain dinner.

"This soup is precisely negus," said the Marquis, putting away his plate.

"Pray don't venture upon that curry," said Sir Philip, "it has nearly flayed my throat."

"This cream is made especially for the ladies," said Dr Spleen Harris, "quite brandy posset."

"The chickens are very nice, I can assure you," said Lady Amelia.

"I thought I recognized some of their relations in the court of the inn," said the Marchioness, "which is enough for me."

The Marquis, as has been before remarked, loved his dinner, and he could not dine upon Mrs Macbill's dressed dishes; but, upon inquiry, he discovered that the house contained a vulgar piece of cold beef, intended for Mrs Macbill's domestics, and on this, to her great mortification, the Marquis and his party made a hearty repast.

"Great folks are great plagues," said Mrs Macbill; "couldna they eat what was served up, but they bid to hae the beef too, I'se warrant?"

We hope there may be some hints in the foregoing detail, which may prove useful to people of

moderate establishments, when they wish to feed their betters. But there were no real idolaters of their stomach in this party, none who were enthusiastic and gloried in their shame. The gourmand alone can tell whether the remembrance of having eaten a good dinner conveys any pleasure to his soul; he, too, can tell the delight of the present enjoyment, and what degree of delight there is in the anticipation of pleasure to come.

The repast was finished, and its pleasures and *desagreemens* forgotten. The carriage and servants were drawn up at the inn door, and the idlers of Dintherout were assembled to see the grand ladies and gentlemen come out and ascend their carriages. At last they all drove off, amidst shouts of applause from the yellow-haired laddies and blooming lasses of Dintherout, who experienced such delight in beholding their ascent into their carriages, that they followed with one accord to witness their descent from the said equipages, at the door of the theatre of Dintherout. A glorious sun was preparing to sink behind one of the noble mountains to be seen from Dintherout, as this fashionable party gave up their persons to three hours' imprisonment in the theatre.

Religion alone gives refinement to the taste; and most justly has it been observed, that a Christian is the highest style of man. They talk amiss who

talk of sacrificing pleasures for the sake of religion. A soul awakened to truth and life, is dead to the now tasteless pleasures which once engrossed it, and reflects with wonder on the time when it found pleasure in having fictitious feelings roused by fictitious representations, or its risible faculties excited by seeing man, the being created after the image of God, made a buffoon, personating a Harlequin. Well might the poet exclaim—"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august, how wonderful is man!"

CHAPTER VI.

" So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,
And yet they glide like happiness away.
All was so still, so soft in earth and air,
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there;
Secure that nought of evil could delight
To walk in such a scene on such a night."

LADY AMELIA, left alone in the inn, recollected that there was a beautiful river at no great distance, and, irresistibly attracted by the sweetness of the evening, thither she directed her steps, to stroll a little on its banks. Peaceful and calm was the scene, and peaceful and calm were her thoughts. " In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul," was in her heart and on her lips. To her a solitary walk was full of attractions; for often she felt her soul drawn forth in sweet contemplation, in delightful musings, with which a stranger could not intermingle. The river was clear and calm, and seemed to reflect an image of her own mind—such as it was at this moment, in perfect peace stayed upon God—yet sin and temptation had not ceased to struggle within her;

for the Christian life is a warfare; but she watched and prayed against their influence, and often obtained great and long intervals of peace. Her soul was filled with love to God and to her fellow-creatures, and hence enjoyed the blessedness of fulfilling the two great commandments, on which hang all the law and the Prophets.

She was aroused from her musing by the whimpering of a child, and turning round, she perceived a tawdry-looking woman, whose countenance and appearance bore every trace of wretchedness. Encouraged by Lady Amelia's compassionate looks, the stranger addressed her in the language of entreaty, saying, that it was the first time she had ever sought aid in this manner; that she had been an actress, and had come to Dintherout, in hopes of being employed in the theatre; that the manager had engaged her husband, but had no occasion for her services; that she had nothing to trust to but her husband's uncertain profits, and literally was not possessed of a shilling. Lady Amelia never turned away her ear from the tale of distress; she questioned the woman a little further as to her history.

The high-flown language of the stranger, made up of extracts from plays, a motley mixture of tragedy and comedy, was strangely contrasted with the plainness and simplicity of Lady Amelia's

mode of expression; but, at the same time, served to confirm one part of her story, and shew that she had been an actress. It farther appeared, that her husband and she had frequently thought of quitting so unprofitable a profession, and one in which they had already suffered so much—their name was Mackorkindale. Lady Amelia having given her a little money for her present necessities, told her if she would call next morning, with proper credentials of the truth of her story, she would endeavour to raise a little money to assist them in entering into an honest trade. The countenance of the poor woman brightened as she received the contents of Lady Amelia's purse, and loading her with many blessings, she departed, promising to bring her husband to the inn with her in the morning. Lady Amelia had a pleasing walk homewards, for it is cheering to the heart of a Christian to be made an instrument for good, and she hoped this adventure might be blessed, as the means of much good to the poor Mackorkindales. She felt the truth of Shakespeare's description of mercy, "it is doubly blest, it blesseth him that giveth and him that receiveth;" but, above all, she remembered Jesus of Nazareth, who went about doing good, and who said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The inn was in a state of almost total deser-

tion when she arrived there; all the servants that could possibly be spared had gone to the play; the chambermaid alone remained in solitary attendance, and prepared to shew Lady Amelia the way to the parlour. As she went along the passage, the groans of some one in deep distress arrested her attention. She was not one of those callous beings, who could hear the moans of the suffering, without lively interest and deep-felt compassion.

"What is that?" said she, pausing, and addressing the housemaid.

"Oh!" replied the girl, "it is only Mr Macbill, puir man, groaning for his tea; the house has been in such a bustle, that there has been naebody to attend to him I may say these twa days." The groans were repeated in a still deeper tone—"He maun just craik on," said the girl; "for I canna do everything, and he needna be sae impatient. Whenever I tak up your leddyship's tea, I'll attend to him."

Lady Amelia felt moved with this account.

"Where is he?" said she.

"Just ben at yon brown door," said the girl.

"May I step in and inquire for him?" said Lady Amelia.

"Oh, I'm sure if your leddyship likes to take the trouble, he'll be unco glad to see you, for he greens

sair for company, as he sits in his chair his leefu lane maist a' the lang day."

"Do go, my good girl, and prepare his tea," said Lady Amelia; "mine will do quite well some time after this; indeed, I would not wish it so early, at any rate.—I'll step in and inquire for him in the meantime."

"I'se do your biddin', mem," said the girl; "but my mistress aye bids me attend to the gentry first, and my maister afterwards." The girl now opened the door, saying, "Here's a leddy come to speer for ye, Mr Macbill," and then made her exit, leaving Lady Amelia to the further introducing of herself to this poor invalid. Mr Macbill had the swollen figure of a jolly publican, with a face squalid, emaciated, and discoloured by disease; he was seated in a tolerably comfortable arm-chair propped up by pillows; he was dressed in a patch-work wrapper, a Scotch night-cap was upon his head, and a Scottish blanket covered the chair and was wrapped about his limbs. Beside him was a crutch, which he was now unable to use, to assist him in going to bed; and a small table stood by, on which was a hand-bell, which he had often the pleasure of ringing, but seldom the satisfaction of seeing obeyed.

"I'm sorry to find you so poorly," said Lady Amelia.

"Thank your ladyship. Indeed, I'm very frail," replied he; "I'm no like to get weel ava; troth, I sometimes think I'll no be lang for this world;" and here, with the garrulity of age, he entered into a long and minute detail of his illness and sufferings—he seemed refreshed by having the liberty of talking, and, by the repetition of his ails, he seemed to lessen their poignancy.

"Have you books to read?" said Lady Amelia.

"Walth o' books, but a scarcity of een to read them; I canna see a stime mysell."

"But you have much of the Bible in your heart?" said Lady Amelia; "and I trust the Comforter brings many consoling passages to your recollection."

"I canna compleen," said the man; "I've comforts anew, but oh I'm sair fashed with this weary hoast, I dinna get a wink o' sleep the hale night for it."

When his cough had a little subsided, Lady Amelia again resumed her discourse.

"Does your minister come often to see you? The conversation of a pious Christian, is an unspeakable consolation on the bed of sickness."

"Ou, no, honest man," said Mr Macbill, "he has eneugh ado wi' his ain flock; not but, I'se warrant, if I sent for him he would be willing eneugh to come to me, for they say he likes weel to visit

the sick, and I've been a weel-doin' man a' n
life."

"So you are a dissenter," said Lady Ameli
"you do not belong to his flock, you say?"

"To tell your ladyship the truth," said M
Macbill, "the gudewife and I never joined v
ony congregation—in our public line we could s
dom get out on the Sabbath-day when I was we
and noo I'm no able——"

"What!" said Lady Amelia, "have you liv
to your time of life, and never acknowledged yo
faith by partaking of the blessed Sacrament?
pity you, poor man, for I doubt if the consolatio
of the gospel can be yours."

"It's no that I misdoubt it," said Mr Macbil
"but we hae aye been baith of us feared to approa
the Sacrament. There is that fearful senten
about eating and drinking unworthily."

"True," said Lady Amelia; "it is awful to a
proach the table of the Lord, living in sin unr
pented of, in sin persisted in; but to the humb
believer there is a call which he cannot be guil
less and refuse to comply with—'Do this in r
membrance of me.' There is a Saviour, but on
for those who believe in him, and consequent
obey his commandments."

"I dare say what your ladyship says is ve

true," said Mr Macbill; "I maun speak to the gudewife thereanent."

"You had better send for the clergyman, and talk with him," said Lady Amelia; "he will not refuse to come and see you. Have you considered what is to happen after your death?—It is near to every one of us, and near also to you."

"I'm sure that's true," said Mr Macbill; "the gudewife tells me that ilka day. I've paid maist o' my debts, and I'm no conscious o' haeing wranged anybody; and I hope God will be merciful, and pardon a' my wee frailties and failings."

"O let me entreat you to seek Him in the way He has appointed, while He may be found," said Lady Amelia. "Will you let me read a chapter of the Bible to you?"

"If your ladyship pleases," said Mr Macbill—"I'se be obliged to you.—But whare's the book?" added he, looking about. "It's in the kist in the corner o' the room. The gudewife brings it out whiles on the Sabbath, if there's ony time to read; but really the Sabbath day is, I may say, our thrangest day—sic a deal o' the gentry make it their jaunting day."

Lady Amelia read, and, to the best of her power, expounded a chapter to this ignorant man, and he seemed to listen with gladness and interest. "O, if I had the like o' you to read and speak to me,"

said he, "I would soon ken what was right; but here am I, a poor bewildered creature, that canna see to read mysell, and find it ill to hear when the like of the gudewife or John Pow comes to read to me."

"I shall never be in Dintherout without coming to see you," said Lady Amelia; "and I shall send you some books by the carrier, and something which will be good for your cough; but you must promise to me to read the books, and to send for the minister, to talk with him about your immortal soul."

"It would ill become me to refuse onything your ladyship desires, after you have been sae guid."

Here Betty Broom entered with his tea, and informed her ladyship that the tea things were set in the parlour.

Lady Amelia added a few more exhortations, which were gratefully received by Mr Macbill, and returned to the parlour, pleased with having at least beguiled, she hoped not unprofitably, the time of this poor man. Sudden visible conversions, she knew, from the Word of God, were not impossible; but she had ever been accustomed to look upon them as improbable. Yet the good seed of the kingdom of heaven she knew to be described as a grain of mustard seed, and not always discernible to the eye of human observers. "Who knows but

my visit to this poor man may be blest?—The Saviour often makes use of feeble tools, that he alone may be glorified."

In some respects, one would have thought the spiritual state of poor Mr Macbill was no better than that of Sir Philip Hum; but they differed materially; and we are inclined to think that John Macbill was not so steeled and hardened against Christianity as Sir Philip Hum. The Baronet was a clever man—a deep man; he had read, and was well acquainted with, the Bible; but he was a proud man—proud of his talents—proud of his birth—proud of his moral attainments, low as they were—and proud of his own wisdom. He had never prayed to understand the Scriptures, for he never doubted his own natural capacity—he never prayed heartily for forgiveness of sins, for he never felt his need—he never prayed for strength, for he was already strong—he never prayed to be delivered from the crafts and assaults of the devil, for he did not believe in the existence of any such being.

Lady Amelia having taken tea, took a small copy of Thomas a Kempis out of her reticule, and passed the time not unprofitably, till she was joined by the party from the play. They looked all tired, and jaded, and overheated, and wearied, and languid. They had laughed a great deal, and been

very much amused; but laughing never leaves any pleasurable sensation behind it. To Sir Philip Hum it had evidently been an exertion to appear amused; he was already almost satiated with the representations of Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane, and was a man of too much taste to enjoy hearing Shakespeare murdered; and he lost nothing in the opinion of Lady Amelia, by the cold manner in which he expressed his approbation of the evening's amusement.

Lady Amelia, in her turn, related her adventure with the actress; but she thought it more prudent to be silent as to her having visited Mr Macbill, as she was uncertain whether it would have met with unmixed approbation, at least from the Marchioness.

"I think you have had the best fun of us all," said Dr Spleen Harris; "although I cannot perceive the difference betwixt going to the theatre and hearing private theatricals—a tragi-comedy performed in the open air for one's own particular amusement."

"I am sure," said the Marchioness, "I more than once wished myself in the open air, or that the roof had been taken off the theatre—the heat was really intolerable, and the tallow lights quite suffocating."

"Amelia's plan was certainly the comfortable

thing," said the Marquis; "only, she should have let us into her secret, and I for one would have attended her."

Sir Philip Hum was seated by Lady Amelia, and he lost not this opportunity of paying his court to her, by displaying the generosity and charity of his disposition. "You really interest me much," said he, "by your account of that poor woman. I shall think myself happy if you will permit me to assist you in being of service to the unhappy pair."

Lady Amelia warmly thanked him, and accepted his generous offer.

"I assure you," said he, "I am not a perfect novice in these matters. Devolve the whole upon me; I shall talk with the man and his wife, and shall set them up in trade, if I find them likely to bring credit to our protectorship."

"What an excellent, kind-hearted man Sir Philip Hum is!" said the Marchioness, in an audible whisper.

"A very good, honest fellow, but easily humbugged," answered the Marquis, in a whispered whisper. "The Marchioness and I are just admiring your generosity," continued he aloud, and addressing himself to Sir Philip, who bowed assent, as customary on those occasions.

"If you go on in this manner," said Dr Spleen Harris, "you will be expecting to be addressed by

the title of 'Your benevolence,' which is the ordinary title of some brotherhood I have heard of."

"How can you make a joke of my good actions in that manner?" said Sir Philip Hum.

"I am sure I truly feel how good you are in this matter," said Lady Amelia.

"I should be good indeed," thought Sir Philip Hum, "if I had not my own views in all this trouble I am about to take. What blind fools they must all be, not to perceive my drift! an ordinary woman would take this action, as it is meant, for marked attention."—They talked a little more on what was to be done—what inquiries to be made—and Lady Amelia, who "hoped all things," felt and expressed great gratitude to Sir Philip Hum for the warm interest he took in the matter.—"In serving you, I please myself," said he. But she imputed the whole to his natural benevolence of disposition, and much she hoped that some good seed had been sown in that heart which could meditate and plan the performance of such benevolent deeds.

CHAPTER VII.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.

WHILE the superior members of the illustrious house of Vainall were participating in the pastimes of Dintherout, the domestics who remained at Roe Park availed themselves of this opportunity to follow their own devices. We shall confine our notice of their proceedings to the occurrences which took place in the nursery during this jubilee season.

Young Edward Truefeel, the heir-apparent to all these spacious domains, enjoyed more freedom of person and will than generally falls to the lot of children under six years of age; but he now made the joyful discovery, that all his privileges were considerably increased, as for some days the usual threats of informing his sire and grandsire, mamma or grandmamma, of any of his misdemeanors, could not be put into execution. These awful denunciations accordingly fell unheeded on his ear; for what has childhood to do with distant futurity?

The usual bugbears that a thorough-bred Scotch nurse conjures up to awe the infant mind, were held by our young Edward in utter contempt.

The bogles, the black men, the tod-lowries, and even the redoubtable John Tod, he feared not, and despised and pitied the credulity of his cousin Helen Selby, who, by the bare mention of these dread names, was awed into obedience, and palsied with fear.

Clara Howard, an Englishwoman, was the person chosen by Lady Emery to watch over the childhood of her son. She had been recommended to her by Lady Blunderbook, as speaking her mother-tongue with perfect accuracy, and having ruled over her ladyship's nursery with unimpeached character for many years.

She also, like her young charge, aware of the liberty of the present crisis, felt as strongly impelled to avail herself of it; their sympathetic feelings realized the Scotch proverb—"Well does the mouse know when the cat is not at home;" and, accordingly, temptations presenting themselves suited to their different tastes, they yielded to the impulse and freedom of the moment. Mrs Botany, the gardener's wife, had that evening invited a party to tea, and had selected what she reckoned the genteelest part of the Vainall household as her visitors —a discrimination which, whatever effect it might

have on the minds of the chosen few, converted all the others into her mortal enemies.

Mrs Howard, having some dignity in the nursery, was invited, and immediately closed with the invitation, consigning Edward over to Bennet, the maid of Caroline Wilde. But Bennet, upon second thoughts, also wishing to be gay, delivered her double charge over to Dolly, the maid of Miss Selby, who, not being courteous in her manners, declined committing herself by either accepting or refusing the office; for to the proposition she answered only by a silent shrug, which might be interpreted either way.

Dolly had been poorly educated, but had been accustomed to children all her life. She was certainly a steady, some might say, an obstinate character, as firm in her rejection of everything that was new, as in her adherence to long established practice. She was of the old school, and hated all attempts to improve the morals and manners either of children or nursery-maids. And when she heard Lady Maria Wilde pronouncing that children should be taught this, and nursery-maids be taught that, she again had recourse to an emphatic shrug, and muttered, "Weel, weel, let them tak their ain way, and see if these new-fangled bairns will be wiser-like men and women than their fathers and mothers were in the auld way."

Dolly dealt liberally in stories of ghosts and goblins; the whole arcana of her system, if system it might be called, consisted in alluring her pupils by the pleasures of eating and dress, and punishing by withholding these delights. Her power to fulfil the great expectations which she sometimes endeavoured to raise, she professed to derive from the agency of the better part of the invisible world; but in general, she made more use of these unseen or fancied beings to awe and terrify the imagination of her young pupils, threatening frequently to deliver them over to the awful world of black, blue, and grey men and women, giants, witches, warlocks. In all these beings Dolly had herself a kind of vague belief, though she by no means believed what she endeavoured to impress upon the mind of her pupils, that all these awful personages were under her sway, and came and went at her pleasure at all hours of the day and night, but particularly when Miss Helen Selby had the wickedness to resist her commands, or to give vent to wrath in tears and cries. But of the devil, Dolly never was provoked to make mention; for her principles were so far religious, that this invisible enemy, whose existence is so plainly intimated in the Bible, she would have by no means classed with the beings, in whom her own belief was so wavering, and whose local habitations and names, (the

witch of Endor excepted,) were not sanctioned by sacred authority.

There was no permanent intention in the mind of her mistress of retaining Dolly; and to-morrow, or next day, or next year, Lady Jane, who was quite aware of her faults, meant to exert herself in looking out for some more befitting instructress to rear the tender bodies, and train the growing minds, of her children.

Dolly's prejudices were great, and her capacity limited; but, upon the whole, her moral code was of a higher class, and more conscientiously acted upon, than that of either of her fellow-servants in the nursery. She would not have left her charge on any account without Lady Jane's permission; and it was with a wrathful shrug she saw Howard and Bennet thus leave the children intrusted to their care without waiting for her reply. Dolly, like many other people, piqued herself upon the qualities in which she was eminently deficient, and she lauded herself much for not being easily offended, —whether this sprung from self-ignorance or self-knowledge, we cannot say. How often do skilful commanders apply all their powers to strengthen the weak part of the citadel! How often do fond husbands, doating wives, and partial parents, praise the objects of their affection, for the very quality evidently awanting! Is it the blind attempting to lead the blind, or is it the quick-sighted endea-

vouring to delude the too discerning? Be this as it may, Dolly had felt and expressed great wrath against Mrs Botany for not having seen fit to request the honour of her company, but, at the same time, she declared, (and perhaps with truth,) that even if she had been invited, she would not have gone,—and as she uttered this sentence, her head became more erect, her nod more firm, and she crossed her hands on her arms, while every separate finger was stretched to its full extent, which was her usual attitude, when she performed *the determined.*

Dolly had been, in her youth, what is termed a personable woman. She had full black eyes, which rolled in fine frenzy whenever she was excited to passion. Her mouth was of a close description, and contained only one tooth; yet, from the formation of her lips and the surrounding parts, the want of masticators did not impede her articulation. She was rather disposed to harangue to her youthful auditors; and possessed in a very eminent degree, when in good humour, the talent of speaking nonsense. But on this occasion, her ill humour prevailed, and she poured forth a volley, of what she termed sense, the moment that Howard and Bennet left the room. With various shrugs and umphs, she broke forth in the following terms:—
"Glaket creatures, and so are a' thae English;

I'm sure they're weel awa', if they would bide; but I'se warrant they'll be like the ill penny, aye coming back again. Troth, a bonny twa they are; they might a staid in their ain country, for a' the good they do in this—I ne'er had ony conceit o' thae foreigners. Take care o' their bairns wha likes; hech, I'se take care o' nane o' them. Troth they're no blate; they might a staid at hame. Bid me take care o' their bairns, indeed! I've eneugh ado wi' my ain. Troth they're no blate, to even me to do the like o' their wark—ay!" And she re-echoed the word *ay* with a drawl, which little Helen Selby successfully imitated to her doll.—Dolly's soliloquy being now ended, she made an attempt at dialogue, and continued thus, addressing her pupil:—"And to think o' that madam, Mrs Botany, no askin' us to her gala!—Set the like o' her up!—She'll look wi' a clear ee when she sees me cross her door; I can tell her that."

"Never mind, good Dolly," said little Helen, in a soothing tone—"Mrs Botany's very bad; but when she is drinking her tea, we shall go and steal roses out of the green-house; shall we not?"

"Weel thought of, my bonny dawtie," said Dolly; "and you shall get tea from me, and your cousins shall get none. It's lucky for you ye have me to look after ye—A pretty-like thing in your papa and mamma, to leave you at home, and no

tak ye into the play wi' them!—I think ye'll no forget it in a hurry, my poor, ill-used lamb."

"No, no; I'll never forget it," said Helen.

"That's a right spirit, my dawtie; and I think I'se no forget Mrs Botany no asken us, I can tell her that. Set the like o' her up!"

Helen was beginning to be sensible that she had been very ill used. Dolly, who was a good judge, had said so; but she was too much occupied with her dolls at this moment to think of shewing any personal resentment; and therefore, notwithstanding the sense of her injuries, she began to sing, in her own infant manner, one of the nursery ballads she had learned from Dolly.

While this conversation was going on betwixt Dolly and Helen, in another recess of the nursery sat little Caroline Wilde, still awed by the threats of the impending indignation of Bennet, if she dared to move from the spot on which she was seated, or to give any trouble till her return. But neither the minds nor the corporeal frames of children of either sex can remain long in a quiescent state; and Caroline, recollecting that the wrath of Bennet was not to be despised with impunity, submitted quietly to her fate, and proceeded to do deeds of less noble daring than otherwise might have been meditated, but which equally possessed

the relish of disobedience, without the fear of detection.

After doing all the things she had generally been debarred from when under the stern eye of Bennet, by coaxing, she obtained from Dolly a thread, needle, and scissars, and began to sew her frock and cut the threads; and, in doing so, she cut a great hole. This she well knew was a crime more enormous in the eyes of Bennet than any other she could commit, lying not excepted; for its consequences would devolve immediately upon herself, as she must incur the trouble of mending it. The horrors of the discovery were not lessened to her imagination by Dolly, whose bodings and predictions were as black as Erebus. At last, after weeping floods of tears, she took refuge in sleep.

Meanwhile, young Edward was tolerably quiet, musing at the window, straining his eyes to reach a pigeon-house, which was seen in the distant ground, and in which direction he had oft cast many a wistful look. To get into it had long been the object of his ambition; yet how to attain it?—Howard would not even permit him to walk in that direction. Now seemed the time; and without troubling himself with farther cogitations on the subject, he seized a fortunate moment and issued out of the door; and notwithstanding the remonstrances of Dolly, made good his retreat. "There's

a bonny gilpy, indeed," cried she. "Cum back, ye little loon!—I'm sure I'm glad I took nae charge o' ye. I wadna keep that laddie for a hundred a-year. He'll cum back the road he gaed, for atweel I'se no rin after him. Tak care o' him wha likes, I'm sure it's no be me."—When her invectives were exhausted, she began to feel some compunction for not looking after Edward, and some anxiety to know what had become of him. "I dare say the laddie will be felled," said she to herself; "except that laddies winna kill, there wudna hae been a bane left in his body lang ago."

At this moment Amelia Bell entered the nursery; she was fond of the children, and wished to see them before they went to sleep.

"Did you see Master Edward?" asked Dolly to her, in some anxiety.

"No," replied she; "I've just come from my lady's room, where I have been busy sewing all the afternoon."

Dolly, then, in a brief manner told her how the callant had given her the slip, and gone away she knew not how nor where; she merely hinted obscurely at Howard and Bennet's neglectful conduct, for, like most servants, her point of honour enforced silence with regard to the misdeeds of her neighbours. This, with some exceptions, we would by no means condemn. Let every man

stand to his own master. True, a conscientious domestic will not see his neighbour sin without reproving him, far less will he be a partaker in his iniquity;—but tale-bearing and busy bodies are reproved in Scripture. We fear, however, that Dolly in this respect was less under the awe of God's than of man's judgment—she muttered something to this effect—"Maister Edward's nurse kens best what she is about—sum folk tak a charge which is nae charge—but nane shall cast up to me that I ever compleened of a fellow-servant—troth, I wud hae little ado to reek my fingers in ither folks' kail—let every craw mind its ain burd, and every broom sweep its ain hearth-stane;"—and with various other sayings, some to the point, and some not, she concluded her discourse.

Amelia Bell, though a child herself, had discernment enough to perceive that Master Edward should not be lost without being sought for. She possessed a quality which generally denotes a good understanding; she was quick in decision, and instant in execution; she now saw that something must be done, and proceeding to the kitchen and hall, she found that most of the servants who were not with the party at Dintherout, had gone on ways of their own, and that the few who remained were unwilling to leave the house. Though forbid to go out alone at a late hour, she thought the cause jus-

tified the disobedience, and she sallied forth in pursuit, or rather in search, of Master Edward. As she had often heard him express vehement desires of reaching the pigeon-house, she naturally followed that direction. The sun was just set, and a few straggling crows were following the multitude to their air-built nests.

Amelia quickened her steps, and arrived at the dove-cot, where she found Master Edward, who had almost attained the summit of his wishes; for her head turned giddy when she beheld the rash boy nearly at the top of a high ladder, which some careless person had left against the building. Amelia was herself but an inexperienced child, or she would have feared to startle him by speaking to him—but old heads cannot be placed upon young shoulders, and she yielded to her feelings, and acted upon the impulse of the moment.

"Master Edward! Master Edward!" cried she.

Edward turned his head at the appeal, but did not lose his hold—"Come up, Amelia," said he, "come up, and help me to catch the pigeons."

"Dear Master Edward, come down, you'll certainly get a sad tumble; do, pray, come down."

"I shan't," said Edward; "I am determined to catch a pigeon."

Amelia was in agony; she expected every mo-

ment to see him dashed to the ground. "Dear Master Edward," continued she, "come down, and I will buy you some pretty toys the first time I go to Dintherout."

"Will you buy any of my pack?" said a voice behind her.

Amelia turned round, and perceived a pedlar boy, who had come across a field with a box before him; the whole course of Edward's youthful curiosity was suddenly turned into a new channel.

"What is in your box, boy?" said he.

"Oh, I have many pretty things," said the pedlar; "come down, master, and you shall see them."

"Do come down, Master Edward," said Amelia; "I've got some money in my box at home, and will buy you anything you please, if you'll go home with me, and be a good boy."

Edward, after a few more conditions, closed with this offer, and descended from the ladder, without having received any other injury than having his clothes torn by some nails, and a few random scratches on his arms and limbs.

When they reached the house, Amelia hastened to her room to bring her little pittance. The pedlar opened his box. "I shall have this knife, I shall have this seal," said little Edward;—and he

ran into the hall to consult the servants as to his choice.

The pedlar was left alone—the hall was spacious—doors stood open on all sides—youthful curiosity prompted him to look in; he beheld an anti-room, which led to the dining-room—a golden vase stood on the side-board. "Were this mine, my fortune would be made," said the boy to himself. He stretched forth his hand, but the noise of feet alarmed him, and he returned to his pack with some precipitation. It was little Edward.

"Everybody is out," said he.

The boy marked his words—"Had I not been an honest boy, I might have stolen that cup," thought he to himself.

Edward returned the knife and the seal—"I will not have the knife and the seal now, I will have this box—Where is Amelia?" and he ran off at one door, while she entered with her purse at the other.

"Master Edward has bought this box," said the pedlar.

"What must I pay you?" asked Amelia.

"It is too cheap, but you shall have it for two shillings and sixpence," answered he.—She sighed; it was her all—and she paid it with regret.—"If you will go and see if I can have any other

customers," said he, "I will give you this needle-case into the bargain."

She accepted of the case, and ran up stairs with it to the nursery. The pedlar again was left alone —again he looked into the dining-room—the cup looked larger, richer, more tempting than before. Take it, said Avarice—I dare not, said Caution—The servants are all out, said Memory—You'll be hanged, said Fear—You'll never be found out, said Hope—Only Botany-bay, said Uncertainty—Thou shalt not steal, said Conscience—Nonsense, said Satan. His hand was on the cup, he was on his way to the door—still doubting, he drew nearer his box—the wind shut a door with startling noise—'twas too late to return—in a moment the cup was in the pedlar's box, and in another moment pedlar, and cup, and box, were out of sight of Roe Park.

When Amelia returned with Dolly, she was surprised to find the pedlar gone. Dolly's wrath, as has been stated, was easily excited; and being balked in her intentions of merchandizing with the pedlar, she broke forth upon Amelia. "What do you mean by bringing me down stairs on a fule's errand? Whare's ye're pedlar? I believe it's been a trick, and if there was one here, depend upon it, he's no awa' empty-handed. What was your business to bring ony man into the hoose, without

leave asked or obtained? I think ye might have had mair sense than that cums to; I think when I tell your lady when she cums hame, it will be term-day wi' you." In vain Amelia tried to exculpate herself, and to tell how it had happened. "Haud your tongue wi' your havers to me," said Dolly; "a bonny-like story, that onybody gied you that needle-case for nothing; d'ye think I am to believe a wheen nonsense like that?—Whisht wi' your havers, and dinna offer to lee to me; and even if it was true, I wad like to ken what was your business to rin after Master Edward—he was no your charge, I'm sure—folk should mind their ain business."

Poor Amelia felt overwhelmed with the harshness of this censure; but was supported by a consciousness of innocence throughout the whole affair, and certain that Lady Amelia Truefeel would do her justice; the more especially, as she had young Edward to corroborate the truth of her story. When the servants returned, the golden cup was immediately missed—every means was taken to discover and trace the pedlar, who immediately fell under suspicion—but in vain. The butler, who felt himself to blame in having left it out, trembled for his place; but from the butler to the scullion, all were eager to shift the blame from themselves to the shoulders of another; and, by

one consent, the whole obloquy was agreed to be laid on Amelia Bell. In vain did the child assert her innocence, with tears and protestations; but still she hoped that the truth would be listened to and believed when the party returned from Dintherout, and that although she might be blamed for imprudence, it would appear that she had acted to the best of her judgment. But, alas! she had yet to learn that there were people in the world, who could break the ninth commandment; for, though Bennet and Howard, when they returned, heard "the plain unvarnished tale," they were aware that, however favourable the disclosure of the truth might be for Amelia Bell, it would produce a very different effect as to their concern in the matter. They, therefore, concerted measures accordingly, and Bennet told little Caroline, in terms she never dared to dispute, that she was to maintain a total silence on the subject; and if she was questioned by Lady Maria Wilde, if she, Bennet, had left her this evening, she was stoutly to say no. These instructions were enforced by rewards calculated to dazzle her young mind, on the one hand, and by threats of severest punishment, on the other.

As to Master Edward, his parents were so neglectful of him, that, by keeping him quiet for a few days, they hoped the matter would soon be

hushed up and forgotten. They, however, had reason to fear that they would find more difficulty in managing Amelia Bell; they knew that she was in the habit of being every evening with Lady Amelia; and they feared that a transaction of this kind she might think it her duty to reveal; they had long felt her a thorn in their side, and wished for an opportunity of getting rid of her. They talked with her, and endeavoured to persuade her, but in vain, to corroborate the truth of their story, namely, that she had been in the nursery the whole evening, and none of them had been out; in which case, they were all to agree that the pedlar had come in by chance. But finding all their attempts to corrupt her integrity impossible, they determined to be beforehand with her, and to allege that she had taken Master Edward out, while Howard and Bennet had left the room for a few minutes; that she had remained out till a late hour, and then returned with her friend, the pedlar, who had doubtless stolen the cup, whether with or without her knowledge, they could not pretend to say. Dolly they knew would give them no trouble, as her principle was never to tell anything against a fellow-servant; and she had such a way of general murmuring, that her complaints were seldom attended to. "She was thankful to say, that no one could cast up to her that she had ever left her

bairn to onybody's care, gentle or sempil; they might fight it out among themselves;—she wad neither say buff nor sty. Amelia Bell was a gude eneuch lassie, but no fit to tak care o' hersell, far less o' anither bairn; Lady Amelia thought ower muckle o' her, for she had a tongue might wile the lavrocks. Whare could that lassie learn onything, brought up in the Cowgate wi' sic woof folk?"

But we shall leave them to their perplexities and devices, while we carry the reader to Dintherout, to see how the higher members of this illustrious house are conducting themselves.

CHAPTER VIII.

Un miracle, dit-on, affermiroit ma croyance. On parle ainsi, quand on ne le voit pas.

PASCAL.

THE exterior of the town of Dintherout, on the Sabbath-day, differed considerably from its appearance on other days of the week. There were no carts in the streets, and the population generally wore shoes and stockings, and feathers appeared in the bonnets of some of the females, who, throughout the week, had uncovered heads and bare feet —straggling well-dressed peasantry were coming into the town in all directions; and the *louping-on stones*, which were to be seen in various places, served as seats for some of the weary travellers— the church-yards were filling, not with the dead, but the living; and gossipping parties were as usual collecting on the tomb-stones, where all could have attested with truth, that

"Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends alive as dead."

"There's a bonny mornin'," said the landlady of the Silver Key, as, according to her usual practice when she arose, she opened the window, and cast her eyes around in all directions, like Bluebeard's sister-in-law, to see if she could descry anybody coming; "but I'll no get atour the door the day, wi' sic a wheen folk in the house; and the coach frae Dufton, and the mail frae Flyscap, a' to change horses. Aweel, I'm sure it's lucky some folk are gude o' themselves, as I tell the gudeman. What wud cum ower the like o' me, if I needed to gang ilka Sunday to the kirk? But I maun awa and see that they are settin' the breakfast. He's a weary man mine, neither fit to attend to man or beast."

Just as Mrs Macbill drew in her head, the poor actress and her husband approached the door. Mr Mackorkindale, the Macbeth of the preceding evening, instead of an ambitious Highlander, was now transformed into a starved-looking, care-worn, poor, thin, distressed man, wishing much that his wife had employed herself making porridge and mending her children's stockings, instead of singing "My mother had a maid called Barbara." He was a well-meaning, weak man; and had he been blessed with a sensible wife, would have been a respectable man. As things were, he submitted to his fate almost with as much philosophy as Socrates,

and behaved better to his wife than most men would have done who were not living under the influence of religion; for she had a tormenting temper that would have driven a man of keen sensibilities absolutely distracted. But on this occasion she was awed by the rank of Lady Amelia, and they both expressed themselves with gratitude, and a willingness to be directed by her as to their future manner of life.

Notwithstanding her tawdry appearance, Lady Amelia thought she descried in Mrs Mackorkindale some latent sparks of elegant taste in dress, which might be turned to good account, by making caps in the isolated town of Crawnest, the birth-place of Mr Mackorkindale. Poor man! he had no ambition—he had literally acted for his bread, and had been accustomed to play Macbeth, or one of the procession in Pizzaro, for the same laudable end; but nature and his hardships had given him face and figure better befitting the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet; and Sir Philip Hum, who was really a sagacious man, discovered, that in his youth he had actually served an apprenticeship to one of the sons of Esculapius; and accordingly, to Mackorkindale's great joy, it was fixed that the scene was to be shifted to Crawnest, "his own romantic town," where he was to be set up in a small shop, in a small way, as a small apothecary—a seller of

deadly henbane, night-shade, sticking-plaster, and peppermint-drops.

Sir Philip again insisted upon being the banker on this occasion; but Lady Amelia and Dr Spleen Harris would not be left out of the copartnery. Lady Amelia had long ceased to fear running short of money to accomplish any good work; for experience had taught her, that that good spirit which inspired the thought, always supplied the means, either through some unexpected increase of her own funds, or the influence of the same spirit in exciting others to co-operate with her. She ordered breakfast for the starving pair, and seasoned it with much wholesome advice; and in particular, she urged them to begin their reformation by going that day to church. To this they assented, and took their leave, loading Lady Amelia with blessings.

Sir Philip Hum now earnestly entreated to be permitted to save Lady Amelia all further trouble. "Do not be too engrossing," said he; "allow me for once to enjoy the pleasure of taking a little trouble for the wretched—a pleasure you so often enjoy in your own private manner."

Lady Amelia yielded to his petition, and retired to implore the blessing of Heaven, without which no efforts to do good can ever prove successful. She prayed also for Sir Philip Hum, to whose be-

nevolence she gave a credit on this occasion it by no means merited. His fortune was so large, that he did not value the small sums which in her eyes appeared so considerable. Trouble, of course, is of the same value to all; and this, which was his only sacrifice, was incurred entirely to ingratiate himself with her. "How apt we all are to judge others," said she to herself; "and to do amiss what we are forbidden to do at all! Who could have thought Sir Philip Hum would have been so active in a work of charity?—What ought we not to expect from Christians, for the glory of their great Master?—Surely they ought not, in anything that is lovely or of good report, to allow themselves to be surpassed by the men of the world."

Such were the reflections of Lady Amelia as she sat down to breakfast, which she had time to finish at her leisure, as the church did not meet till a late hour, in order to accommodate persons coming from the distant parts of the extensive parish of Dintherout.

This was the first day of the ministry of the new clergyman; he was placed by the patron of the parish, who, in this important matter committed to his trust, acted upon no rule but that of providing for old tutors in the disposal of his livings. Of the Rev. Mr Peters, little was known; and there existed in the minds of all the parishioners an inte-

resting incertitude as to whether he belonged to the evangelical or the moderate party in the church.

Dr Spleen Harris was determined to pay great attention, and to form his own opinion. He had his own doubts, if even Lady Amelia could discern, by her own unassisted reason, wherein consisted the difference between truth and falsehood, or, in other words, who preached the doctrines of Christ crucified, and who preached only Christian morality. "Suppose," said he, to Lady Amelia and Sir Philip Hum, "suppose that we three should take notes at the same time of the sermon, and then we shall compare them, and decide the fate of Mr Peters as a preacher. The party, in general, shall be the umpires as to the correctness of the notes."

Lady Amelia and Sir Philip readily agreed to this proposal, and Jane Pert also offered her services; and these premises being settled to the satisfaction of all parties, they commenced their march towards the church, through a beautiful walk, which led to the admired ruins of Dintherout.

There are some things in this world, upon which few have the hardihood to deliver their real sentiments. All the world say that they are fond of music, and great admirers of ruins and picturesque scenery. Perhaps Sir Philip Hum was the only

one of the party who had a natural and a cultivated taste for fine architecture. Lady Amelia had gazed at the ruins so slightly, that Sir Philip began to entertain doubts if she had what he called a soul; and while they were examining a fine column, she had contrived to walk on before, that her thoughts might not be disturbed by what she justly deemed idle conversation, on the Lord's day.

Whatever the real feelings and sentiments of the party might be, they expressed themselves according to the established fashion and received phraseology of people of taste, when expected to be struck with the charms of an opening view, or a fine ruin. "Here the moping owl may to the moon complain," said Jane Pert; "oh, I wish I had my sketch-book, and that this was not Sunday!" Notwithstanding the enthusiasm which all the party seemed to feel, fearing to be detained too long, they declined any assistance or direction of their taste, which might be derived from the pointing stick and well-learned lesson of the guide. Yet that beautiful window—that fine arch, magnificent though in ruins, it was impossible to pass —and the bones of royalty lay in one vaulted recess, and the ashes of a saint mouldered in another; and there were heads of angels carved in stone, and there were priests starting out of stone

pulpits, now preaching to the dead walls, instead of, as in the days of their flesh, preaching to stony hearts enshrined in living bodies. The whole place was begirt with long grass and untrodden nettles; pools of water threatened wet feet; and damp walls and chill air threatened rheumatism and catarrh. But these, and various other difficulties, serve only to increase the pleasure to the real amateur; and an enthusiast, unless he chooses to lose caste, must, moreover, ascend the crazy steeple, tell how many counties can from thence be descried, and make a sketch in his portfolio of the surrounding country.

"It must be a very old building," said the Marquis.

"Ay, that I'll warrant ye," said the guide; "aulder than most of us, I trow; I daresay it's as ancient as the hills. I've shewn this place noo for mair than forty years; I have seed mony a stane fa', yet the place is as auld like as ever. That stane in the corner there, fell in the forty-five, the very day Prince Charlie landed."

"I wish there was no such epoch as the forty-five," said the Marchioness; "I'm quite sick of the subject; some people seem to think that to have been born in that year, makes them heroes at once."

"I quite agree with you," said Sir Philip Hum; "although I believe there were many well-mean-

ing brave fellows taken in by the unfortunate circumstances, and the polished manners, of the free-thinking, licentious Charles."

"I feel these walls very damp," said the Marchioness, with a shrug, and drawing her shawl more closely around her.

"These old buildings are all unwholesome," said Sir Adolphus Wilde.

"I am afraid of these horrid nettles—but don't let that nettle your ladyship," said Lord Francis Selby.

"Ha! ha!" broke from Lady Jane, who always did justice to her husband's joke, whether good, bad, or indifferent.

"I assure you, even in England, that pure Gothic window would not be despised," said Dr Spleen Harris; "and since punning is the fashion, if it would not ruin me, I would build a ruin like it at Harris Hall."

"That would not be so easily done as said," observed Sir Philip Hum. "This must originally have been a noble edifice, the fruit of inspiration—for architecture, you know, is one of the nine—but when it was finished, she gave up the fabric to be softened, to be perfected, to receive that most touching grace from the mellow hand of time, which art may strive to emulate, but never can equal,"

"Time is certainly a finishing master," said Spleen Harris; "yet he does not seem in vogue either amongst elderly ladies or gentlemen; and instead of imitating his touches, they strive to cover him up and hide him. Though the matter is much mistaken; for a fine-looking old head is certainly much superior to one that can boast the charms of neither youth nor age."

"Remember there are ladies here," said Sir Philip, "and don't be too severe—walls, you know, have ears."

"How do you do?" cried a shrill voice, that appeared to come from the clouds. They all looked up, and discovered Jane Pert at the top of a high turret, with the guide. "Come all up here, and you will see Roe Park," continued she.

"We have seen that without climbing so high," bawled back Dr Spleen Harris. "That girl is really a restless Flibbertigibbet," said he. None of the gentlemen were gallant enough to offer to escort her down, so she had, as the Scotch say, "to cum back the gait she went."

They now emerged from the ruins, and were on their way to the church. They found Lady Amelia, who had been waiting for them, on a rustic seat in their path.

"You have lost a great deal," said Sir Philip, "in not staying to examine the ruins."

"I am no judge of architecture," said she, "and never enjoyed walking through decayed buildings, and yielding to the melancholy impressions they create. There is something in this frame of mind so sad, so gloomy, and so selfish, that I never wish to be under its influence."

"Then you will not sing," said Sir Philip;

> "Hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy;
> Hail, divinest Melancholy."

CHAPTER IX.

"Having prepared the ample, prolific blessing of the Gospel, he committed it, not to angels, but to men."

THE appearance of the church, a building of the present day, exhibited a complete contrast with that of the cathedral they had just quitted, for it was fashioned by the strictest rules of Presbyterian architecture. It was a square unornamented building, with a double row of windows, intended for the simple purpose of giving light, and a door for the simple purpose of giving entrance; and if anything about the masonry could be said to have made a sacrifice to taste, it was a pointed, well-proportioned, straight ascending spire. At the door there were placed two large pewter plates, for the purpose of collecting alms for the poor, at which stood two of the elders, Davie Dowie, the baker, and John Marrow, the grocer, in Dinther-out.

A correspondent simplicity reigned in the interior. The front galleries were the seats of honour,

and entirely appropriated to the rich; below were seated the middle class of Dintherout, and about the pulpit stair, and, as Jenny Dowlas called them, the *odd bits* of the kirk, sat old men, some with plaids and bonnets, and old women with plaids and mutches, and here and there a bonnet. On the unoccupied parts of the wall were painted boards put up, containing lists of the names of worthies who had mortified pounds Scots to various amounts, for the benefit of the poor of the parish; and there was an old tattered escutcheon, decaying on the wall—a vain endeavour to keep in remembrance an old Lord Lazylife, once a principal heritor in the parish; and there was a clock in the gallery, which, with measured tick, bore witness to the fleeting moments. It was placed opposite to the pulpit, to warn the clergyman, that, as there was a time to begin, there was also a time to stop; and that the most pious of his hearers might weary of the most eloquent of his discourses, if they were protracted to an unreasonable length. The beadle carried up a ponderous Bible, the water for the baptism was poured out, the congregation were all seated, the bell ceased to ring, and the service commenced. The general cough and hem, and blowing of noses, which prevailed throughout the church, had in some degree subsided, and Mr Peters gradually came to be distinctly heard,

when he read out the Psalm, in a clear, distinct manner, "Who is the man who shall ascend unto the hill of God." His appearance was prepossessing, not so much from fine features, as from a look of studious good sense, and deeply-felt seriousness. The clerk, or precentor, was gifted with strong lungs, and in a voice more sonorous than mellow, he gave out the line for the accommodation of the blind and illiterate, and even the deaf of the congregation. He was soon joined by a torrent of voice, in a burst of loud singing—a discordant note here and there grated upon the refined ear of Sir Philip Hum. The praises of God were sung from the heart by many of the congregation, the want of either voice, ear, or taste, or all united, not being considered as any impediment; and Sir Philip was forced to confess, notwithstanding his prejudices in favour of everything English, that the discords were blended with the mass of sound, and that this rude natural music was less offensive to the ear, than that produced by many of the ill-tuned instruments, and ill-regulated choirs, to be heard in some of the villages of his own country. The prayer was long and comprehensive, and uttered in a solemn reverential manner. When it was ended, the congregation sat down, and Mr Peters gave out his text. Dr Spleen Harris took out his

watch, and also looked at the clock. The text was from Hebrews, chapter 1st, "God, who at sundry times, and in divers manners, spoke in time past unto the fathers by the Prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son." A buzz of thumbs turning the leaves of the Bible was heard, like the casting of a bee-hive, all over the church; the place was found by the majority, but a few cast their eyes with some anxiety towards the pulpit, as much as to say, Where was it? Mr Peters, as usual, repeated the text, and with the assistance of a few notes in the middle of the Bible, preached a well-prepared sermon, carefully committed to memory. I shall not here give any account of it, as my readers will have an opportunity of reading the extracts which Lady Amelia Truefeel, Sir Philip Hum, and Dr Spleen Harris, were at this moment carefully writing down. The congregation, in general, seemed attentive; but with many of them it was but "seems." Alas! that Scripture might have been truly applied to many of them,—"Hearing, they may hear and not understand, for this people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed, lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them."

Many were, indeed, in a spiritual sense, making the house of God a house of merchandize, a den of thieves.

"I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it. I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them. I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come." Though these and similar thoughts occupied the minds of the many, yet happily here, as in almost all Christian congregations, there were others who heard the word, and received it, and brought forth fruit; who gave it their fixed attention, and listened to it as sent from Heaven to save a dying world.

The clock struck twelve, which awakened several of the congregation, and amongst others, the Marquis and Marchioness of Vainall; and many of the congregation possessed of watches, seized this opportunity of taking them out, examining them, comparing them with the clock, and winding them up. The Marquis was most particular about his watch; one would have thought that he numbered his hours and weighed his minutes; and great was his consternation, to find that it had lost two minutes by the clock of the church, since he came there; of course, this untoward incident prevented him listening any more, and furnished food for painful reflection, during the remainder of the discourse.

"'Tis most unfortunate," thought he, as, with a resigned air, he restored his watch to his fob, "and to happen too when at Roe Park! I shall be under the necessity of sending it to town—I will never trust that Edinburgh rascal again—watch-makers are all knaves, and Mainspring is as bad as any of them. It is monstrous hard, at my time of life, not to have a watch that will go." The Marchioness's reveries wandered upon the shabbiness of her son-in-law, Sir Adolphus Wilde's carriage, which was to wait at the church door; she thought no colour looked so ill on a carriage as a dark green, particularly if the harness was not bright; she determined, as her first duty, as the mother of his wife, to speak to him on this point the moment they were dismissed from church. An equipage suitable to their station was certainly requisite, particularly to a man of his fortune.

But far other musings occupied, or rather distracted, Sir Adolphus's thoughts. "My best farm," thought he, "Drainditch, will soon be out of lease; it is certainly greatly under-let at present."—Some thoughts occurred of changing his agent.—"If they are not honest men, they have such opportunities of cheating; and it is so difficult to detect them. Sometimes letters containing but a few lines, are charged as if they were law papers—I

shall certainly turn off the factor. One hundred pounds a-year for doing nothing, is too much."

His helpmate, Lady Maria, was contriving to distress herself by the anticipation of evils which might occur at Roe Park in her absence. Her daughter Caroline might be contracting many bad habits—her accent hurt by the broad Scotch of Dolly—her life or limbs endangered by associating with her cousins Edward and Helen—running out without her bonnet—taking off her tippet and gloves—face, neck, and arms, all covered with freckles—never recovered in after life.

Lady Jane observed a very pretty pelisse on one of the farmer's daughters—wondered how people could dress so much above their station—scarcely could know a lady from her maid, except by a vulgar air about the feet, and by wearing feathers in the bonnet—wondered what could make Jane Pert gaze so about her, and look so very inattentive.

Lord Francis Selby recalled to his mind's eye the image of a horse he had seen that morning; perfect, excepting a little toss with its head—wished much he could buy it—if it could not be done upon tick, determined to borrow the money from Spleen—all his own relations were so rich and so shabby. He also thought of buying Gamble-Hall, if Spleen would be security—a good sporting box;

and determined to accomplish both these projects by hook and by crook.

Jane Pert had entirely forgotten her plan of taking notes—her meditations are not so easily related; they were a complete medley, somewhat like Addison's dissection of the heart of a coquette. Sometimes she was entirely engrossed by ideal personifications of her own beauty and elegance, such as her mirror represented to her own partial eye —sometimes her gaiety was refreshed by the remembrance of past balls, and of fancied admirers she had met with—she thought the minister had a great resemblance to one of her brothers—saw a man in the gallery very like Captain Lightly, only his eyes were not so fine—wished she had her pencil, that she might have drawn him.

But both the pious and impious reflections of the whole congregation were suddenly interrupted by a violent squalling near the pulpit, which proceeded from eight infants, who were that day destined to receive the ordinance of baptism. In vain their keepers hushed, and soothed, and coaxed, and danced, and rocked them; some of them were not to be silenced—hunger, a pin, various causes were assigned. At last they were held up according to the etiquette generally observed; first the boys, and then the girls—the names were distinctly pronounced—and Mr Peters proceeded with his prayer.

But the lower orders, who had their meditations as well as the higher classes, found abundant food for satire, which works so powerfully in all unrenewed minds.

"I wonder," said Mrs Perfite,—"I wonder how Jenny Crab couldna learn to haud her bairn wiselike, and pit a prin into its frock without rinnin' it into the wean's back."

"Hech me," thought Luckie Onfa, raising one hand slowly, "some folk are no blate—I wonder Kate Mackintosh is no ashamed to lay out sae muckle siller on a bairn's frock and a trollopping ribbon, when she has sic a like man to haud it up, wi' no a hail coat to his back; it would hae been tellin' her if she had bought a cart o' coals to her ain mother, puir body!"

"I wush," said Mrs Scoldawee, shaking her head and raising her hand—"I wush that our John had heard this sermon the day. I'm sure, in mony parts o't, I thought the minister must hae kent him, or had him in his ee, for he described him to a very tee."

Jenny Bland was sitting near Mrs Scoldawee; she was an humble Christian, and had been hearing for her own soul, more than for the souls of others. When Mr Peters talked of the exceeding sinfulness of the human heart—of our own inability for good—"Surely he kens me weel," said

Jenny. "Oh, may I lay this to heart, for I am a sinner indeed! Sure in this kirk there is none waur than me; for puir as I am, how many advantages have I had, which I have too often slighted, and taen nae heed to make use of?" And she lifted her hand to her face to wipe away a tear of deep-felt contrition, which sprung from an awakened and humbled soul. Yet there was a joy mingled with her sorrow; for she knew that there was "ONE mighty to save," on whom her "help was laid."

The service was at length concluded; it had been a weariness, as the Sabbath-day and all its occupations have ever proved to those who halt between two opinions, or who have finally decided in favour of the present world. As they came out of church, they scaled, part in groups, part in pairs, and some single, which has often been likened by children, and not unaptly, to the emission of sparks from a bit of burning paper. The people began to descant on the merits of the minister. Some of the great critics had taken out their snuff-mills, and were handing them to their neighbours, as a preliminary to commencing the conversation.

"Ay, he's a fine man yon," said John Macplain, taking a snuff; "very deep, and far in in the Scriptures."

"Awa wi' ye!" said Tibby, his wife. "Yon a fine man!—He's a paper man, or I'm mistaen!"

"We'll no judge him yet, till we ken mair o' his life and conversation," said Peter Noteman.

"He wears yellow gloves on the week days, and a cane in his hand, and his hat on the tae side o' his head," said Mrs Fautfind; "and ye'll no tell me that's a wise-like thing in a minister o' the gospel."

"He may do waur than that," said John Deep; "we'll see how he conducts himsell to the poor. Gie me a man o' gude warks."

"Gie me a man o' gude faith," said Thomas Rock.

"Gie me baith united in a preacher, or he's naething ava," said Joseph Wise. "I'm mistaken if yon man's no deep read in Matthew Henry's Expository; and I'se warrant he has Boston and Bunyan by heart, and maybe Scott's Bible too, though Scott is but a bairn in learning, compared to worthy Matthew Henry."

So saying, these learned theologians dispersed among the tombs and the ruins, till the afternoon service should commence. What the opinions of the Vainall family were, with regard to Mr Peters and his discourse, shall be fully disclosed hereafter for the satisfaction of the curious.

CHAPTER X.

C'est que par Adam nous sommes misérables corrompus, séparés de Dieu; mais rachetés par Jesus Christ.—PASCAL.

THE afternoon was fine; and the Vainall family being heartily tired of Dintherout, ordered their carriages for their immediate return to Roe Park.

Fain would Lady Amelia have remained, and gone again to church, till the Sabbath was ended; she tried to prevail upon them to remain, but all in vain;—go they would, and go she must. She retired to her chamber to lay her doubts, her fears, before the Hearer of prayer, to seek counsel, in firm faith that she would receive it. There was a promise, she knew, that "whatsoever we ask in his name, shall be done for us;" and that "if we have not," it is "because we ask not."

The result was, that all things considered, it was most expedient for her to return with the family; and she determined, in which ever carriage she travelled, the Bible was to be her companion, and that she would endeavour to turn the conversation solely to religious subjects on this sacred day.

"The Lord pardon thy servant concerning this thing!" said she to herself, as she ascended the carriage with the Marchioness.

They had not proceeded far from the town, when, by some untoward accident, one of the wheels of the carriage was so much injured, that they found it impossible to proceed. They returned to the inn; but from various casualties, which need not here be enumerated, no other conveyance could be had till after the afternoon's service. Lady Amelia, therefore, found herself at liberty, and proceeded, with a grateful heart, to thank God in his own house, for thus providentially having granted to her her heart's desire. She felt that she ought never to be troubled because she did not understand how God was dealing with her;—were she able always to discern his purpose, it might not so well answer his design in teaching her to trust him further than she could see him. She also paid another visit to Mr Macbill—and gave him notes of the discourse, which she hoped would be blessed for his soul's good. In the afternoon they returned to Roe Park, and found that the rest of the party had arrived before them, and had suffered no uneasiness from their absence.

When the heads of the family were again assembled, Howard and Bennet, the nursery maids, and Plateman, the butler, prepared to debate on the af-

fair of the pedlar. But counsel having been held in the hall, it was judged expedient to allow their masters and mistresses a night's repose before the loss of the golden cup should be divulged.

After tea, Dr Spleen Harris, who was eager to display his powers at short-hand writing, suggested, that whilst any vestige of it remained in their memory, they should read and compare their notes of the sermon. The proposal met with general approbation.

"Will you be so kind as begin?" said Dr Spleen Harris, addressing Lady Amelia.

"As yours are taken in short hand," said Lady Amelia, "I feel a little timorous in daring the comparison."

"Yours shall be compared with Sir Philip Hum's, and mine shall be the umpire," replied he. "Women, you know, are not forbid to take notes, though they are forbid to preach."

Lady Amelia then, with a little hesitation, cleared her voice, and began thus:—"Of course," said she, "you all remember the text, the purport of which was, that God hath in these last days spoken unto us by his son. Mr Peters said, that it was a high privilege conferred on human beings that God had condescended to speak to them. That if they believed that he had so spoken, surely it required no argument to prove, that it was the bounden

duty of man to give ear to his words. He said, that the scriptures declared, that if man refused to listen to the call of God, there might come a period when that gracious call would be no more repeated, and that the Almighty would turn away his ear when man cried to him after the time was past. He said, that all those who heard and recognized the Scriptures as the word of God, were under indispensable obligations to acquiesce in its demands, however contrary they might prove to natural inclination, to the prejudices of education, or to the opinions of mankind in general. He next declared, that a message had actually been sent to us by God's own son, and he denounced woe and judgment on all who rejected it."

"I declare, that I heard him say nothing of the kind," exclaimed the Marquis.

"None are so deaf as those that wont hear," said the Marchioness; "for I think I did hear him utter some nonsense of that kind.—Now, Sir Philip, do pray let us hear how far your recollections agree with Amelia's?"

"Why, I cannot say that they are precisely the same," said the Baronet, "which excites my surprise, as they were taken precisely at the same moment. How we should have heard in any way differently, I cannot understand."

"As the fool thinks, the bell clinks," said the

Marchioness, who was better acquainted with the Proverbs of Scotland, than with the Proverbs of Solomon—"not," added she, "that I mean to apply this remark to the case in point—so, now, Sir Philip, do have the kindness to read your note."

"My transcript of Mr Peters' words is to this effect," said Sir Philip: "He warned us, in a powerful manner, against giving heed to the opinions of men, and against any supposition that we ourselves were inspired by Heaven. He asserted, that all prophecy and inspiration had long since ceased; that all revelation ended in the Bible; and that everything was finished which related to the salvation of man. He said, that the general tenor of Scripture was in accordance with the voice of nature, and that its high-toned morality far eclipsed all heathen standards of right and wrong."

"True," said the Marchioness; "very good indeed, Sir Philip; that was what I heard him say."

"I do think I heard something of that kind also," said Lord Francis Selby.

"It was remarkably good what he said against enthusiasm," said Lady Maria Wilde.

"He must be of the right side of politics," said Sir Adolphus. "I am sure he prayed powerfully for the King."

"I think the sermon was rather too long," said Lady Jane Selby.

"And, I am sure, so was the prayer," said Jane Pert.

"We cannot have too much of a good thing," said the Marchioness, still in her proverbial vein.

"Now, Spleen," said the Marquis, "let us have your note. I am anxious to hear whether Sir Philip or Amelia have heard most correctly."

"Why, they are both right," said Dr Spleen. "Mr Peters stated all that Lady Amelia states, and all that Sir Philip Hum states, and something more too; but here is my short-hand note, which contains part of the sermon *verbatim* as pronounced."

"What! two pages," said the Marquis, glancing at the paper in Dr Spleen's hand; "that is too exorbitant in one day—the same story over again. If a twice-told tale is proverbially tedious, what can be expected from a twice-told sermon? —we shall certainly have it by heart. But since it must be so, it must be so; I am all attention."

Dr Spleen Harris bowed, cleared his voice, and read as follows:—Text from Hebrews, chap. 1st, "God, who at sundry times, and in divers manners, spake in time past by the fathers unto the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his son."

"It is undeniably true, that the inspirations of the olden times have now ceased. The light transmitted to our souls, comes now through the medium

of the Holy Scripture, consequently the doctrine delivered by men should be received with that doubt, which ought to attach to everything human, till it has been carefully sifted and examined, as one would sift and separate from the wheat some poisonous herb which might pollute the grain.

"The Sacred Scriptures abound with precepts and lessons of such pure, such elevated morality, as, if universally practised, would lead to perfect love to God and perfect love to man, and to all the blessedness which would consequently flow from universal peace and good will. The precepts of the most exalted heathen moralists have fallen far short of the high standard of Christianity, and what history has transmitted to us of their lives, convicts them of many actions which have been fraught with moral turpitude. Faith in the lowly Jesus of Nazareth, and the humbling doctrines of the cross, meet an opposing power in the natural pride of understanding and self-exalting spirit of fallen man, and its active practice and pure morality are strongly resisted by the inborn indolence and the deep depravity and deceitfulness of the human heart. Accordingly, the Inspirer of Holy Scripture has provided texts for the comfort of suffering believers, under the enmity which their faith and consequent practice would inevitably excite from a world lying in darkness. 'Marvel not that the world hateth

you,' said our Lord to his disciples. 'If it call the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more those of his household. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, when men shall say all manner of evil falsely of you, for my name's sake and the gospel's.' Men may endeavour, by careless argument, to pervert and set aside the numerous proofs the Almighty has condescended to bestow upon them, to convince them that the Scriptures are indeed the word of God: they may be acquainted with every argument against the sacred books, yet the enlightened believer possesses a stronger mass of evidence, derived from history and tradition, and tending to shew that the Bible is actually an inspired volume, than the wisest and most sincere of the infidel writers have ever been able to produce against it.

"I am aware that the pulpit is not the place for contending with the subtleties of the deists. In the quietness of their own libraries, in the antiquities of the colleges, in the writings of the fathers, they will find sufficient to satisfy candid inquirers. Compared with these, how shallow are the reasonings and authorities of Hume, Voltaire, Rousseau, Shaftsbury, Bolingbroke, Gibbon, and the wretched falsehoods of Thomas Paine! But to the true believer alone can we talk of that irresistible internal evidence, that change of heart, which can alone be produced by the mighty power of God, by that crea-

ting spirit which said, 'Let there be light, and there was light.'

"'This blessed book must be divine,' will the believer say, 'It hath indeed told me all things that ever I did. Mine eyes have been opened to see wonderful things out of the law. How exactly has my present state been known and provided for!' What a similitude in sufferings and trials exists between the Christians I see around me and the Saints of old—while the wicked talk now as they did then. To them this sacred record is a sealed book; but to the Christian it is an enlightened page as to the past and the present time, and a lamp of light to guide and direct for futurity. In this blessed faith, I have found peace in life, and hope in the prospect of death. Oh! how earnestly ought I to seek to adorn the doctrine of my great Redeemer; of him who first loved me, who was holy, harmless, and undefiled, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation.

"But it is now my duty to lift up my voice from this sacred place, in solemn entreaty to those who practically reject the Son, by whom God hath spoken in these latter days.

"I know that many of them are within these sacred walls, and woe unto me if I cease to warn them; although they turn a deaf ear, I must deliver my soul. I must not say, Peace, peace, when

there is no peace. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. Woe be unto you, ye careless ones. Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die? To you I may apply the voice which spoke in the Apocalypse—Woe, woe, be to the inhabiters of the earth. Woe be to those who deny the Son of God as their Redeemer. Woe be to those who hold the truth in unrighteousness. Woe, woe, to those who crucify the Son of God by their sins, and put him to an open shame, by saying, that their own good works shall save them. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. The period is fast approaching when there shall be an end of time; when that portion of eternity shall be no more; when he shall lift up his ancient pinions, and dash his glass into chaos, when his worn-out scythe shall dissolve into dust, and he himself fleet away in boundless space. I heard a voice cry, Time shall be no more."

"Here I ended," said Spleen, "and I think I have given you a very fair specimen of Mr Peters' discourse. I think him rather a clever man, and one that understands his business as a preacher; but whether he can be considered as evangelical or not, I appeal to the Bishop or Lady Amelia, for I am unfit to deliver sentence on so important a point, not having taken my degrees."

Lady Amelia felt timid about giving any opinion in this mixed company; and as the party were

a little exhausted, she was allowed to retire without farther argument. And soon most of the party could say with Sancho, "Blessed be he that first invented sleep, for it covereth one over as doth a blanket."

The sermon, the day's occupations, and the impressions made upon their minds, were soon effaced in the slumbers of the night, dreams and visions of the past, and hopes and plans for the future.

> "And every one, both high and low,
> Held conscience as a mortal foe."

CHAPTER XI.

"The exclusion of testimony is the most fatal bar to justice."

THE family had just vacated the breakfast parlour—the Marquis had seated himself in the library, and was preparing for his morning studies by opening the Courier, when Plateman entered with an embarrassed air and flushed countenance, and thus began:—"I am sorry, my lord, to inform you of a most unpleasant circumstance that——"

"Don't plague me with unpleasant circumstances," cried the Marquis, "when you see that I am busy."

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said Plateman; "but it is a most disagreeable business, and my character——"

"Well, well," said the Marquis, "go to the Marchioness with all your disagreeable businesses."

"I am sure I am very sorry," continued Plateman; "but a robbery of that nature——"

"A robbery!" cried the Marquis.—"What! how!"—And he laid down the newspapers, and took off his glasses.

"Why, my lord," continued Plateman, who had now obtained a hearing, "it is a very dark affair." And he related part, but not the whole, of the circumstances, with which the reader has already been made acquainted.

"And so my cup is gone," said the Marquis—"the ornament of my sideboard, my favourite cup—a present to me from the Duke of Draggles—that is a loss indeed!—I must have the affair investigated—I must write to the Sheriff immediately—I thought my servants had at least all been honest, though idle rascals."

"I have been ten years in your service," said Plateman, "and there never was even a spoon amissing before this unhappy day."

"I have no suspicions of you, Plateman," said the Marquis; "but let us come to the point. Was there any stranger in the house that evening?"

"I hear from the servants," said Plateman, "that Amelia Bell brought in a pedlar boy, who was left in the hall alone; and that he had a box with him, into which he could easily have put the cup. The servants, and in particular the nursery-maids, accuse Amelia Bell; but they always hated her. I cannot say I have ever seen anything wrong about the girl; she owns the having brought in the pedlar, but says it was to please Mr Edward, who wanted to buy something. But the maids say that

that was false; at any rate, it was no excuse for her bringing in a stranger boy, and leaving him alone."

"It is a most vexatious business," said the Marquis; "but I shall get at the truth, and Amelia Bell shall march, notwithstanding my daughter's favour for her, if I find she has been to blame. I would rather have parted with any other piece of plate in my house than that cup; it was doubly valuable to me, as coming from my old and much respected friend the Duke of Draggles."

The cup was a valuable cup, and it had stood for many years on the side-board, without ever having been much observed, and never used; but now it was destined to create a sensation; and though neglected while in its owner's possession, it had now increased in his estimation, when irretrievably gone. Thus we know not the value of our possessions, either temporal or spiritual, till they are snatched away from us.

"The most valuable piece of plate in my house!" again murmured the Marquis, though in a feeble key. "That little minx, Amelia Bell! who could have thought it?—But she shall decamp without delay. However, I shall do justice, and hear all parties. None shall be condemned in my house without being heard."

But these virtuous resolutions were now put to

flight; for, upon going to the drawing-room, his natural indolence prevailed, and he contented himself with second-hand information, which was poured upon him in a torrent of volubility from the Marchioness, Lady Maria, and Lady Jane, who assured him that they had inquired thoroughly into the matter, and that the only one in the house to whom any blame could be attached, was Amelia Bell—that they had reason to fear some worse motive than the mere buying of trinkets had prompted her to bring the pedlar boy into the house. Many of the boys and girls of the lower orders in Edinburgh were educated, they knew, as aides-de-camp to thieves and marauders; and they feared Amelia Bell was no better in this respect than her neighbours. Lady Amelia was much distressed to find the torrent run so strongly against her young favourite, and determined to question her minutely as to the affair.

From this investigation, Howard and Bennet apprehended the most dangerous results. They tried every means with Amelia Bell to bring her to corroborate their statements; but the utmost they could obtain, was a promise that she would tell nothing of the adventures of that evening, unless interrogated by Lady Amelia; and she had her doubts even of the expediency of these concessions. But these were speedily satisfied by Lady Amelia ask-

ing her how she had employed herself in her absence—if she had been to take a walk—if she had seen much of the children?

A deep blush suffused the cheeks of Amelia Bell as she prepared to reply; and all the terrors of Howard and Bennet's wrath were depicted to her youthful imagination. But that powerful grace which restrained her from evil, proved more than sufficient to overcome the temptations to prevarication which the enemy now presented to her, and she told her plain unvarnished tale to Lady Amelia—not suppressing the threats denounced against her by the nursery-maids if she revealed, and the rewards offered if she would consent to conceal, the truth. There is something in the nature of truth which carries with it irresistible evidence to the minds of the unprejudiced; and Lady Amelia gave implicit credit to the tale. While she had earnestly inculcated religious convictions on the mind of her young pupil, she had as carefully watched for their corresponding fruits; and she had the happiness to perceive, that for some years past, Amelia Bell had abhorred a lie, though she had shewn herself expert while under her mother's tuition, in deviations from truth in every different form,—from the lie direct, to prevarication—telling one part of the truth, and suppressing another—blending truth and falsehood so skilfully together,

that the chaff could not be easily winnowed from the wheat; and, like many others, almost her whole small talk at that time was made up of white lies. Again Lady Amelia made her detail the facts, again describe the pedlar; and getting hold of little Edward, by means of coaxing, she got the whole statement corroborated from his childish reminiscences. She communicated what she had learned to her sisters, but they were predetermined to believe not one word prejudicial to Bennet or Howard, on such authority as that of Amelia Bell.

Lady Maria Wilde was obstinate and self-sufficient; she had often declared, that in finding Bennet, she had found a treasure; and she felt that the character she supposed herself to possess for penetration and good sense, would be implicated if discoveries should be made of a contrary nature by any other than herself; particularly by Lady Amelia, her younger sister—or, oh degrading thought! by Amelia Bell, formerly a beggar in the Cowgate. And, to do Lady Maria justice, she did not believe it possible that Amelia Bell's story could be true.

The tastes, prejudices, and wishes, of the higher orders, either in states or families, influence, more or less, those of the lower; and a rumour spread from the drawing-room to the hall, and from the hall to the kitchen, that Amelia Bell was suspected of fraud and deceit, and convicted of the grossest

carelessness. In vain did Lady Amelia beseech her sisters to examine more minutely into the case; they declared that they had already done so, and that Howard and Bennet gave the lie to her whole story; and that they were now convinced of what they had long suspected, that Amelia Bell was a little lying hypocritical vagrant.

"Oh my dear sisters!" said Lady Amelia, "be not so hasty in adopting such harsh opinions."

"Surely," said Lady Maria, "you will not assert that we ought to take the evidence of one against that of three? Even Dolly is evidently against her, though she refuses good-naturedly to criminate her by her words, but throws out general censures on all."

Lady Amelia next appealed to the Marchioness, but she received the whole with bursts of laughter, and said, that she had seldom heard a better cock and a bull story than that got up by Amelia Bell. She had no great reliance on the veracity of Howard and Bennet; but on this occasion she was inclined to think that Amelia Bell had surpassed them in the art of story-telling; and again she laughed heartily. "No, no," said she, "I am not quite so young as to believe that Edward found his way to the dove-cot, above a mile from the house, and ascended a high ladder, and that Amelia Bell bestowed her whole fortune in buying trinkets for

him, in order to prevent him stealing the pigeons." And she laughed heartily at the joke; for she seemed to have imbibed the notion of a celebrated philanthropist, that lying proceeded merely from the redundancies of a brilliant imagination. She however declared, that she believed Amelia Bell innocent of any collusion with the pedlar, and not deserving of the punishment of expulsion from the house, for mere lying; as in that case she would probably have equal grounds for parting with her whole household,—Roe Park very little resembling Phanor's Palace of Truth. She at the same time agreed with her daughters that they had a right to exclude Amelia Bell from the nursery, as a girl brought up in the Cowgate was a very unfit companion for the grand-children of the Marquis of Vainall. As a last resource, Lady Amelia applied to the Marquis; but he had already done such violence to his indolent nature in the steps necessary to be taken for the recovery of the plate, that he refused to take any further trouble on the subject.

Poor Amelia felt severely the load of obloquy she had now to endure; and it was long ere Lady Amelia could get her to bear patiently the reproaches thus cast upon her, and to take comfort from the consciousness of their being unjust. Difficult is it, indeed, for children in years to appre-

hend the hard truth, that all who will live godly in Christ Jesus, must suffer persecution.

"Dear child, dry your tears," said Lady Amelia; "learn to weep for your sins, not for your trials; call to mind the lessons given you in the Scriptures. Was not Joseph confined ten years in prison upon a false accusation?—Have not all the saints, more or less, suffered from false accusers?—Do not the wicked ever speak evil against the just?—And shall a child like you repine when called upon to suffer in like manner?—Oh pray that, like just Daniel, there may never be any cause found against you by the wicked, saving for the law of your God."

In consequence of what had happened, Lady Amelia kept Amelia Bell much occupied in her own room; and, with the happy buoyancy of youth, her young spirits soon regained their usual equilibrium.

The pedlar and the cup seemed irrecoverably lost; for day after day, and week after week, passed away without any tidings of either.

CHAPTER XII.

"Some minds are so constituted, that it is not great misfortunes, but only the misfortunes of the great, that are able to command their respect and sympathy."

THOUGH life has been described as a vain show, as a shifting scene, as a dream of the night, as swifter than a weaver's shuttle, as a vapour that appeareth for a little, and then passeth away; yet to many, though time is passing, the scene remains stationary, and the actors pass along together. So that, though all acknowledge the fleeting nature of time, yet, by their words and actions, some seem to infer that it is time which fleets away, but that *they* remain, and shall never be moved; and seem as unconscious of this truth as the untaught savage is, that it is the world on which he stands that is moving, and that it is the sun which is fixed, and shall remain the regulator of years and months, and nights and days to man, till he himself grow dim with years, and dissolve in the fervent heat which shall consume the heavens and the earth.

The ways and pleasures of Roe Park had re-

mained the same for many years. Lady Amelia alone, of all its present inhabitants, found the day too short for her various pursuits; and while others of its inmates sought only how to escape from themselves, to pass, lull, and kill the time, she attended much to the Scripture direction to redeem the time, because the time was short, and the fashion of this world passeth away. She often recalled and realized these beautiful lines—

> With peaceful mind thy race of duty run.
> God nothing does, or suffers to be done,
> But what thou would'st thyself, if thou could'st see
> Through all events of things as well as he.

But we shall leave Roe Park and its inhabitants for the present, while we return to Edinburgh to take a look at Mrs Miller, and see how the world is passing with her.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." This scripture was exemplified in her experience, for she became daily more strong in the faith, daily more abundant in good works, and her knowledge and discernment were daily increasing. Yet the cup of suffering had been poured out to her,—"whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,"—she had known sorrow, great sorrow; but her heavenly peace was never taken away. A year had

now elapsed since the object of her fondest affections had been taken away from her; her daughter Anna was numbered with the dead—but it was with "the dead who die in the Lord." Yet nature claims some tears, and Mrs Miller had all the feelings of nature in a powerful degree. Oh how her heart was wrung! oh how she wept before God! "My daughter, my daughter, would to God I had died for thee; oh, my child, my child!" This was the language of nature, the natural outpourings of an affectionate heart; but soon she found comfort. "I shall go to her, but she cannot come to me—she is now with her Saviour, whom from her childhood she had learned to obey—whose death was the life of her soul." Whatever her daughter might have died of, Mrs Miller would have had no self-upbraiding reflections. "It is the Lord," was her thought. But even Mrs Careful's animadversions were put a stop to by the nature of this event, for Anna Miller died, after a few days' illness, of an influenza, which raged at that time in Edinburgh, caught no one knew how or where; and she had the best medical attendance, and she could not even be said to have been injured by apprehension, for hopes were entertained of her, and hopes were given to her, to the very end.

Mrs Miller wrote no memoir of her daughter, though strongly urged to do so by those who had

known the virtues and Christian graces of Anna. "'If they hear not Moses and the Prophets," said she, "neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.' My daughter's life and example have been useful to many of her own age, but I am doubtful if the experience of the dead can profit the living. There is a danger, a great danger, of nurturing hypocrisy in the young, by attaching too much weight to the sayings of the dying—and surely if we wish for examples in which we cannot be mistaken of those who died in faith, let us look for them in the unerring word of God." "My children," said she, the first evening she was able to see her Sunday scholars, "you all knew Anna; she was a good girl, and you know that if that was the case, she must have been a Christian; her heart must have been changed, for by nature she and all of us are corrupt and desperately wicked. The Scriptures, which cannot lie, declare this to be the case. But, blessed be God, grace was given to Anna to subdue her evil propensities, and grace will be given to us all according to our need, if we diligently seek it with a humble believing heart. Anna had the advantage of a religious education, and so have you all, if you choose to profit by it. But even if that had not been the case, the Bible contains examples of children, who, without these advantages, have been known to seek God;"

and she read and commented to them on the history of the good Abijah, the son of the wicked King Jehoram; and they sung this evening that beautiful paraphrase so appropriate to the occasion—

"Take comfort, Christians, when your friends
In Jesus fall asleep;
Their better being never ends;
Why then dejected weep?"

Before they departed, Mrs Miller divided her daughter's books amongst her young pupils. Though not worn, they had evidently been much read. Jeany Bennet shed some tears, and so did Kitty Brown, and all the scholars behaved with attention and gravity becoming the occasion, for Anna Miller had been much and justly regretted.

Mrs Miller's two sons had gone out into the world, and were settled far away from her. She therefore now found herself quite at liberty, and indeed called upon, to use her utmost endeavours in applying her experience and knowledge, for the benefit of the poor in particular, and of Christians in general; and above all, in examining into the state of her own mind, and in labouring to subdue the sin that easily besetted her, not indeed in her own strength, but in the strength of the Lord. "Train up a child in the way he should go," she had long considered as of no private application, and, though deprived and bereaved of her own, she

blessed God, that the child he had taken from her was a Christian child, one full of promise for time, yet ripe for eternity. Her tears were sweet—no bitter drops were mingled with them; and she became more attached, if possible, than before, to the young, and still indulged the feelings of a mother; for, alas, she knew that there were many who had parents, who, to our short-sighted view, would have been better cared for had they had none. She therefore devoted much of her time to the instruction of the young, and, like a silent stream, she glided on in her charitable channel, blessing and conveying blessings almost unknown to herself.

About this period a benevolent scheme had been projected by the Christian and charitable class of the community, to reform those unfortunate beings, who, in early life, from the natural wickedness of the human heart, aided by neglected education, had become amenable to the laws of their country. Bridewell had been ransacked, and the prisons searched, for those young people whose crimes had been least aggravated, and whose evil habits time had not deeply strengthened. Homes were provided for those friendless beings, where they were to be taught an honest trade, and Christian instruction and education given them. Sanguine were the hopes Mrs Miller entertained of this plan, and

she almost wished to be rich, that she might bountifully aid the extension of the scheme.

"My fortune is small," said she, "but I am not ashamed to beg for the poor; money is but the smallest part of Christian charity. It is comparatively easy to give all one's goods to feed the poor, but he is no Christian who will not give all to Christ—his time, his talents, his fame, his everything."

Much like Lot's of old, was Mrs Miller's righteous soul vexed with the evil conversation of the wicked; but still deeper was her grief, when she found sin having dominion over those she had been accustomed to consider as having been separated by the renewing of their minds. "But surely," said she, "Mr Saymore cannot be such as I have heard him represented.

"He that prays with the poor, with the widow, with the orphan, surely he cannot withhold the lesser gift;—surely he cannot be heaping up treasures on earth, who talks of treasures in heaven. It cannot be! The inconsistency would be too gross. It must be one of those calumnies, that all who would live godly in Christ Jesus are subjected to. I will no more believe that Mr Saymore is avaricious, and wishes to add field to field, than I will believe that Mr Talkem is unjust, lives

well, and is in debt, while he gives in charity what in fact is not properly his own. No, no! these must be calumnies; I will no longer grieve for them—I will not believe them;—charity thinketh no evil. Oh, that this blessed grace were mine! I will call on the Saymores. I will ask from them what in charity I ought not to think will be withheld—money is much wanted for this plan; I will ask from Mr Saymore; he hath this world's goods; and I am sure they will not be withheld."

Mr Saymore was indeed rich; he professed Christianity; he attended the ordinances of the church; he prayed occasionally with the sick. He was looking over his affairs when Mrs Miller called for him. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance—he was tall, raw-boned, and spare—and when at his ease, generally wore his coat unbuttoned, his left hand in his pocket, and his right hand in his breast. He had also an inanimate, yet cautious-looking eye, which, unlike the eye of Sterne's monk, neither looked beyond the world, nor far into the world—but extended its view, when he looked out at the window, just to the precincts of his own area, and, when in his study, through the four corners of his own room. His manner was as courteous as he would permit it to be, for he affected the character of a blunt, plain man. He talked much of faith in

Christ, but Mrs Miller sometimes feared that he was one of those who substituted a notional faith in Christ, for Christ himself. A plan of Sir Francis Squander's estate of Letgo was before him.

"Good day, Mrs Miller," said he, "I am most happy to see you," as he handed her to a chair. "There is a fine day for the country; I am sorry Mrs Saymore is not at home; she would have been most happy to have seen you. I hope your sons were well, when last you heard from them?"

"Quite well, thank you," replied Mrs Miller.

"I am really sorry Mrs Saymore is from home."

"My business is chiefly with you," said Mrs Miller; "although I would have been most happy to have seen Mrs Saymore, as I am confident she would second me in the application I am about to make."

"If there is anything in which I can be of service to you," said Mr Saymore, "command me."

Mrs Miller thanked him for his kind intentions, and then laid before him, in a few words, the plan for the reformation of young culprits, with which the reader is already acquainted. She confessed, with a faint blush, that she already had given all she could conveniently spare towards its furtherance; and their relationship (for he was a Scotch cousin) and her long acquaintance with his Chris-

tian profession, would apologize, she hoped, for her troubling him with this application. Mr Saymore's countenance fell, and his voice had an embarrassed tone.

"Why, my dear Mrs Miller," said he, "I really have so many demands upon me, that I find it impossible to supply them all. And you, Mrs Miller, your own good sense will point out to you, and you can easily conceive, how much I feel it my duty, as a Christian, to provide for mine own house. The education of my two daughters and my son, requires a considerable outlay; my life is uncertain; times are hard; land is fallen in value, and will fall still lower."

"You mistake my meaning, my dear sir," said Mrs Miller, "if you could possibly think I could recommend to you to infringe upon the provision for your family. The sum that might assist us is very trifling—a few pounds. I have only been able to give one myself, for I hope never to become a burden on my sons. As for heaping up money for them, God forbid that I should think of it."

Mr Saymore's countenance fell still lower; he feared it was impossible to get off.

"I will consider of it," said he, "and speak to Mrs Saymore; and if we mutually approve of it, we shall send our mite to you. In the meantime,

let me recommend you to call for Mr Talkem; he encourages everything of that kind."

"I have some scruples of applying in that quarter," said Mrs Miller. "True, we ought not to take up an evil report against our Christian brethren; but that same rumour which reports you as a rich man, reports Mr Talkem to place generosity before justice, and to place self-denial before neither of them."

"How any one can call me rich," exclaimed Mr Saymore, "when they see the manner in which I live, is astonishing. I am a very poor man, Mrs Miller; that is the truth."

"Why," said Mrs Miller, "I was told you were going to purchase the estate of Letgo."

Mr Saymore blushed—"Why, that may possibly be the case," said he, "but it is contiguous to my estate, and expected to go a great bargain—a great thing for my son. We must provide for our own, Mrs Miller;" and, dexterously shifting the subject, "What an excellent discourse Mr Brisbane gave us yesterday; I saw you in church. It is a great privilege for us to hear the doctrines of grace expounded in such a masterly style."

"Yes," said Mrs Miller, with a serious manner, accompanied by a deep sigh, "it was, indeed, an excellent sermon; and how well he summed up

the whole! how clearly he proved that faith without works is dead—and that the love of God cannot dwell with that man 'who hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother in want, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion.' But I must go, for I am only detaining you."

"Oh, not at all," said Mr Saymore, who was always courteous; "not at all, I assure you; but if you must go, I shall come some evening very soon to drink tea with you, and give you a prayer."

"The prayers of the righteous avail much," said Mrs Miller; "and when you have made up your mind about the subscription, I shall be most happy to see you, and we can talk it over leisurely; but if, upon deliberation, you disapprove of that scheme, I have other plans in which your mite will be of great service, and to the nature of which you cannot possibly object."

"I am not, in general, very partial to public subscriptions," said Mr Saymore; "they look so ostentatious, so contrary to the precept of 'let not your left hand know what your right hand doth.'"

"Certainly they do," replied Mrs Miller; "and we not only seem, but are ostentatious, if such subscriptions be the whole of our alms-giving; but you know the same caution is given with regard to prayer. Neither alms nor prayers must

be given to be seen of man; they lose their only acceptable quality, if not given to the Lord with a single heart; but wherever both are very abundant, they are in some degree known, and thus the Christian's light shines before men—yet still let us never forget, in the words of Cowper—

> I cast them at thy feet; my only plea
> Is, what it was, dependence upon thee."

Mr Saymore was glad when Mrs Miller departed. Her religion was separate from the world; his was closely united and interwoven with all his earthly schemes; and its demands were never allowed by him to interfere with any of his worldly interests. Sad were Mrs Miller's reflections, as she walked away from the rich man's door; his opulence, she feared, was not like the opulence of Abraham and Jacob, whom the Lord made rich; she saw his real character, and deplored its failing; she prayed for him, and mourned over him, in her spirit. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." But the text, "What is impossible with men, is possible with God," brought hope to her mind, and she determined to use every means in her power to endeavour to awaken Mr Saymore.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Seek an inward, not an outward change."

Mrs Miller next journeyed on to Mr Talkem's mansion. He was a man who differed no less in character than in appearance from Mr Saymore. He was a fat, good-humoured man, who thought religion as easy a business as he had generally contrived to render every other pursuit he had been engaged in. His wife, from whom he took his lessons, had taken a more gloomy, though as false a view of the subject as himself. They both were under the delusive impression that they were wiser than others; and had begun to teach others, when as yet they were but babes in Christ themselves, if (but let us not judge, far less condemn) they were in Christ at all. Mrs Miller found them sitting at a table, with a variety of little books and tracts lying before them. When the usual salutations were over, they resumed their seats, and began to converse.

"Have you read this, and have you read that?" said they, taking up book after book, and putting

them into her hand. Mrs Miller was a great reader; she had a quick comprehension, and could read rapidly, and she replied in the affirmative as to most of the books presented to her; but she was neither easily pleased, nor lavish in her praise, and expressed her doubts if many of those little books were calculated to benefit either the infidel or the Christian world.

"To have children early and deeply rooted in the faith, is of great importance," said Mr Talkem, with a reproving glance to Mrs Miller.

"It is indeed of great importance," said Mrs Miller, "but how is it to be done?"

"I know no way better calculated than a tract," said Mr Talkem.

"There is no rule without exceptions," said Mrs Miller; "but in the course of my experience I have in general found the law the best schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. Great is the difficulty of awakening the desires of the heart after Christ; but when a high moral standard is held up to the naturally self-righteous heart of every one, when the heart is awakened to aspire to it, its certain failure must lead the sincere heart to Christ, to gain that peace which all its own righteousness has failed to obtain; and this desirable result appears to me more likely to be effected in the young by means of little amusing moral tales, or call them tracts, if

you please, than by those which are merely doctrinal or spiritual. When a soul is really awakened, it will find the best sources of spiritual knowledge to be derived from prayer and the Holy Scriptures. But to the young and ignorant, Mrs More's tracts, and a few of Mrs Sherwood's, have appeared to me the most useful for distribution. There are some subjects, I think, much too sacred to be made a trade of; and to me it is unpleasing to see children selling some of these doctrinal and spiritual tracts in the streets for bread; whereas, the mere moral tracts I do not think liable to the same objection."

"And what good, my good madam, do you ever expect to do by a mere moral tract?" asked Mrs Talkem.

"As much as by one merely doctrinal," said Mrs Miller; "our strong desires to attain a perfect Christian morality, and our experience of our total inability to attain it in our own strength, is the most ordinary means by which a soul is led to feel that all its own strength is but weakness, and that all its spiritual and moral attainments must be derived from Christ—strong meat must not be given to babes, and Christianity, as far as it depends upon human teaching, must be progressive. But yet," continued Mrs Miller, "I must not deal in sweeping clauses, for there are very many excellent lit-

tle books which I give frequently away—I think my chief favourites are 'Little Henry and his bearer,' 'Lame Jessy Allan,' and 'Tommy Wellwood.' 'The Catechist' is sweetly written, but I think all the other works by the same author would be greatly improved if they were stripped of what some might term their beauties—romantic descriptions, interesting personages, trying situations. The matter of fact in religious stories ought to be more steadily adhered to, than in those works whose aim is decidedly to work upon the imagination, and feed the fancy. Whatever treats of religion, ought to be true to nature, which all of us know, is not always fitted for a tale of romance."

Mr and Mrs Talkem would fain have had an argument with Mrs Miller; for that lady's code on some important points they could not altogether approve of; but she declined all religious controversy, although she never refused to read any book given to her by those whose principles were, upon the whole, correct. She now produced her subscription paper. Mr Talkem was well acquainted with the whole scheme of this and other charitable institutions; and, though his purse was low, his intentions were liberal, and his promises were great. He read the paper, and put down his name for ten guineas.

"Shall I mark *paid*?" asked Mrs Miller.

"No, I believe it will be better to wait a little," said Mr Talkem; "I have no money in the house, but I shall send to my banker this evening, and shall send it to you to-morrow."

Alas! the payment of many of Mr Talkem's debts were always deferred till the morrow; for, with high Christian profession, much of the Pharisee was mingled—he neglected the weightier matters of the law, judgment, and justice. Rents had fallen, and, though professing Christianity, his state had not fallen—he fared sumptuously, he lived well, he kept equipages; his name appeared as a subscriber to all religious institutions—his house was open to all strangers. Inconsistent man! the blessing of the poor came not upon him—he brought an offence upon that holy religion he professed, for the tradesman wrote to him—"Pay me my bill," the doctors wrote to him, "Pay me my bill," his dependants wrote to him to pay them their annuities, and some were even doubtful of trusting him with money for charitable purposes; for that which was more properly his own, was difficult to be obtained from him. His name, indeed, was ready, but where was the money? Like his other debts—always to be paid on the morrow.

Such were Mr and Mrs Talkem, personages who said of others—"Stand back, for I am holier than thou." They were "strainers at gnats, and swal-

lowers of camels." Truly the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; for Mr Talkem had his hours of compunction, "he chides at fifty his infamous delay, resolves and re-resolves, then dies the same." But his character, as that of every other human being, will be made known at the final judgment. Oh, how even in this world would he have blushed, had he known what was said of him—the doubts started, suspicions entertained of him! Mrs Miller alone of all his Christian friends had ventured to tell him his faults—the evil report he brought upon religion; for she knew that there was a Christian precept which commands to "go and tell thy brother his fault between thee and him alone;" and that charity which burneth strong in her heart, made her still consider the Talkems as Christian brethren, notwithstanding the inconsistencies which appeared in their conduct.

The world in general was very severe in its animadversions on the Talkems—blind unconverted men can never tolerate their own vices, when depicted to them even in the characters of men like themselves, far less in the professors of Christianity. The Talkems, of course, could not escape their bitter sarcasms.

When in mixed society, Mrs Miller would fain have kept silence as to the Talkems, but when the

tide rose high against them, and when she found herself forced to speak, she would say—"I hope, I trust that the poor Talkems are sincere; even if all these evil reports were true, who can tell how much worse they might have been, had they not been Christians?"

As she was returning homeward after her visit to the Talkems, she met Lady Maria Murphy.

"How do you do, Mrs Miller?" said her ladyship. "Still wandering about doing good? How are all the poor and the societies going on?"

Mrs Miller replied by producing her subscription paper. Her ladyship glanced slightly over the few first lines, and immediately gave her a guinea.

"Tell me whenever you want to make my money useful," said her ladyship, as she hastily moved on to pay some morning visits.

"Lady Maria Murphy is not even a professing Christian," thought Mrs Miller; "and yet the characteristic fruits belonging to that character are perhaps more conspicuous in her, than in either the Saymores or the Talkems. What then is Christianity? am I a Christian myself?" and musing on this all-important point, she arrived at her own door.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Do not please yourself by thinking how piously you would act, and submit to God, in a plague, or famine, or persecution; but be intent upon the perfection of the present day."

LAW.

WHILE Mrs Miller was busily improving the time in Edinburgh, looking to Heaven from day to day for direction in the path of duty; and while Lady Amelia was pursuing the same path, though in different circumstances, at Roe Park; Moreland was continuing steadfast and immovable in his Christian principles in London. His uncle, Sir Thomas Moreland, could not now do without him; he had become necessary to him, for he was a particular old gentleman, and he soon found that none but those who could bear all things, would bear with what he called his good sense, his exactness, his plain speaking—but which his friends and acquaintance in general termed his prejudices, his fiddle-faddles, his rude manners. Moreland's steadfast principles, and his uniform conduct, had, in some degree, obtained an influence over the circle which frequented his uncle's house. He managed all his uncle's affairs, for the old man was indolent;

he was also suspicious, but on Moreland's integrity he had a kind of instinctive implicit reliance, and a feeling that all was safe while under his direction.

But, though Moreland lived with his uncle, he by no means thought it necessary to give up all his time to the society of the Would-be-wises, the Fiddle-Faddles, the Trickems, the Tastems, the Earems, and the Eyeums. He was still a young man, and by no means satisfied, that when he left Oxford, all the wisdom of the colleges was concentrated in his pericranium. He was therefore diligent in improving his talents, and in acquiring a competent knowledge of the law and affairs of this life, and felt qualified, if called upon, to argue with the men of the world, and to use even their own weapons.

He was in Parliament, and no contemptible rival to Sir Philip Hum, whose opinions and sophistry he contrived to confute in a manner which that gentleman found unanswerable. Notwithstanding his well-known religious principles, he was looked upon as one whose talents would lead to eminence, and consequently, as a rising man, one whom both the ministry and opposition would have courted as a friend, and feared as an enemy. Neither party could say of him, "good honest Moreland will vote which ever way we please," or, "Moreland is a

good honest fellow, who will easily be got round," or "Moreland will follow Bubblebrain," or "Moreland is led by the nose by Craftsman." No! these observations would not suit; they were applied by both parties to their creatures, whose influence lay in their pockets or in their lands, but not in their heads. Hitherto Moreland had contrived to support the difficult character of an independent man; for even the party who claimed him as belonging to them, could not securely count upon him in all their measures. He was difficult to manage, too honest, too scrupulous for a statesman, too truthful for a politician. To many of their schemes and many of their plans he opposed the scripture precept, "We must not do evil that good may come."

"The country has lost one of its ablest heads through religion in Moreland," said Lord Doutem. "If we had many such fellows in our party, we should be out in a week, and the country would be ruined."

"If Moreland allowed his wits fair play," said the other party, "and stood fairly by us, we would be in in a week, and the country might yet be saved. Taxes off, sinecures abolished, poor rates amended, the liberty of the press restored, the balance of power in Europe realized."

The abolition of slavery was the great object of Moreland's thoughts—to that, his time, his anxiety,

his care, was given. He had made himself as thoroughly master of the subject as one could be whose eyes had not been witnesses to the degradation of the human race; and deeply did his humane soul sympathize with the Missionary Smith, and the objects of that good man's solicitude, when he exclaimed—"My spirit dies within me when I hear the lash of the whip." He was also a decided advocate for the emancipation of the Catholics; but we deem it unnecessary to dwell with greater particularity on the views which he entertained of these interesting subjects.

Moreland occasionally corresponded with the Marquis of Vainall, and entertained a longing desire to renew his acquaintance with the family; but some feelings, occasioned by the recollection of the former circumstances he had been placed in with Lady Emery, had hitherto prevented him from coming to Scotland. But it was not "*le sentiment tendre d'un heureux souvenir*;" for his attachment to her had long since ceased, and had only left the humbling remembrance, that once he had been subjected to it. The friendship, the admiration he entertained for Lady Amelia, was still warm and vivid, and absence had not lessened his desire again to meet her. A hope of visionary bliss, connected with her recollection, sometimes passed over his mind—but such dangerous dreams

he ever repressed, as likely to draw his soul from higher pursuits. "Heaven will direct my steps; let me be without carefulness, without plan, but follow the leadings of Providence in the daily events which mark my duty."

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This unexpected meeting again called Moreland's attention to Roe Park and its inhabitants, and excited and renewed in him strong desires of going thither in person; but, as we mentioned before, his uncle's helplessness, and total dependence upon

him, was so great, that though all delicacies were now removed with regard to the Emerys, he could not think of even a temporary absence from him in his present infirm and delicate state of health. The physicians, at a loss for any remedy to cure old age, advised him to try some of the watering-places, as much for change of scene, as from any expected benefit from the waters. Moreland, therefore, gave all his new-sprung wishes to the winds, set off with Sir Thomas and an old faithful servant to Brighton, from which, if a miracle of perfect health was not performed in a fortnight, they were recommended to proceed and make trial of the celebrated waters of the Chelt, in the town of Cheltenham.

CHAPTER XV.

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To thine Almighty Friend are known;
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CONDER.

WHILE Moreland and his uncle are enjoying what Dr Johnson reckoned the greatest of sensual pleasures—rolling rapidly in a carriage over a smooth road from place to place—I must endeavour to transport the reader's imagination once more to Roe Park, where Sir Philip Hum was still laying silent siege to Lady Amelia, by means of repeated acts of charity and benevolence, which he always contrived should be conveyed, as if by accident, to her knowledge. He found himself, however, much at a loss, when he attempted to talk what he called evangelical slang, and at length became aware that his only chance of safety consisted in declining all conversation on the subject, under pretence of its being much too sacred for common conversation.

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sessed in great perfection, that of laughing in his own sleeve.

"And now," said he, to Sir Philip Hum, with a little preamble, "I think you might hint, after all these worthies, of offering a miniature of yourself, to add to the group. If she accepts that, the day's your own."

Lady Amelia Truefeel, the unconscious subject of all these dialogues, was at this time also much occupied, and deeply interested about her young and humble friend, Amelia Bell. With the buoyancy of spirit natural to early youth, the sorrow occasioned by the doubts of her veracity in the affair of young Edward and the pigeon-house, was completely effaced from her heart, and the kindness of her mistress more than compensated for the ill-will and jealousies of the servants; but now some new affliction seemed to cloud her young days. Her countenance was naturally grave, but now it was unusually sad. Some sad, some deep, some silent, secret sorrow, seemed to be preying upon her mind. When Lady Amelia entered by accident her room, she found her frequently in tears, which she hastily wiped away, and seemed anxious to conceal. To all Lady Amelia's gentle, mild interrogatories, she generally gave evasive replies, and when strongly urged, she answered with renewed tears, "Oh, my good mistress, I cannot

speak; do not urge me; I cannot bear to tell you." She slept in a small closet adjoining Lady Amelia's bed-chamber; and Lady Amelia's heart was wrung, when she heard, during the watches of the night, groans, suppressed sighs, and every symptom of violent grief. "This must not be permitted to go on any longer," said Lady Amelia to herself. "I shall insist upon having an explanation to-morrow." The morrow came, and Lady Amelia was preparing to put her resolve into execution, when her chamber-door was opened by Amelia Bell, pale, and melancholy, and downcast.

"I have a request to make, my dear madam," said she, "which I hope will not offend you, and that you will grant me my desire."

"What is it?" said Lady Amelia; "I hope it is nothing I ought to deny. It has ever been my wish to make you happy."

"It is," said Amelia Bell, blushing and hesitating, "that you will allow me to go to Edinburgh for a few days."

"I am surprised at your request," replied Lady Amelia; "but I cannot comply with it till I hear the purpose for which you wish to go." Amelia burst into tears, and was silent. "I claim no confidence as a right," resumed Lady Amelia; "but ought you not to confide in one who is your sin-

cere friend? Tell me what has been preying upon your mind for this past week. Ought not Christians to confide in each other? Have I not been like a mother to you, Amelia? Tell me your grief; and we shall take counsel together, and pray together, that you may obtain relief."

At last, Amelia Bell, in the midst of tears and sobs, exclaimed, "Oh, it is my brother Willy!"

"And what of him?" inquired Lady Amelia.

"He's in jail," said Amelia; "and is condemned to be hanged on Wednesday fortnight."

Lady Amelia felt much shocked at these dreadful tidings, and sympathized deeply with her afflicted protegée.

"I received a letter from him," continued Amelia Bell, now getting more composed, "but I have been so ashamed, I have not been able to look up ever since; but poor William is all alone, and none but wicked people with him; surely it is my duty to go and see him, to speak to him about his soul, to comfort him, to weep with him. But I never can return here again. The servants will all know about it. I will hide my head in the Poor's-House; but I never can look up again."

The compassion of Lady Amelia was all drawn forth by the natural grief of the poor child. She did all she could to comfort her; she assured her, that young as she was she would allow her to go

and see her brother, and that she would write to Mrs Miller, and that lady, she was sure, would keep her in her house while she remained in Edinburgh. But she told Amelia, that she feared there was much sinful pride in her feelings of shame on the occasion, and that she must endeavour to receive and bear with Christian humility the opprobrium attached to all the relatives of those who suffer for the violated laws of their country; that was indeed an additional reason for being humble, but no reason for her leaving the situation God had placed her in. A hope had entered Lady Amelia's mind, that perhaps, by means of Sir Philip Hum's interest, a reprieve or pardon might be obtained for William Bell. It was robbery for which he was to suffer. But she gave no hint of this to Amelia; she raised no hopes that might be blasted; but she said much to console her, and the poor girl felt her mind much relieved by having opened it to her kind benefactress. How true is it, that the burthen of our grief is often lessened by being poured into the bosom of the sympathizing and compassionate!—"A grief confided, is oft divided." Perhaps there is something of joy in sharing the sorrows of others. This was what Young meant when he wrote, "Cares are our pleasures."

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never been counteracted in her sons Willy and Jock. The seeds and habits of vice had taken deep root in their natural soil, ere the hand of death had seized their mother, and ere the hand of charity had been stretched out to save them. Jock was drowned on a Sunday's sailing expedition; and Willy, who had been bound prentice to a shoemaker, had run away several times from his master, and been frequently in Bridewell for petty thefts, ere he had been engaged in this last robbery, for which he was now condemned to die; yet, strange to tell, he was not a hardened offender, but one who had been the victim of bad education, idleness, and wicked companions. He had written a letter to his sister, which she shewed to Lady Amelia, who gave it afterwards to Sir Philip Hum, in hopes of interesting him in the poor youth. It ran as follows:—

My dere Sister,

Whare have my sins brought me noo, but to a jail? and whare is my life to be gien up, but on the gallows? and that is to be on Wednesday cum fortnight; and whare will your poor brother's soul be after that? Oh! Amy, Amy, it's a fearful thought. O that I had followed your gude mistress, Lady Amelia Truefeel's advice, when she paid my prentice fee! She can do onything. Oh!

see if she could try and get me off;—but I am speaking nonsense. Mrs Miller came to speir for me yesterday. She says, no power on earth can save me, and wants me sair to prepare to meet my God. But how will God receive one who has so often forgotten him? and I cannot believe what Tam Graceless says, that God does not care what we do, and that it will be all one in the next world to baith sinners and saints. No; I canna believe that, for that would nae be just,—and what maun cum ower the like o' me? Oh! try if ye can get in to see me. You and me are the only twa noo liven o' the family, and soon the'll be only you. O! if ye knew what fearfu' thoughts are in my head, when I hear the key turn, and I'm left all alone in this dismal cell, frae sun-set till it rises again. And yet, what fears me noo? for I'm no a cowart; I feared no to risk my neck when I gaed intill the house, and took the watch and the dizen o' spoons. I've gaed boldly to many a hanging, and yet I'm feared about my ain.—O! cum to me as soon as ye can. I'll no ask you to be wi' me in the end, when the rope's about my neck, and the cowl o'er my face; it's God, and no man, that maun help your poor unhappy brither, till death,

WILLIAM BELL.

Calton-Hill Jail.

Lady Amelia endeavoured to extract some consolation for Amelia Bell, with regard to the likelihood of William being awakened to acknowledge the only Saviour, from his already perceiving that he had been a great sinner, and seeing how impossible it was for a holy and just God to pardon iniquity, without true repentance.

The circumstances were laid before Sir Philip Hum, in order to obtain his assistance. Dr Spleen Harris looked upon the circumstance of Sir Philip's partiality to Lady Amelia as a very favourable event for William Bell, and on the condemnation of William, as a piece of great good fortune for Sir Philip Hum, who, by his success in this affair, would inevitably add another strong link to the chain of good deeds which he was fashioning by the aid of every opportunity, and which, when completed, would so involve the lady, that she could not, without the grossest ingratitude, disentangle herself from its folds. "It will be easy enough for *you* to get the fellow off; but, of course, you'll make it appear difficult, in order to enhance the merit of your virtuous exertions. Courtship, in itself, is but a troublesome business, whether the fair to be wooed is of a religious or a worldly cast. But a decided fine Miss would prove fully as troublesome, and occupy as much of your time writing love-letters and poetry, visit-

ing, walking, dancing, flirting, and the presents would be more costly. It requires a man to be quite idle, and quite at his ease about money, before he can, with the least prudence, commence the courtship of a modern Miss. I know Tom Shock had to give up business, and waste a year's income, in courting Miss Plumb; and, after all, she kept his presents, saying they were not worth returning, and rejected himself. In your moderate people, such acts as these make Satan lose his respectability," continued Spleen Harris, while his face glowed with honest indignation.

Lady Amelia was delighted with the zeal and interest displayed both by Sir Philip Hum and Dr Spleen Harris; and that very evening a suitable opportunity occurring, she got the now more composed Amelia Bell conveyed to Edinburgh, with a letter to Mrs Miller.

CHAPTER XVI.

Days of my youth, ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and grey;
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrow'd all o'er;
Strength of my youth, all your vigour is gone;
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

TUCKER.

WHILE the household of Roe Park were all in bed; while some were in profound slumber; while some, less soundly asleep, were favoured with gay visions which floated before their senses; while some, with troubled dreams, "from wave to wave of fancied misery at random drove"—the Marquis of Vainall lay broad awake, and racked with pain; and he rang his bell with considerable force. His servant heard the peal, and was soon at his bedside. The Marchioness was alarmed, as the symptoms increasing, became more and more alarming, —sickness, alternate heat and shivering, with violent pain, succeeded each other; and it was judged expedient to dispatch a courier, without delay, to Dintherout, for Dr Pother.

Lady Amelia was called up; the Marquis wished to see her. "Amelia," said he, "I think I am dying."

Lady Amelia was greatly alarmed; but struggling to preserve her composure, and anxious to calm her father's agitation, "I hope not, my dear father," said she; "it is only a passing illness; and Dr Pother will be able to suggest something which may do you good."

"Amelia," repeated the Marquis, "I thought you was too good a girl to tell a lie. You know you think I am dying, and that you are not easy about my soul."

Amelia was preparing to reply, but the Marchioness interrupted her. "Keep yourself as quiet and composed as possible, my lord, till Dr Pother arrives."

"The pain is so violent, I cannot lie still," said the Marquis. "Amelia, do not leave me; and remember, I command you to tell me the truth, whatever Dr Pother's opinion may be of my case."

Lady Amelia had a sincere affection for her father, and though not superstitious, she could not help attaching some weight, as prophetic omens of death, to these unusual fears and forebodings of the Marquis; but the Marchioness would ascribe it to nothing but his desire of talking. Indeed there were few things the Marchioness entertained a

more thorough contempt for, and had a greater dislike to, than people talking about their souls and death. When she therefore saw that such was the whim of the Marquis, as she termed it, she used her utmost endeavours to get Lady Amelia out of the room.

Accordingly, Lady Amelia retired to the adjoining apartment, to watch and pray; meaning to return whenever she heard of Dr Pother's arrival. "Should my dear father's illness terminate fatally," said she to herself, "how would his immortal soul find its way to the abodes of bliss?"

Some fearful thoughts crossed her mind; but the considerations which had served to calm her doubts with regard to Sydney, again recurred to her thoughts, and they were joyfully received; and she prayed—believing that she would have those things for which she prayed—that her father's soul might be converted to firm abiding faith in Christ, ere called upon to meet its Judge. She determined, at the same time, to allow no occasion to pass, no opportunity to escape her, of talking with her father on these all-important points. But her reveries were now interrupted by a short cough, a short, hurried, emphatic footstep, which came along the passage leading to the Marquis's apartments, and which she immediately recognized to be that of Dr Pother. She determined to await his return

from the chamber, and descended to the drawing-room for that purpose, where, in about half an hour, she was joined by the Doctor.

Dr Pother was a little, squat, sagacious-looking man; though his countenance gave no indications of intellectual superiority. My readers are, of course, acquainted with the material difference which exists betwixt these two descriptions of character. A sagacious physician soon discerns the disorder, and, of course, treats it according to the established and existing rules of the faculty, for removing and healing the said complaint; and when a disease assumes any new form, and steps out of the ordinary course, a merely sagacious man is at his wit's end, and his patient must die according to the usual rules and forms. But an intellectual man, when all established rules fail, dares to project new and untried methods of proceeding, and to put them in practice without any previous authority; by which means, sometimes, the patient is cured, though not according to rule.

Dr Pother was upon the whole a well-educated man, and reckoned a very safe man. He was called Doctor by the courtesy that prevails in all obscure towns; but he was a surgeon, not a physician; he had studied in Edinburgh; he had served a campaign as an army surgeon; he had been in Paris; he was fifty years of age, and had a great deal of

experience; he was, as I have already hinted, merely a sagacious man, and treated all things in an ordinary way. Of course, when diseases or constitutions took any new turn, the Doctor was at his wit's end; but this he had the sagacity never to allow to appear; for there was no death, no recovery, no accident, no casualty in the parish, for which the Doctor did not, in a plain, unanswerable, dictatorial, formal, uncontrovertible, matter-of-fact manner, account for; and it was generally found that all deaths occurred from his not having been sent for in time—from his prescriptions not having been exactly followed out—or from the patient having become his own physician for some years past. Of course, by the same rule, all recoveries were owing entirely to the Doctor's prompt measures; to his skill; to his nice attention to the crisis; and to his universal attention to all minor things, and all minuter points.

"I hope you think that there is nothing materially wrong with my dear father?" said Lady Amelia.

"Why," answered the Doctor, "I would fain hope that there is nothing in the complaint which can properly be termed serious; but certainly much that is material—pulse high, breathing thick, pain violent—are certainly not pleasant symptoms. I have taken a little blood from him—good blood,

upon the whole; and I shall take a little more in the course of an hour, if I do not find him greatly better; and now let me trouble you for pen and ink—I am going to write a prescription for him, which must be taken immediately. I would fain hope I have been called in the very nick of time. An hour longer, and I would not have answered for the consequences."

Lady Amelia felt herself much agitated by this account of the Marquis, and hastened out of the room, to learn if she could be of any assistance to the Marchioness; but the Marchioness having been already more than usually disturbed, had retired to a quiet apartment to finish the slumbers of the night.

Lady Amelia slipped softly into her father's room; he was still in great pain, but happy that she had returned to him. "Have you seen Doctor Pother?" said he, faintly.

"Yes," answered Lady Amelia; "I waited for him, according to your desire."

"And what does he say of me?" inquired the Marquis. "Tell me truly, for I am very ill, and can bear to hear the worst."

"Perhaps you are not so ill as you imagine," said Lady Amelia. "But tell me what does the Doctor say?" again rejoined the Marquis.

Lady Amelia replied, "He says you are materially ill, but not seriously so."

"Materially may soon become seriously," replied the Marquis. "I fear I have not long to live!"

"Do not say so, my dear father. Trust in God; he can prolong your days. The blessed Jesus healed the sick in body and in mind, by the word of his power, when he was on earth; he can do so still; he can bless the means which are using for your recovery. Let me kneel by your bed, and pray for you; perhaps you may join; we shall pray together; our prayers may be heard."

The Marquis making no objection, she knelt and prayed. It seemed to soothe him; but while he endeavoured to lift up his heart, he fell into a profound sleep. Lady Amelia retired to the next room, and also had a refreshing slumber. But when Dr Pother came to visit his patient in the morning, after feeling the pulse, he declared the symptoms no way abated. The pain, indeed, was alleviated; but this he ascribed entirely to the opiate. "I must take more blood," said he.

"We must first have more advice," said the Marchioness.

"I can have no objections to that form," said Dr Pother, a little piqued. "Shall we send to Edinburgh for Dr Doomdie?"

"Edinburgh is so distant, my dear husband may be dead long before the express reaches it," answered the Marchioness; "but I have heard that Dr Sanguine, from Ghoston, is a very clever man; he can be here in an hour or two; we shall send the carriage for him."

Dr Pother could not bear the very name of Dr Sanguine; for he was indeed a clever man, a rival, a younger man, and had acquired eclat from being called in after cures had been fairly begun by Dr Pother. It was a trial; but what could he do, poor man! "That Marchioness will kill her husband with her interference," said he to himself.—He hemmed—cleared his voice.—"If—it—is any satisfaction to your ladyship to have Dr Sanguine, I—" and he cleared his voice again,—"I can certainly have no objection; though I should feel all responsibility more completely taken off my shoulders, if Dr Doomdie were here; though, indeed, in the course of our practice, when we have been in joint consultation, our opinions have been one. Not that I mean to say anything disrespectful of Dr Sanguine; far from it; he may be very clever, for anything that I know to the contrary; but he is young, very young indeed, for a medical man—only thirty—no experience—and when one reflects on the complicated nature of the human frame—the hidden, secret machinery by which man is regula-

ted—in which the derangement of a single part may prove fatal to the whole—depend upon it, madam, it is not a matter to be trusted to the impetuosity of a raw, self-sufficient youth. Thirty, forty, nay, even fifty, is rather young for a medical man to have any important case committed to his trust." And the Doctor waxed stronger, and slower, and more emphatic, every word he uttered.

But the Marchioness turned a deaf ear to this eloquent harangue, and replied in a positive manner, "For the sake of my feelings, for my own satisfaction, Dr Sanguine must be sent for." And in the interim, the Marquis lying quiet, they all adjourned to the breakfast parlour. This sudden illness had not yet reached the ears of the other inmates of the family; and the lamentations, wonders, histories, explanations, were given variously, and heard variously, by the initiated to the uninitiated members. The Marchioness's account of it was thus:—She said that she had been much alarmed, and still was very uneasy, about the Marquis; that all the family knew her keen feelings, and her presence of mind; that she had called up Lady Amelia, sent off for Dr Pother, all in the twinkling of an eye; that the symptoms not yet abating, she had now sent to Ghoston for Sanguine; that she herself was quite worn out, had had little

sleep, was of an anxious temper, &c. &c.; and she concluded the whole by eating an enormous breakfast.

Lady Amelia said, that at first she had been very much alarmed about her father, but was thankful to say, she thought him easier within the last few hours; that she herself had not suffered in the least from being called up, and that she would be quite able to attend him all that day and night.

"Dear Amelia, you must allow me to share with you in the fatigue," said Lady Jane.

"He must be kept very quiet," said Dr Pother; "therefore, the fewer attendants the better."

"Certainly," said the Marchioness.

"I hope you do not think it infectious?" asked Lady Maria Wilde.

"Why, we never can be certain, in cases of a certain description, that there is no infection," said Dr Pother.

"Since you are of that opinion," said Lady Maria, "I shall remove myself and child entirely to the other part of the house. I do not fear for myself, yet I consider it the duty of every parent to be careful of the health of her child, and also to watch over her own health for the sake of that child."

She looked round for applause, which she thought due to this excellent speech, so full of prudence,

yet, at the same time, combining maternal and filial affection.

"You are perfectly right, my dear," said the Marchioness.

"No doubt, maternal affection is much to be commended," said Dr Spleen Harris, in his usual manner.

"We shall see how matters turn," said Sir Philip Hum.

"I shall go and meet the Doctor," said Lord Francis Selby, who, under pretence of anxiety, thought he might have the pleasure of a ride.

"You do not apprehend inflammation, I hope?" said Sir Adolphus Wilde, turning to Dr Pother.

"Why," said the Doctor, "I had my fears; but I trust the prompt measures I was enabled to use, have, at all events, given a temporary turn to the disease; but I must take more blood; it is the only remedy—the only remedy, sir."

"Had you not better delay till Sanguine arrives?" said Sir Adolphus.

"Why, that is of no material consequence," said the Doctor, "as Ghoston is only five miles; he will be here in half an hour."

"Two heads are better than one, you know, Doctor," said Sir Adolphus.

"Without meaning any disrespect to Dr Sanguine," said Pother, "I should think that depends

entirely upon the heads,"—giving his own a very sagacious, wise shake. "But I hope," said he, turning to Lady Amelia, "that you have given the Marquis the powder?"

"Yes, I gave it him myself, in a little black currant jelly."

"It ought to have been given, as I desired, in red currant jelly," said the Doctor; "I cannot tell you how important these trifles may become, in certain cases—I hope he has tasted nothing whatever but water-gruel?"

"I gave him a little weak tea, which he preferred," said Lady Amelia.

"Begging your ladyship's pardon," said the Doctor, "you ought to have done no such thing without consulting me. Those who are ignorant of medicine may do much mischief by their rashness —I hope the window in the left dressing-room was opened?"

"It is the other one," said Lady Amelia, "for the day is cold, and the servant sits there."

"I wish the left window opened," said the Doctor; "and depend upon it, I have my reasons for all that I say and do."

He next got pen, paper, and ink, and wrote to the neighbouring apothecary for some medicine. The recipe was in Latin, and looked very learned, and alarming, and mystic; but in plain English it

was neither more nor less than ten grains of rhubarb, a quarter of a pound ginger, mixed with peppermint-water, signed Sam. Pother.

Sir Adolphus Wilde was at last left alone with Pother. He wished to have his opinion of the state he really conceived the Marquis to be in.

"Why," said Pother, in answer to his numerous queries, "I consider the case, as one that requires all my care and attention. It either is, or else it is not, inflammatory; it may be pleuretic, and it may be asthmatic; it may be the lungs, it may be the chest, it may be the liver, it may be the windpipe; but a few hours will probably decide the matter, and give it a more palpable decisive form."

"Is his intellect quite clear, so that he could arrange any of his temporal affairs?" asked Sir Adolphus—a thought of the will, of Lady Maria's portion being increased, or something of the same kind having more than once crossed his thoughts.

"Impossible!" said Dr Pother; "quietness, both of body and mind, is essentially necessary. —Who is that shutting that door, and walking so quick along that passage?" exclaimed he; and in his own croaking voice, talking loud, scolding, and lecturing upon the necessity of quietness, he entered the sick man's chamber.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Who can decide when doctors disagree?"

Dr Spleen Harris, who, for reasons best known to himself, had hitherto, as to his medical qualifications, kept in the back ground, now thought proper to differ entirely with Dr Pother, as to the nature of the Marquis's disorder; and when Dr Sanguine arrived, after seeing the patient, it was pretty evident that he leant towards Spleen's opinion. But according to the usual form and etiquette of the faculty, they adjourned to the next room to consult, and, if possible, to agree as to the name to be given to the Marquis's disorder.

"The extreme increase of irritation denotes the presence of *Febris Catarrhalis*," said Dr Pother, "and calls for a frequent and instantaneous use of the lancet."

"The feebleness of the beat denotes debility," said Sanguine, "and demands caution and rest; and I apprehend the disorder to be entirely seated in the bag or stomach."

"My opinion entirely coincides with Dr Sanguine's," said Spleen; "though perhaps the coat, or viscera of the liver, may in some measure be affected, and I would recommend a little *sub. mur. mercur.*"

"Gentlemen, I must entirely differ from you both," said Pother; "and till I see reason for adopting your opinion, must firmly and decidedly maintain my own."

"In that case," said Spleen, "since my worthy friend the Marquis of Vainall's life cannot be trifled with, we must just state the matter to the family, and leave them to choose whose advice they will follow."

The conference lasted some time longer, and very learned and skilful arguments were brought forward by both parties to induce each other to alter their erroneous opinions; but, as usual, they only brought forward replies to strengthen what had already been said.

"Look at that eye—Feel that pulse—Examine that tongue—and deny if you can that there is every symptom of febrility," said Dr Pother.

"Listen to that breathing—Hear that cough—Feel that skin—and deny that there is every symptom of debility," said Sanguine.

"And feel that side, and deny that there is a tendency to the liver," said Dr Spleen Harris.

"Well, gentlemen, instead of weakening our hands, and bringing a disgrace upon the faculty by our differences," said Pother, "had you not better, both of you, yield to my years and experience, and the thing remains amongst ourselves hushed and secret?"

"Impossible!" said Dr Spleen Harris.

"Impossible!" said Dr Sanguine.

"You must be aware," said Dr Pother, "how unusual—nay, how imprudent—nay, how disrespectable it is for professional people to differ; let me entreat you, gentlemen, to take a common-sense view of the subject."

"I have a conscience and a head," said Sanguine with a grave look.

"And I have a head containing brains, and also a conscience," said Dr Spleen Harris, making his hand resound against his left side.

They adjourned to the parlour, and openly told their differences—and the result was, that an express was sent off to Edinburgh for Dr Doomdie, and the doctors sat down to make themselves as comfortable as possible, *en attendant*.

"This sad illness might all have been spared," said the Marchioness, in a warning voice, "had it not been for that fatal going to church at Dinthe-rout."

"The theatre might have had some share in it," said Sir Adolphus Wilde.

"Oh no! Impossible!" said the Marchioness; "the theatre was as comfortable as possible—neither too hot, nor too cold; churches are always in extremes."

Lady Amelia was in great distress and apprehension when she heard the contending opinions of the Doctors.

"Did I believe," said she, "that my dear father's life was in the hands of men, his situation would certainly be dangerous indeed at present. Oh God, strengthen my faith! and in this uncertainty teach me to cast all my care upon thee. He that gave life can, and will maintain it according to his good pleasure, notwithstanding the debates and mistakes of erring physicians."

The Marchioness, under pretence of sparing her own too acute feelings, contrived to cast all the care of attending the Marquis upon Lady Amelia; and happy was the exchange for the Marquis, for she studied his every wish, and watched his every movement; and, though it was quite against her principles to disguise from him the doubtful opinions of the Doctors, yet she sweetened it all with the hope which filled her own mind: and if the Marquis ever prayed sincerely in his life, it was in the intervals of this illness, under the fear of

death, and in doubt of his physicians' ability to help him.

Lady Amelia's principles were now well known; and as she had more than once been detected reading the Bible aloud at his bed-side, the inference was drawn that she had been talking to him of death, and might actually be hastening that event by her imprudent zeal in preparing him for it. In vain did Lady Amelia assert that all such conversations had originated entirely with the Marquis himself. The Marchioness retained her opinion —the Doctors readily adopted it—and forthwith, every unfavourable variation of the Marquis's pulse, or complaints, was ascribed to the influence of Lady Amelia. Yet such seemed her father's infatuation, that whenever he awoke from his frequent slumbers, he demanded where she was, and seemed uneasy when she was absent for a moment.

But by those who were so careful to prevent the Marquis from being alarmed by talking of spiritual concerns, the trouble that might arise from temporal matters was not so much reprobated; and the thoughtful, careful, considerate Sir Adolphus Wilde had discovered, that a very important deed, executed by the Marquis some months before in favour of his younger children, had never been signed.

"It would certainly alarm papa very much,"

said Lady Amelia, "if such a matter was proposed to him at present."

"No matter," said the Marchioness; "there is no time to be lost—it must be done—let us send off for Leasholm directly."

"Let me entreat you to wait a little," said Lady Amelia; "I assure you I know it would agitate him too much; let us wait till it please God to give a more favourable turn to his complaints."

"Nonsense," said the Marchioness, "what harm will a little agitation do him? he will soon recover himself—What! Do you imagine your father to be so weak-minded that he cannot bear to hear that he is mortal? Do you think the future fortunes of myself and your sisters are to be ruined by your whims? No—whatever it may cost my feelings, I shall go this instant and exert myself to tell him what he must and ought to do;" and the Marchioness forthwith proceeded to the Marquis's apartment.

"How do you feel yourself to-day?" she inquired, drawing aside the curtain, and opening a bit of the window-shutter.

"Very uneasy—very uneasy," replied the Marquis; "my head, my side."

"But I hope your eyes are not affected," said the Marchioness.

"Oh no—I feel that I see as well as ever I did."

"And I hope that your hand does not shake," continued the Marchioness.

"Oh no," replied he, "firm enough upon the whole."

"I am glad of that; because you will feel yourself able to do your duty in signing that paper, which you ordered to be drawn out a few months ago. At present, you know, it is good for nothing; and as there are so many respectable witnesses in the house, nothing can be more convenient."

"What puts such an idea into your head at present, my dear?" said the Marquis; "surely all these little matters may be settled when we get to town in winter; at present, I have enough to do; I have to take my powder and my draught, and then to sleep them off—quite enough for a man of my time of life."

"But, my dear," said the Marchioness, "do you call these little matters? they are matters of the utmost importance to your younger children. If you should happen to die before winter, Emery would get the whole, you know."

"Oh, when I am actually dying," said the Marquis, "it will then be time enough to trouble myself with business."

The Marchioness thought that she had spoken very plain, but found that she must speak still more

so, ere she had any prospect of getting her purpose accomplished. She therefore drew out her handkerchief, but could force no tears.

"My dear," said she, "it is my painful duty to tell you, that the Doctors think the result of your present illness very doubtful, and that I may be left a disconsolate widow, and your children weeping orphans."

"You may tell the Doctors from me, that they are three great blockheads," said the Marquis, at the same time evidently a little alarmed.

"I hope they will prove so on this occasion," said the Marchioness; "at the same time, it is our duty to arrange all matters as if their forewarnings might prove true."

"Well, my affairs are all settled long ago," said the Marquis; "you are all well enough provided for, and if I do not recover from this illness, none of your fortunes will ever be bettered by me. I have more need to think of my soul, as Amelia says, than to puzzle my brains with law."

The Marchioness thought she had gone too far; she therefore proceeded no farther, but determined, as a last resource, to send off for Leasholm, and pass off his apropos arrival as accident. Her indiscreet conversation with the Marquis had in reality aroused his fears, and had led to what Amelia would

have wished; for, to her great joy, he expressed a desire to see Mr Webster.

That worthy man obeyed the summons;—the Marchioness met him on his entrance, and desired that he might use this favourable opportunity to recommend to the Marquis to settle all his temporal affairs. But Mr Webster said, that it had ever been a rule with him not to interfere in the temporal affairs of any of his parishioners, far less to employ his influence at the bed of death for that purpose. The Marquis wished to see Mr Webster alone—not even Lady Amelia to be present. He felt himself collected, and able to speak.

"Mr Webster," said he, "they have been hinting to me that I am dying. I have, if that is the case, many failings—I should say faults—perhaps I should say sins, to confess unto you."

"Confess not unto me, but unto God," said Mr Webster, "who can alone forgive iniquity, and pardon transgression and sin."

"I dare say, Mr Webster, you have always thought me a very good man," continued the Marquis—

"I never did, my lord," said Mr Webster; "the Scripture hath made very different affirmations with regard to human beings, and I saw no reason for thinking you an exception to the general rule; but I rejoice to think you are now con-

fessing your sins, for he that saith he hath no sin, deceiveth himself, and the truth is not in him; and it is blessed for us to think, that he who hath commanded us to confess our sins, hath the power to grant us forgiveness. Oh pray, my lord, while time remains to you, that you may more and more be convinced of sin!"

"I cannot pray," said the Marquis; "God will not hear one, who has so often neglected him."

"Say not so, my lord; he will hear all who pray to him, believing in Christ;—believest thou this?"

"I do not know whether I believe it or not; but I assent to it—but oh! if you be a righteous man, and, as Amelia tells me, the prayer of the righteous availeth much, pray for me that my disorder may be removed, and that I may live to lead a better life."

"There were many miraculous cures performed by the Saviour when on earth," said Mr Webster, "and we have no reason to doubt his power and willingness to perform them still; but now, as then, faith is required in the person to be healed; neither the diseases of the body, nor of the mind, can be cured till we know that we are actually labouring under them, for then, and then only, will we cry out for deliverance. You are fully sensible that you are under bodily illness, but do you be-

lieve that the Son of God has power now, as he had then, to heal you?"

"I believe that no other has," said the Marquis —"pray that my faith may be increased."

Mr Webster fell upon his knees, and prayed in an earnest manner for the Marquis; and the Marquis joined earnestly in the prayer. It seemed as if a grain of faith had been sown in his soul—he wept sore, like Hezekiah of old, and seemed much affected.

"Be composed," said Mr Webster, "remember that you are in the hands of a merciful, a just, an all-powerful Judge."

The Marquis, worn out with his exertions, fell into a calm and profound sleep; and when he awoke he felt greatly refreshed; the illness seemed indeed rebuked; he was much relieved—if not a recovery, surely it was a respite.

"Surely Mr Webster's prayers have been heard for me," said he; and he thanked God with a grateful heart.

But now, bustle and confusion! Dr Doomdie was arrived, another grand consultation ensued, and it ended with Doomdie delivering his opinion, that whatever the Marquis's complaints might originally have been, there was now only the remains of a severe cold,—fever gone—inflammation gone—pain abated—no farther bleeding ne-

cessary—the first could have done no harm—what does no harm may do good—water-gruel, chicken-broth, nay, even chicken itself, may be swallowed; and his person, properly wrapped up, might be safely transferred into the drawing-room. Most revolutions take place in a sudden manner—states are overturned, office lost and gained, in the twinkling of an eye; and so it happened to poor Doctor Pother. He who had had the care of the constitution of the house of Vainall for many years, was now entirely overset in the opinion of the family by this visit from Doomdie, and Sanguine henceforward was the man. Dr Pother persisted in declaring that he had cured the Marquis of inflammation in his chest, but the Marchioness and other members of the family remained sceptics as to there ever having been any inflammation to cure.

Doomdie again and again declared that the Marquis was out of danger; but the Marquis was determined not to be talked into health in such a hurried manner, and he insisted upon taking care of himself for some time to come. He had also conceived a great affection for Mr Webster; and the Marchioness entertained the most alarming apprehensions of a calamity she had never thought either possible or probable—the Marquis becoming a Methodist.

The event of three Doctors having been called to Roe Park became generally known in the country, and numerous and various were the inquiries from all the neighbourhood. The Marquis, if not positively beloved, was certainly much liked; all good-natured people are so: Upon the whole, he was also respected; all inoffensive marquises are so. Squire Fatlove sent every day to inquire for him—"The Marquis would be a great loss to the county indeed—the road-meetings, the harriers, the hounds, the whole county would go to pot. I never knew a more worthy, excellent, better-hearted man—I might have shot over his whole estate, and all my friends with me—Such a neighbour! never killed a roe without sending me a haunch. Lord Emery will be a sad representative, with his baby wife! The Marquis's death will never be made up to me; I consider it quite as a personal loss!"

"Honest man! he's been a very gude maister to me," said Farmer Haystack; "the'll be dule in his lands if onything should cum o'er him."

"He'll ne'er get atowr the door again, I'se warrant him," said Jenny Croaker; "he's sair faun aff; —an unco change like upon him, the last day I met him takin his ride, honest man! no like himsell—just like a darning needle—a magpiet flew atowr the road, and frighted his horse—I dinna like to see

thae birds binna in twas and threes. To be sure, twa's no aye a wadden, nor three aye a birth; but ane's aye death! 'Gude day, Jenny,' quo he to me, wi' his honest-like face. 'Thank your lordship,' quo I; 'I houp ye're weel ye'resell.'—'There's a shilling,' quo he to me, 'Jenny, to buy snuff;' and a bonny shilling it was—I'se ne'er part wi't, noo, as lang as I live, honest man, though I'se warrant the'll be something gaun at the burien; but troth, as Wull Warlock says, I wudna depend ower muckle upon it, for nae doubt Lord Emery will tak charge of everything; but he's no like his father—just a wild gilpy—for mony's the day he skelps past me on his horse, as if I was nae better than the dirt aneath his feet; traits me like a common beggar-woman: the Marquis will be an awfu loss, honest man—an awfu loss!"

Jenny Croaker determined to watch at the door of her house till some of the servants went past. She scolded her old man for not taking off the kail-pot—"the tatties were mair than ready,"—she took out the kebbuck, and thus Darby and Joan sat down on the stone at their door to watch the passing of some of the servants from Roe Park. And first in procession drove off Dr Doomdie, in a carriage and four, to reach Edinburgh ere death seized upon some of his patients, without using the ceremony of waiting for his return.

Next passed Dr Pother in a chaise and pair; and lastly, Dr Sanguine on a nag at full gallop: and thus all immediate fears of the Marquis's demise terminated. One of the grooms now passed airing the horses, and being stopped by the Croakers, gave them the joyful tidings of the Marquis's recovery.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Jenny Croaker, with a deep groan; "but I'se warrant it's only an aff-put—ilka thing helps—at his time o' life a' thing tells."

The news of the Marquis's recovery was received with satisfaction all over the country, and in Edinburgh, whither Lady Amelia wrote the favourable accounts to inquiring friends; for, as we have already noted, the Marquis had many friends, and no enemies; his constitutional virtues being good-nature, hospitality, and kindness; and his vices, of indolence, idleness, and love of ease, being troublesome to nobody but himself.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Nothing can be great, the contempt of which is great."

During all this bustle, and variation from health to sickness at Roe Park, Sir Philip Hum had been in Edinburgh. He had tried every means, and of course the best means, of obtaining a remission of the punishment of William Bell, the guilty and unfortunate brother of Amelia,—and at last succeeded in getting his sentence commuted into fourteen years' banishment to Botany Bay —which was received with joy, as a happy exchange for banishment out of the world.

In one of Amelia Bell's visits to the prison, her attention was arrested at the door of one of the cells, which the jailor was preparing to shut, by the appearance of a boy, whose countenance she recollected somewhere to have seen. The impression was instantaneous, for the door was speedily closed, and she proceeded on to the cell where her brother William was confined. Upon telling the circumstance, and endeavouring to recollect where and

how the face she had seen could have been known to her, in a happy moment memory retraced him with a certitude not to be mistaken, as the pedlar boy who had stolen the golden cup, and caused her so much trouble. She immediately related the circumstance to Mrs Miller, who, without delay, examined into the matter—and found that the boy was already condemned to be transported for other misdemeanours, and that he was actually the same boy who had stolen the cup from Roe Park. When he found that the confessing this additional crime could not in any way affect his present condition, he detailed all the circumstances to her—stating, that soon after he had left Roe Park, hearing footsteps behind him, he had been seized with a fit of terror, and passing hastily through a field, he saw a pit, into which he had dropped the cup, where, doubtless, it still might be found.

Mrs Miller wrote all these circumstances to Lady Amelia—and the hope of regaining his cup stimulated the Marquis to follow out the clew the boy had given. Where the field was, was difficult to ascertain;—there was a field, indeed, which the family generally avoided at untimely hours—it was known by the name of Pitfield. This name was derived from the numerous coal-pits it contained, which had long been abandoned, but which the Marquis had never yet found time to fill up; there

were also rumours that here murders had been committed, and that here shroudless ghosts held their revels; and it was whispered that lights were seen and groans were heard by such hapless wanderers as found themselves near this spot, at that dread hour, when night and morning meet. The more hardy maintained that there was nothing to be dreaded in this field more than in any other of the fields in the neighbourhood, except the danger of falling into the pits. The boy had been circumstantial in his evidence, and corroborated Amelia's story in all its parts—and after a weary search, the cup was found in a pit, as the boy had described it. Amelia's veracity was now as palpable as the duplicity of Howard and Bennet. In vain they attempted to varnish o'er their tale—even Lady Maria Wilde's prejudices gave way, and they were both of them dismissed; while Amelia was filled with delight to find that her comparative innocence was now brought to light, and acknowledged by those who had before disbelieved it. She left her poor brother also elated with joy at his escape from death, and her sorrow at parting from him was mingled with pleasure. She returned to Roe Park full of the praises of Sir Philip Hum; and her heart filled with the warmest gratitude towards that gentleman, which he had so well deserved by his active exertions; Lady Amelia joined

with the grateful girl in ascribing to it as much merit, and even more, than Sir Philip in conscience could think it entitled to. Dr Spleen Harris, of course, was informed, and bestowed upon it the most exaggerated encomiums.

"I assure you," said he, to Lady Amelia, "there are not many men who have as much serious business on hand as Sir Philip Hum, who would have bestowed as much time and trouble as he has done on that fellow Bell, who, after all, would perhaps just as well have been hanged; for I have no doubt he is born to that destiny, and will, ere long, do some deed to merit his fate."

"Let us hope not," said Lady Amelia, "let us hope that the lessons he has now received may be a warning to him in his future life; and good Sir Philip, I dare say, will contrive to visit him, and give him good advice till the period of his transportation arrives."

"Sir Philip Hum visit him!" said Dr Spleen Harris; "I assure you, you mistake Sir Philip's character very much if you expect any such thing; you are rather unreasonable, I think, considering he has already done so much. Rather than have taken half of that trouble, your two brothers-in-law would have seen him hanged."

"True," said Lady Amelia, "but they do not make the same profession as Sir Philip Hum.

From what you tell me of him, and from what he tells me himself, he holds the same religious opinions that I do. It is therefore not unreasonable to expect from one of his high calling, the highest efforts of benevolence—that he should in all things walk worthy of that holy name by which he is called."

"Poor, innocent, simple woman!" thought Dr Spleen Harris to himself; and he laughed in his sleeve, when he beheld the grave confiding countenance of Lady Amelia; but she did not even perceive the slightest smile upon his face.

Sir Philip Hum became more and more particular in his attentions to Lady Amelia; his conversation was guarded and strictly moral; yet it wanted that spirit of warmth and sincerity which true Christianity breathes. The want was very sensibly felt by Lady Amelia; yet to doubt of the sincerity of Sir Philip Hum, she would have looked upon as uncandid, ungenerous, and unjust—after the conversations she had had with him—after the good deeds she had seen him perform. Yet good Mr Webster's way of conversing on sacred subjects was more congenial to her feelings. Sir Philip talked like one who knew—Mr Webster like one who felt.

Mr Webster continued to visit the Marquis, and watched every opportunity of conversing with him

on the truths he himself so firmly believed—those truths he was so earnest in impressing upon the minds of others. But the Marquis's fit of religion had been merely the offspring of his apprehensions of death; and he, on his part, now laboured to bring Mr Webster to his sentiments—the sentiments so universally adopted and received by nominal Christians—the uniting of a nominal Christianity with a real following and loving of the world. It is difficult indeed to bring a proud man to acknowledge his total dependance upon a Saviour. Man will claim something to do, though Christ has declared that *He* must do all. But the Marquis resolved to give more money away—to be more charitable—and to attend church regularly when in perfect health.

Mr Webster felt himself in a very painful situation. At present he was high in favour with the Marquis—Speak more plainly, and the favour would be gone, the influence lost. But he prayed much that he might receive direction, and be enabled to practise his duty, without regard to the fear or favour of man.

"I was in a tolerable fright," said the Marquis to him one day, "when I thought myself dying, and sent for you, Webster."

"It is good, my lord, to fear always," said Mr Webster.

"But what can I do?" asked the Marquis.

"Devote the remaining years of your life to the service of God," said Mr Webster. "Continue to live in the same awe of eternity, the same fear of God, you felt a week ago. That fear was sent in mercy to awaken you from the fatal sleep that all those are in who believe not in the Son of God; and if you return again to your slumber, you resist an influence made upon your mind, and grieve that Holy Spirit which began to move upon your soul."

"I do not understand you," said the Marquis.

"May God enable me to make my words more simple, my meaning more plain," said Mr Webster.

"I have always been accustomed to think," said the Marquis, "that an honest man was sure of going to heaven. I am not an infidel—I believe in heaven and hell; in God, and in Christ."

"Pardon me, my lord—I doubt if you really believe all what you assert. When these great truths are really believed, oh how they operate upon the life!—What an awe is produced—what a fear—what an earnest desire to know and obey the commandments—what a distrust of self—what a steadfast reliance on the power, and willingness, and righteousness of Christ—what searching—what diligence in reading the Scriptures—what a re-

verence to all the precepts contained in them—what a value of them, as of the sacred oracles of God!"

"But sure you would not have me read the Bible all day long?" said the Marquis. "I have the newspapers and the reviews to occupy me, and the Sporting Calendar; but I read a chapter in the Bible every Sunday."

"If you prefer the writings of men," said Mr Webster, "while you are imperfectly acquainted with the inspirations of God, I appeal to your own good sense, my lord, may not the inference fairly be drawn, that you do not believe them to be such?—Who can really believe that God has spoken through the Scriptures, and not seek to know what is written, and comprehend its import?"

"Well, well, I will read the Bible," said the Marquis; "and you shall come to help me to understand it."

"You cannot confer a greater favour upon me," said Mr Webster; "and I am sure, in the study, you will derive essential benefit to your own soul; and may He who alone can command a blessing, make me a feeble instrument, yet strong for His glory, and eloquent in His service."

Mr Webster took his leave, and walked homewards, rejoicing in the hopes he began to entertain

of the Marquis; and next day, to the great horror of the Marchioness, the Marquis ordered the Family Bible, which generally lay unopened in a corner of the library, to be taken down and dusted, and laid upon the table in his dressing-room, and forthwith he began his studies. In vain did Dr Spleen Harris, and the Marchioness, and Dr Pother, assert that nothing could be more hurtful to him than thinking about religion, reading the Bible, and impairing his spirits in their present weak state.

The results, however, contradicted their prophecies; for his spirits became gradually better, and the tedium he formerly complained of, seemed daily lessening and vanishing away in the new and interesting occupation of reading the Bible; believing it to be true, at least that the evidence was stronger for its being the inspiration of God, than for its being the compilation of men.

Oh send this sacred book where'er
Or winds can waft, or waves can bear;
Wherever man is found:
Let India's sons its page revere;
Let Afric's land the blessing share;
Where England's power once caused despair,
Let England's mercy, chiefly there,
And England's love abound.
Send it to where, expanded wide,
The South Sea rolls its peaceful tide
Round many a distant island's side,
Long wrapp'd in error's shade;

Where, scatter'd far from Zion's hill,
And Jordan's bank, and Siloa's rill,
The sons of Abraham wander still
In error's darkest shade.

CHAPTER XV.

What shall the man deserve of human kind,
Whose happy skill and industry combined
Shall prove, what argument could never yet,
The Bible an imposture and a cheat?

Dr Spleen Harris and Sir Philip Hum made up for the restraint they were compelled to undergo before Lady Amelia, by free and unreserved discourse in private.

"If I take Lady Amelia to wife," said Sir Philip, "I begin to suspect I shall not only have a Methodist wife, but a Methodist father-in-law. It is really too absurd to hear the Marquis pretending to be good. I cannot perceive what drift he has in it."

"Drift!" said Dr Spleen Harris; "he has no drift in it whatever; he is only a little hipped, in consequence of his illness. If it had been the Marchioness, that would be a different thing indeed; she never walks round the house, or utters a single sentence, without a drift, as you call it. The Marquis, honest man, literally means what he says, and says what he thinks."

"I could scarcely refrain from laughing," said Sir Philip, "when I heard him conversing with Webster the other day, as if he really believed all the cant he was speaking to him."

"Why, Sir Philip Hum, you are rather too bad even for me," said Dr Spleen Harris. "Webster believes firmly every word he utters. I grant you he is a weak man."

"But not quite so weak as that would come to," said Sir Philip.

"You would be more likely to make me become a Methodist than he would," said Dr Spleen Harris; "you go so far the other way, that both the spirit of argument, and the spirit of fair play, make me desirous to bring forth arguments on the other side. Besides, I am a believer myself, and when I die, I expect you to become my biographer, and to state the truth, that I died in the Christian faith."

"For fear of any mistake or misrepresentation," said Sir Philip Hum, "if that honour should devolve upon me, I shall merely state, that you died in the faith in which you lived. I wish you was an open, decided character, like myself. If you would only give the arguments against Christianity the same patient investigation you have given to those in favour of it, depend upon it you would soon be won over to adopt my opinions."

"Why, I think I have already done so," said Dr Spleen Harris. "I have read your great oracle, Tom Paine. His Age of Reason is, in my opinion, a very flimsy performance, and requires only free circulation to become insipid and harmless. Gibbon is indeed a more artful, skilful penman; but what does his account of the celebrated Julian the apostate amount to, but this, that his mind was not strong enough to divest itself of the superstitions of the times; and though bred a Christian, he feared the unknown deities of the heathen."

"What!" said Sir Philip Hum; "and can you really suppose that a man of such a noble, virtuous character and enlightened mind, had any belief in the popular superstitions?"

"I think it appears so from Gibbon," said Dr Spleen Harris. "Nor is it inconsistent with human nature; for example, in the accurate picture of Louis the XIth, portrayed by our celebrated countryman in Quentin Durward, you will see how the deepest policy and loftiest ambition, nay, even firmness of character, are consistent with the belief in the weakest and silliest of superstitions. The extremes of character in this, as in many other points, meet.

"Children, old women, and the weak of both sexes, are generally superstitious, and so are the strong-minded. For example, the great Samuel

Johnson, and the well-known novelist, Incog. are generally supposed to have believed in ghosts and apparitions. Almost all great minds are more or less tinctured with superstition and melancholy—but this tendency is ennobled into the boldest daring, when found in the mind of a Christian believer. Without this compass to guide and direct it, when a great mind is under the influence of superstition, then, equally with the weakest mind, it is lost in a maze of doubts, wild vagaries, illusions, delusions, fears, phantasms, phantoms. Indeed, being a great mind myself, I know something about it, and am persuaded that much of what is called delusion of the imagination is substantial reality; and that the Enemy of mankind has a power over believers, and has in many instances literally been permitted to influence their visual faculties, and shew them more sights in heaven and earth, than philosophers dream of. However, the true believer, if acting under the influence of his faith, ought to have no fear. It is recorded somewhere of a celebrated saint, that awaking suddenly in the middle of the night, he found the arch-fiend Satan, the prince of the devils, standing at his bed-side. The saint, noways appalled, asked him what was his business with him? He answered, Nothing in particular.—Neither have I anything to say to you, replied the saint, and turning to the other side of the bed, fell fast asleep."

"That is a good one!" said Sir Philip, laughing; "and pray what was the appearance of his Satanic majesty?"

"Why," continued Dr Spleen, "I have never heard an accurate description of his form—but I have always heard his countenance described as a combination of every evil passion—in particular, pride, malice, envy, hatred, cruelty, and every minor vice—the whole stamped with immortality and power. Milton's devil is amiable; Lord Byron's devil is weak and tame; Lavater's representation has more resemblance to the creature of my imagination, but though I think he has produced a devil, I could fancy one much more devilish."

"'Pon honour, Spleen," said Sir Philip, "I could almost be tempted to think that you believed in the actual existence of such a being."

"Certainly I do," said Spleen Harris; "and in the whole population of the invisible world, otherwise I would adopt the doubting system. However people may laugh at the numerous stories of ghosts and spectres, such as Lord Lyttleton's, Lord Rochester's, and the like, they never can prove to me that these narratives are false; they only persuade me that they do not believe them. So it is with infidels and infidel writers; they merely prove to me that the speakers and writers are infidels; but I deny that either of them can, or do, give as good reasons for being so,

as I, and wiser than I, can assign for being Christians."

"Ghosts, and goblins, and infidels, talked of in one breath," said Sir Philip. "Why, Spleen Harris, you must pardon me, but I really think you are mad." This was said more than half in earnest.

"There is method in my madness, however," said Dr Spleen.

Sir Philip Hum was preparing to reply; but Lady Amelia entered, and the conversation took a totally different direction, turning upon waters and watering-places; and Sir Philip Hum was now eloquent on English landscape, on groves of oak, on spacious parks, on smooth and deep serene waters; for it had been determined, that as soon as the Marquis was able for the journey, which they hoped would be the case the following week, the Marchioness and Lady Amelia should accompany him to the celebrated bathing-place of Seafowl, while Sir Adolphus Wilde and Lady Maria, with Lord Francis and Lady Jane Selby, should remain at Roe Park till their return. The latter part of this arrangement was rather inconsistent with the plans of retrenchment the Marquis had frequently planned; for, as they would probably be absent for some months, the establishment might have been in some measure broken up; but

in most states and families there are wheels within wheels, and the Marquis and Marchioness had been let into a secret which is now to be disclosed to the reader, namely, that Lord Francis Selby was so deep in debt, that he could not command a shilling. The Marquis was too indolent at any time to take any active measures, and still less capable of activity than usual, in his present delicate state of health. Lend Lord Francis money he could not; turn out his favourite daughter he could not; he therefore thought it best for the present to invite them to remain where they were, and as Lord Francis alone could not be trusted with the management and direction of affairs at Roe Park, being always liberal of other people's money, and selfishly extravagant of his own, Sir Adolphus, therefore, had got a hint, which he readily swallowed, to remain as a guard till their return.

And now the plan of the arrangements was finally settled. They were to make out the journey slowly, and were to pass a few days at Dunder Vicarage, the living of Dr Pelham, who was now at home, and busily engaged in the duties of his calling. Lady Amelia felt some regret at leaving the country, where, till interrupted by the illness of the Marquis, she had found constant employment; but she did not labour under the delusion of many a well-meaning person, in supposing that

no good could be done but by herself, and that nothing could be well done which had not had the benefit of her thoughts on the subject. She therefore contented herself with the certainty of finding substitutes, and felt that her immediate duty now lay in attending to the increasing infirmities and peculiarities of the Marquis; for, though his illness had in reality been merely a severe cold, yet his constitution had received a shock from the remedies which had been used during his indisposition; he had already got into habits of taking care of himself, thinking of himself, and meditating upon what he should eat and what he should drink, and how he should be clothed, "with all appliances and means to boot," for the benefit of that frail machine, his body, which, had it depended upon his care, would not have lasted a single day. But he had not reached that point of faith, of casting all his care upon Providence, knowing that the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment. This could not be expected from one who had but so lately begun to seek the knowledge of God, when even many real Christians seem to neglect these wise precepts of the Saviour, so well calculated for their happiness and welfare, even in this fleeting world, and "are careful and troubled about many things." The Marquis, also, in common with other invalids, had begun to worship the Doctors;

and having lost his confidence in Dr Pother, hoped to find in other climes some son of Esculapius, worthy to succeed him as the object of his veneration, and the regulator of his actions, which henceforth were to spring from the temperature of his own body, the rise and fall of his pulse, and the thousand cares which those who take care of themselves are bound to undergo.

CHAPTER XVI.

" Oh! hadst thou strength to match thy brave desires,
And nerves to second what thy soul inspires!"

HOMER.

WHEN their departure for England was finally settled, Lady Amelia felt a few anxious thoughts creep into her mind with regard to Amelia Bell. The Marchioness, from her extreme youth, justly objected to her accompanying them; and to leave her all alone at Roe Park, where there was none to take any particular charge of her, Lady Amelia could not bear to think of. She therefore wrote to Edinburgh to consult Mrs Miller as to the most eligible plan for her, and till that lady's answer should arrive, she determined to place the orphan girl under the roof of Mr and Mrs Webster, at the manse of Roe-den. Accordingly, a day or two previous to her departure, Lady Amelia went to visit Mrs Webster, to talk to her of this and other matters.

Mrs Webster was a Christian, and a good wife to her husband, and a useful help-mate to him

amongst his parishioners. Had she not been a Christian, she might have been termed "a poor do-less body," which was her natural character; but she had now learned to strive against her natural propensities, though the roots of her original failings were still perceptible to an acute observer. She leaned much to her husband's judgment; she obeyed him, because she feared God; she loved him, because wives must love their husbands. She began to educate her children at an early age, and was now anxious to "train them up in the way they should go."

Formerly she would have considered all the trouble she now took as quite unnecessary; and would have thought her children well off, if brought up as she had been herself, by an unconverted mother, whose natural laziness and indolence were allowed ample scope. Mrs Webster was naturally shy and awkward, and would never have overcome her feelings so far as to converse familiarly and easily with Lady Amelia Truefeel; but she loved her, because Christians are commanded to love one another; and, indeed, there was nothing about Lady Amelia to make Mrs Webster feel this a hard law. The Roman's remark, "See how these Christians love one another," might have been applied here; for what was there about a timorous, insipid, shy being, such as Mrs Webster,

for Lady Amelia Truefeel to love; but the strongest, the most endearing of all ties—that she belonged to Christ?

The Manse lay at the farther extremity of a hamlet, which went by the name of Roe Den, and which, according to the general taste of all proprietors of great mansions, the Marquis was endeavouring to remove to a still greater distance from Roe Park. Thus men, by their actions, give an assent to the doctrine they frequently deny by their words; for in what blessed land was there ever a village which was not reckoned a bore when in the vicinity of a large mansion?—The Marchioness declared, and with some truth, that though Jowler was the very best dog she ever knew—though spring-guns and man-traps were set in all directions—she could not depend upon keeping either her peaches, or any of her wall-fruit, while Roe Den was so near the garden.

Lady Amelia endeavoured to make use of this as an argument for the family encouraging schools; but the Marchioness averred, that instructing the poor only made them worse, and more expert in pilfering from, and deceiving, their superiors.

Lady Amelia had now approached and opened the little gate of the flower-plot before Mr Webster's house, and was preparing to knock at the

door. Mrs Webster seeing her figure, without distinguishing who it was, as usual retreated to put on her best cap—Mr Webster having desired her to be always orderly and decent. But she was greatly relieved, on taking a sly peep, to find that it was only Lady Amelia Truefeel. "You need not run away, Jeanie and Betsy," said she to her little girls; "it is good Lady Amelia; she will not be angry that you have not on your fine frocks, although she is a great lady."

The children followed their mother with much alacrity.

"I did not know that it was your ladyship," said Mrs Webster, "or I would not have run away when you opened the pend; but I was afraid that it was Miss Macnab or Mrs Pearly, and I do not like to be catched by them in my morning dress."

"Indeed!—Why not?" said Lady Amelia.

"Because they would speak evil of me, if they were to see me in this common gown; they are always so fine themselves."

"Nay," said Lady Amelia, "I cannot think they can be so foolish; such a gown as yours, when clean, is fit for any gentlewoman to wear. The love of dress is indeed the ruin of women of all ranks. As good Mr Webster says, the love of dress creates the love of money in women, which the Scripture has declared to be the root of all evil. But I

know I need not preach to you upon that score, Mrs Webster."

"No," said Mrs Webster; "but I fear I am in much danger of running into the opposite extreme."

"I believe truth lies midway," replied Lady Amelia; "and a Christian will endeavour to give no offence. But I have come to-day to talk to you on more important matters—to tell you that our plans are all settled."

She then communicated her plans for Amelia Bell, and her wishes that she should remain at the Manse till they were finally fixed. To this Mrs Webster gave a ready assent, and said, Amelia Bell would be of great use to her, and save her a great deal of trouble with the children.

"We leave this in a few days," said Lady Amelia.

"Well, that is indeed sad news," said Mrs Webster—"I did not think it would have been so soon. What will become of me?—What will become of the library?—What will become of the poor?"

"What! is faint heart coming over you," said Lady Amelia, "with Mr Webster to advise you? Come, cheer up, for I am come to tell you what I wish done, and to talk with you before I go, about many little useful matters. But my memory is a treacherous one. Let me see"—and she opened

her reticule—" let me see if I have recollected to bring my tablets along with me. Fortunately, here they are." And she read out,—" The school at Knowend—ay, that is it—I wish much that you would visit it in my absence."

" I will be proud to do anything your ladyship commands," said Mrs Webster; " it is but little I can do to shew my gratitude."

" Don't talk of that," said Lady Amelia. " Well, I have been in the habit of visiting that school once a-week; and though I do very little, yet I fear that it would suffer, if left entirely to itself. I have written out the rules, which I have endeavoured to see enforced. I wish you would shew them to Mr Webster; and, should he approve, I will take it kind if you can contrive to walk there occasionally."

" I will certainly do so, since you wish it," said Mrs Webster; " but I can assure you that Tibby Macbobbin does not like to be interfered with."

" I have never found it so towards myself," said Lady Amelia.

" That may be, my lady," replied Mrs Webster; " but I assure you she will take a great deal from you that she will not do from me."

" Try and overcome her, my dear Mrs Webster, by mildness and gentleness. Indeed you are always mild and gentle; add to it, then, firmness."

"I shall do my best; but Tibby is not easy to deal with; she's old, and old-fashioned, and thinks all old ways better than new ones; but I'll speak to her daughter Jeanie, she is more tractable, and often assists her mother. Tibby will take from her what she will not take from another, excepting your ladyship."

"Goosedub—ay, next, in your way to the school, will you call for Mrs Clearstones at Goosedub, and make my compliments to her, and ask her also to look in sometimes at the school?—Tell her I would have called for her myself, but that I could not leave my father so long in his present state of health. She is a decent, well-disposed woman—a Christian, I hope—and gifted with good sense."

"That I will," said Mrs Webster—"Mrs Clearstones is a very fine lady, and a regular attender upon Mr Webster."

"And will you also call," continued Lady Amelia, "on Mr Fruitshow at Milkytinny, and ask him to look into the juvenile library, and to inquire if they have received the books which I ordered to be sent for it; if not, to beg that he would write for them, and I shall leave the money with you to settle about it?"

"Don't talk of that, my lady," said Mrs Webster.

"And will you call at Gibblebrae, and tell Betty

Moesham that she has kept 'The Two Shoemakers' too long; and John Skipper has kept 'The Pilgrim's Progress' two months. Beg them to return them to you; because I know they will never read them, unless we insist upon getting them back."

"I'll see after all that about the books," said Mrs Webster; "and I shall do anything else your ladyship wishes; but I would rather not have anything to do with Tam Fruitshow at Milkytinny; he has joined the Independants, and given up Mr Webster for this last twelvemonth, and he has even meetings in his own house."

"But though he has given up Mr Webster, I hope he has not given up being a Christian," said Lady Amelia. "And I hope, my dear Mrs Webster, that you will never allow such narrow, illiberal prejudices to actuate you."

Mrs Webster blushed from conscious guilt; but so great was Lady Amelia's influence over her, that, after a little conversation, she soon prevailed upon her to endeavour to look upon Tam Fruitshow as if he still sat in his old seat in Mr Webster's. Strong minds have a natural ascendency over weak ones; but when this is increased by love, how great is its influence! Mrs Webster thought Lady Amelia Truefeel the wisest person upon earth, excepting Mr Webster; and Lady Amelia, she was

firmly persuaded, was so good, she could not do wrong.

"And will you pay my allowance of two shillings weekly to old Janet Dobie, and one per week to Jacob Crow? And will you write to Mr Clinkscales, the grocer, at Dintherout, and tell him I trust to him supplying old Robby Cobweb with everything he wants till I return?"

Mrs Webster gladly undertook all these labours for Lady Amelia; and having bestowed upon her many blessings and wishes for her safe and speedy return, the good woman shed a few tears, as with her children she caught the last glimpse of Lady Amelia's figure descending the glen, to take a near cut to the house of Roe Park.

CHAPTER XVII.

"The carriage bowls along, and all are pleased,
If Tom be sober, and the wheels well greased."

THE family of Roe Park, as the sailors would say, were now all got fairly under weigh, and bound for the rectory of Dr Pelham. But to be more literal, (which is our favourite style of narration,) they were all in their travelling-carriages, on the king's high-way to the south, and completed the best part of their journey in about a week, when they found themselves at Dr Pelham's gate, with a near view of a very beautiful parsonage. Although the scenery possessed none of the bold features of the country around Roe Park—no high o'ershadowing rocks—no deep romantic dells—no cloud-clapt mountains; yet the Doctor's domain was situated on a beautiful river, that flowed through a verdant mead, and commanded a view of the park of Lord Deerdaunt, which boasted some of the finest wood in England. The parsonage itself was of the simplest architecture, and the mason

work quite unornamented. In Scotland it would have been literally looked upon as an ordinary house; but it was so beautifully ornamented with evergreens and trellice work, that it really appeared a most tasteful mansion.

Though Mrs Pelham was quite ignorant of all the principles of the picturesque and beautiful; though Price and Gilpin lay unopened amongst the other well-bound ornaments of the library; yet a mansion had been consigned to her, whose situation and views were in strict conformity to their rules for laying out grounds, where all beauties were unfolded, and all defects concealed. There was an air of comfort and cheerfulness about this dwelling, which recommended itself to the sympathetic feelings and comfortable associations of the travellers. There are many minds on whom the most romantic scenery makes no impression whatever; but every one, more or less, is alive to the beauties of comfort, and finds a certain repose of soul in contemplating an abode where his corporeal frame will be exposed to no disagreeable sensations. There were nets dragging salmon from the river—there were well-fed geese waddling along the meadows; and the appearance of the cattle and the sheep proclaimed the richness of the pasture.

It is impossible exactly to tell what proportion of animal substance is allotted to a given portion

of mind. There have been lean fools and fat fools, and the operations of the soul have been hindered by the abstinence of the body, as well as clogged by its repletion. Hence it is that many great minds have been the tenants of bodies whose subtile particles had become almost ethereal; and many of the literati have, from their appearance and well-known habits, been satirically denominated the Eaterati.

The whole party, in their own way, were expressing their admiration and delight at the various combinations which made the beauty of Dunder vicarage, when they stopped at the door. Cupid, who was still alive, notwithstanding the machinations of his enemies, announced their arrival with a sort of asthmatic bark; his gouty master and alert mistress, who were in hourly expectation of their guests, heard the signal, and came forth at the summons to bid them welcome. They received them very kindly; and as they had only come a short stage that day, the Marquis was no way fatigued. There were a great many local questions put by the Doctor and Mrs Pelham, and much local information given as to the roads, the tolls, the inns, the churches, the castles, the mansions, they must have seen in passing; and many characteristic traits were given of their inhabitants.

The Marquis, on his part, gave a long and par-

ticular account of his illness, the causes thereof, the apprehended consequences, the various opinions of Drs Pother, Sanguine, and Doomdie thereon, and the final determination of his being sent first to Seafowl, and thence to Cheltenham.

But after all these interesting subjects had been discussed, somehow or other the Marquis discovered that he was not so comfortable as he could have wished in Dr Pelham's, or rather Mrs Pelham's, drawing-room. The chair he was seated upon was too high; he tried another, it was too low. The furniture was of very handsome brocaded silk; and all the cushions were placed in studied easy attitudes, or rather positions. Yet the Marquis had a kind of instinctive consciousness that the drawing-room was too fine for ordinary use; and that, if he reclined at his ease, Mrs Pelham, as the natural consequence, would look uneasy. Yet everything had the air of studied ease, which, in reality, is the shadow for the substance, —a refinement upon stiffness, and quite intolerable to all who have a craving desire for comfort. The Marquis, being of this latter description, felt keenly all the discomforts of his present situation. "Happy lowly clown!" thought he to himself, "would I were in mine own inn, or in some of those snug-looking farm-houses we passed on our journey! What man in his senses would ever

think of marrying a fine lady, or rather a vain fool? But surely my friend Pelham is not the man I once knew, if his own personal quarters are lodged in this manner. He knows what is what; I shall ask to see his study.—I fear we are intruding upon the ladies here," addressing himself to Dr Pelham—" suppose we should take a look at your study?"

" Why, I was just going to propose it to you, my lord," said Dr Pelham, " and that measure will give you one advantage over your present station, that you need not take the trouble of descending again to dinner, as my study is *vis-a-vis* to the dining-room."

When the Marquis reached Dr Pelham's retreat, at the very first glance he found it was entirely to his taste. Learning in this temple was robbed of all its austerities; it might have passed for an apartment in the Castle of Indolence,—such delightful chairs—gouty stools—such charming desks —a table just the right height—what a commodious grate—what a noiseless door—what elegant folios—what easy screens—the very books said, " come read me;" the very pens, ink-stand, and paper said, " come, write!" And *pour le moment d' imagination!* what a window-seat—what a view from the window—what a repose o'er the landscape, whether when " the curfew tolls the

knell of parting day," or at " the breezy call of incense-breathing morn." Here during the winter Mrs Pelham found a shelter from the pitiless storm, her own elegant drawing-room could not afford her. Indeed, in the cold climate of Britain, by general consent, winter friends, winter rooms, and winter garments, have always been preferred to summer friends, summer houses, and summer scarfs.

As the Pelhams had been in expectation of this visit from the Marquis and Marchioness of Vainall, they had invited a party of their neighbours to meet them; and every rarity that the county could procure, both mental and corporeal, had been provided for this occasion. It was indeed a feast, and some scientific gourmands who were there, declared that they had seldom eaten turtle and venison in such perfect good condition—kept to the very point—an hour sooner it would have been too new—now the flavour was exquisite; and the venison roasted just to perfection.

" What a treasure your cook must be!" said Lord Bacchantum to Dr Pelham.

" She is indeed a valuable creature," replied the Doctor.

Notwithstanding all the efforts to collect distinguished characters for this occasion, there was nothing remarkable about any of the guests. But

some of them were brothers and cousins to great men, that is to say, of men who had been killed in the late war, or of warriors still in life, whose glorious achievements had covered their breasts with stars and orders, and ribbons, and lodged some balls in their bodies. The preparing the Marquis for the party he was to meet had served for conversation to Dr Pelham till their arrival.

Dr Pelham was always a proser, and this propensity had increased much with his years; but nothing would persuade him that he was not a remarkably well-informed, agreeable, sensible man; and he thought it his duty to give forth his information for the benefit of his friends, and general society—he told long stories, gave a great deal of information that nobody cared for, and related anecdotes of people that nobody knew. He commonly commenced his prosing with, "I'll tell you what—the fact is—I'll tell you a remarkable circumstance—Did you ever hear that anecdote?—few know it but myself."—And unless instantly stopped, he began, "I'll tell it you."

"Our friends that we expect to-day," said he, "are all sensible men, of the right side in politics, and also in religion."

"That is good," said the Marquis.

"We expect Mr John Proleck—his brother is the member for this county, and I can assure you he

made a distinguished figure in the debate on the Catholic Question; and he married Miss Rently, the great heiress you must have heard of—to my certain knowledge she had not less than £30,000."

"Immense!" said the Marquis; "I did not get above £20,000 with the Marchioness."

"And we also expect," continued the Doctor, "Mrs Proleck's brother, Sir George Rently, who keeps the finest hounds in this county, *that* you may depend upon; and we expect Mrs Pageant—she is a lone widow—'tis a certain fact that her husband was at school with Buonaparte when he was only a little man; but he shook hands with him in Paris, and recognized him as an old acquaintance after he became a great man. I had this remarkable anecdote from himself. He was a man who had seen a great deal of the world, and escaped a great many dangers, but he died last year of a fever. His widow, you will perceive, is not inconsolable; indeed, they were privately separated, and were preparing to be publicly so when death saved them the trouble."

"These things happen very often now," said the Marquis, "and I do not wonder at it. It is so very difficult for a man to live with his wife, now that it is the fashion for women to have heads and wills of their own."

"I think," continued Dr Pelham, "I have now

mentioned most of my company, excepting my curate, Mr Brinkham, who has rather a fatiguing life just now, as I have not been able to preach all winter; he is a very good fellow upon the whole, though a little refractory against the measures of that most excellent man, I may say benefactor of the Church of England, the Bishop of Peterborough, who, you know, wanted—"

"Oh yes, I know all about him," said the Marquis, who did not feel himself able for a theological discussion.

"The only person," continued Dr Pelham, "I regret I could not ask, is Dr Gainlore, whose grand house you passed in coming here; but he is not on speaking terms with Sir George Rently; something about a new county-hall; indeed, there is a great deal of squabbling in this county, otherwise we might have a very pleasant society. But often, if it were not for a few quiet people in the town of Dunder, such as Dr Fixture and his wife, and the Trump family and the Grunts, I can scarcely get my rubber made up. I have many amusing anecdotes and remarkable facts about our neighbourhood, which I shall take an opportunity of telling you, if, as I hope, you intend to remain some weeks with us."

But the Marquis, terrified at the prospect, assured him that it was out of his power to remain

a day longer—" When health is in the question, you know, my dear Doctor, everything must give way."

The Doctor bowed in silent resignation.

Similar, farther, and more minute particulars were given as to the party at the same moment, by Mrs Pelham, to the ladies, so that the *carte du pays* was well known when they arrived. The dinner went off very well, but the poor Marquis suffered all the tortures of Tantalus, from desire, on the one hand, of participating in the good things set before him, and fear, on the other, of acting contrary to the statutes of the written and most particular and minute regimen made out for him by his medical attendants.

" When one is upon a particular regimen," said the Marquis, " there are few places where one can dine."—Dish after dish he put away from him; and, to his honour be it spoken, contrived most heroically to dine upon a broiled chicken. Those who know what it is to have a vigorous appetite, and an exquisite taste, can best tell how to appreciate this piece of self-denial. Dr Spleen Harris used to observe, that the fear of death conquers most things.

The high key and English accent of the ladies was not pleasing to the Scotch ears of the Vainalls; and the Marchioness was not fully persuaded

that she was in what might be termed th best company. And yet she could not accuse any of them of being too religious; they seemed as heathenish as her heart could wish; yet it was evident that they had not been much in town. But Lady Amelia, who had now learned, in whatsoever situation she was, therewith to be content, found the day pass tolerably well, and from her companions, both at dinner and in the drawing-room, contrived to pick up a great deal of useful information, even with regard to the state of religion in the county. Many useful hints were given to the Marquis as to how, and when, he should drink the waters of Seafowl; and so desirous was he to use every prescribed means for the return of health, that he resisted all the hospitality of Doctor and Mrs Pelham, and their kind entreaties that they should prolong their stay; and next day proceeding one stage farther, the following day they reached Seafowl, where they found that their letters had been attended to, and very comfortable lodgings provided for them. We shall now leave them to repose after their journey, and proceed in the next chapter to give the reader some account of the ways and manners of that celebrated watering-place.

CHAPTER XVIII.

" Breathe, gentle air! from angel lips impart
Thy soothing influence to my anguish'd heart;
Thou whose soft voice calls forth the tender blooms,
Whose pencil paints them, and whose breath perfumes."

SEAFOWL was a fishing town, much frequented in the summer season for sea-bathing, and much admired for the beauty of its views, mildness of the air, and general healthiness of the climate. Many a victim of idleness, many a *malade imaginaire*, came here; and to beguile the tedious hours, there were libraries for those who seldom read—and there were ball-rooms, and card-rooms, and billiard-rooms. There were also carriages of all descriptions, from the lowly chair drawn by one humble donkey, to the gay barouche drawn by four dashing bloods. Watering-places are now so frequently visited, that to give a minute description of their particular modes and customs would be tedious and uninteresting. Seafowl, though differing in scenery, was exactly like all other places of the kind, abounding in idleness and idlers—in

physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries—in milliners and dressmakers—in toy-shops and fruit-shops —and, above all, in wells of water, of such medicinal virtues, as to undertake the cure of every disease the flesh is heir to. Seafowl, like other states, had also its leading characters. Over the church presided the Reverend Dr Muddy of the cathedral, and Mr Soulflow in the parish church; and in the medical department there was Dr Harmless, and Dr Zealwell, and Dr Bleedem, who had all a set of idolaters in Seafowl and its vicinity, who worshipped them, and obeyed their laws with the most implicit confidence; and all these men flattered themselves that their names were known far beyond the narrow limits of Seafowl.

True, their names were carried from place to place by their respective patients, who could not have the pleasure of talking of their diseases and sufferings, and cures, without lugging in the name of the doctor who had been accessory to the same, —but one's name and fame are not always intimately connected; for although Mrs Whims carried the praises of Dr Harmless to Edinburgh, and trumpetted them forth in the north and in the south, yet still he did not become celebrated for having cured her of the liver complaint; and indeed even of this cure some entertained their doubts, for she said that her very existence depended upon seeing

him once a-year, which she always effected, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her husband Alderman Whims, who averred there was nothing the matter with her, but eating too much beef and mutton, and taking too little exercise,—yet she still persisted in her endeavours to extend the fame of Dr Harmless.

Whenever any of her acquaintance went to Seafowl, her last injunctions to them were always to this effect,—"Be sure you send for the famous Dr Harmless, who cures me every year of the liver complaint; and I cannot live without him. The Seafowl waters are not to be tampered with—it is almost death to drink them without consulting Dr Harmless."

But, as I have already observed, an attempt to spread a name will not create fame; and I doubt if the achievements of the famous Dr Harmless, and the sufferings of the interesting Mrs Whims, will ever be transmitted to posterity in any other history than this. Perhaps the names of no other individuals have been so often printed, and have met the eyes of all ranks in society in this island so frequently, as the names of those two rival candidates for public fame, Warren and Turner, the Pitt and Fox amongst shoeblacks—yet it is probable, that in succeeding histories, their names may be consigned to oblivion among the vulgar herd, and

"die unknown, with no tongues to talk of them," as well as the famous Dr Harmless, and the grateful Mrs Whims. But whatever noise Dr Harmless's name made in Physicians' Hall, yet Dr Harmless was one of the most celebrated men in Seafowl—for whenever his patients gave him a fee, he rewarded them with an invitation to a dinner or a rout, according as they paid him.

There were also leaders in the fashionable world at Seafowl. Over the fair sex reigned Lady Racket,—and over the beaux the Honourable Tom Whipem; but their dominion was limited to the ball-room and rout, petty theatre, and race-ground at Seafowl. The Marquis and Marchioness of Vainall had taken Bangore Lodge, one of the most elegant lodgings in the place, and had already put their bodies under the care of Dr Harmless, who gave a grand rout on the occasion, and introduced them to all the fashion of Seafowl. The Doctor had no wife, and was esteemed a good match for the ordinary run of Seafowl belles; but, as the Scotch proverb says, "Wealth makes wit waver," and his consciousness that many would accept of him, made him in his turn fastidious as to whom he would be accepted by; so that, from year to year, he remained in a wavering bachelor state, and as he was now of what might be termed no particular age, the knowing ones declared that he would never

take any one. His modest brother physician, Dr Zealwell, with humble timidity, addressed and succeeded in marrying a most amiable woman, while Harmless was ruminating whether she would be a suitable person for him to offer his hand to.

Under the care of Dr Harmless was placed the stomach of the Marquis of Vainall, together with the nerves and general constitution of the Marchioness; and as he also discovered a slight complaint for Lady Amelia, he commanded the whole family to drink of the waters, and bathe in the baths, till further notice. With these duties, airings, and visitings, their time was fully occupied; and we shall leave them a little, while we introduce to the reader another family, which Providence had placed in very different circumstances, and which had arrived that morning at the Golden Oak in Seafowl.

Amongst so many idlers, there were many real invalids who sought health from the waters and salubrious air of the place; amongst which decription was Mr Malfort and his only child Constantia. For some time past, the rose had fled from her once blooming cheek,—and decaying strength, with other symptoms rapidly succeeding, filled her fond father with anxiety and alarm. Perhaps, thought he, a change of air—a change of scene, might do much: and with just hope enough to

prevent despair, he quitted London, where he was deeply engrossed with mercantile affairs, and repaired to Seafowl, the spot recommended by the medical attendants of his daughter. Mr Malfort was one of those who had known the ups and downs of mercantile life. Had he not been an honest man, he might have deceived the world for some time, and gone on for a longer period, with the character of an opulent merchant; but a tide of unforeseen circumstances setting strongly against him, his fears of bankruptcy were no sooner felt than publicly made known. Economy was now become with him a paramount duty, and nothing but the health of his beloved daughter would have made him quit London in the present critical state of his affairs. Constantia had hitherto acted as his housekeeper, and understood well the art of genteel economy; but now the extreme delicacy of her frame rendered care of every kind so necessary, that the whole of the domestic arrangements devolved upon her father, unaccustomed as he was to the task. Having made out the journey tolerably well, after resting a few days in the inn, Constantia exerted herself to go with her father in search of lodgings for their permanent abode in Seafowl.

There is a certain indescribable something about strangers, a *je ne sçai quoi*, which marks them as differing from the usual residents of a place; and

as Constantia leaned on the arm of her father, while gazing at the numerous cottages and villas, with the eyes and air of those who had not seen them before, the passing idlers of Seafowl gazed in their turn—not on the sea and seabuilt rocks—not on the cottages and villas—not on the green meadows and paddocks—but on the strangers, to whom all these objects seemed so new. "Who are they?" more than once met the ears of Mr Malfort and Constantia; and some turned to gaze on the latter, whose colour was brought to her still beautiful countenance by the consciousness of exciting observation in the passers by. But soon these little feelings passed from her mind; for what is human observation to one accustomed to take a near view of death? Constantia had been silent on this subject even to her father; but deep were her thoughts. The house which first attracted their attention belonged to a man named John Chesterfield, who, as is customary at watering-places, wished to let his house for the season; it was called Pine Cottage, and here they made a pause. The roses, in the little plat before it, smelt sweet to Constantia's senses; all about it looked clean, and healthful, and inviting.

"Here would I like to breathe my last sigh," thought Constantia.

"Oh that for me some home like this would smile," thought Mr Malfort.

"What a sweet abode this would be for us!" said Constantia.

"Yes," said Mr Malfort with a sigh; "but I fear the rent will be beyond our finances;" and silently and slowly, with a suppressed sigh, and lingering, wistful look, Constantia gently urged him on. Houses are capable of making strong favourable impressions at first sight, as well as people. Many a neat mansion they passed, in every respect as beautiful as Pine Cottage,—yet they mutually agreed, that they would not fix till they had first inquired into the particulars of the said villa or cottage; but both feeling much fatigued, they agreed to take another day's rest in the inn before they proceeded to look farther.

CHAPTER XIX.

La prudence est surtout necessaire aux mechans.
VOLTAIRE.

THAT the standard of morality is neither lofty in its reach, nor rigorous in its requirements, amongst the mere moral professors, whether in the higher or lower ranks of society, is a truth, to which all classes give a cordial assent. Men, blind only to their own deficiencies, deal unlimited censure and sweeping reprobation on all sin and all sinners,—excepting always those favourite vices to which they feel themselves more peculiarly addicted. The higher ranks of society, exempt from the temptations of the poor, contemplate, with pharisaical gratulation, the difference betwixt them as to moral feeling; and the poor, on the other hand, look with horror on the vices of men, whose temptations never were theirs, and of whose trials they can form no adequate conception.

To sin as a gentleman, and to sin as a peasant, are practices which differ in appearance, according

to the station of the sinner; but, as Dr Chalmers has observed, the spirit of rebellion against God is equally apparent in both,—the Scripture declaring, that he that breaketh one of the least commandments, is guilty of all.

John Chesterfield, the proprietor of Pine Cottage, was a carpenter, who, by his industry, had realized a sum of money, and bethought him of spending a little of it in providing those luxuries and comforts which it is calculated to procure. John was a mere moral man, according to the standard at that time current in the neighbourhood; but neither his religion nor his morality were drawn from the pure source of the Holy Scriptures, but were formed upon the opinions of right and wrong entertained in John's world, the village of Seafowl, which of late years had increased into a fashionable and well-frequented watering-place. John had married Fanny Thomson, a simple Scotch girl, whose friends had persuaded her that she had got the best match in the place. She had come there with Lady Plaguemylife, as her ladyship's maid, but thought she would be more independent as Mrs Chesterfield, than in her menial situation. Love or pride had opened John's heart, for, on this occasion, he purchased Pine Cottage, where Fanny and he dwelt the first year of their marriage. John's foible was not prodigality. Avarice, which

he called prudence, was his besetting sin, and the birth of a son furnished him with a plausible pretext for following his natural propensity.

"We have now a son," said he to Fanny, one afternoon, with a countenance full of caution and care, whose expression she had learned well to decipher—"I am not very young; we must lay up something for him; I must provide for you, Fanny, in case of my death."

"Never think of me," said Fanny; "I'm sure I shall have enough; let us enjoy what we have while we can enjoy it."

"That will never do, Fanny," said John; "indeed, it would be very wrong, now that we have a son, poor little fellow! This is a very expensive house; every person here lets his house, excepting ourselves."

Fanny, though not particularly clever, saw the point John was aiming at; and she justly concluded, that if John was naturally a narrow man, of which she had long had her suspicions, she could not make him generous; and felt that she got more of her own way by letting him take his, than if she had followed the example of her late mistress, Lady Plaguemylife, who never agreed with her lord, except from a spirit of refined contradiction.

"Well, I am ready to do whatever you wish," said Fanny, as she sat down to sew, aware that

John would not divulge his plans in a hasty manner, being a man slow of apprehension, and prolix in speech.

"I was thinking——" said John.

"Well," said Fanny.

"I was thinking," again repeated he, "that this house, that is to say both floors, would let well during the summer months. We might get £2, 10s., if not £3 per week for it."

It required a little reasoning to convince Fanny of the propriety of this measure; but seeing no likelihood of driving it out of John's head, she was persuaded to submit to John's opinion. The house was accordingly vacated, and a servant hired for the purpose of letting the lodging, who consequently became servant to the tenant, according to the reigning customs of Seafowl.

Some characters are best defined by negatives, and such was John Chesterfield's. He was not a clever man; he was not a deep man; he was not a brilliant man; he was not an eccentric man; he was not a remarkable man; he was not an odd man; but he was a pawky man, a cunning man, a crafty man, a long-headed man, what in Scotland is sometimes called "an auld sneck-drawer." But he knew not that "a good understanding have all they who fear the Lord;" on the contrary, his motto was, "He's a wise man who takes care of

himself." The woman he had hired to keep Pine Cottage possessed precisely the same sentiments with himself. Janet Holdfast, as Mrs Chesterfield used to remark, and John, were tarred with one stick; they were birds of a feather, who both thought more of how to serve themselves, than how to serve the Lord; for their hearts were unconverted, and in their natural darkness. Janet Holdfast, therefore, closed readily with John's terms; for it was a dull season of the year, and she trusted to her wits for making her own of this concern. John Chesterfield, like the celebrated peer of the same name, was remarkably fair spoken; but the words of the one were as much words of course as the words of the other. John, therefore, not being troubled "with any compunctious visitings," gave Janet Holdfast a character, in his own legible hand-writing, as a woman remarkable for her honesty, to which praise she thought herself fully entitled; for she never in her life had opened a lock, or taken money; and plate, and wine, and clothes, were safe in her custody. Her dishonest gains were by little and lesser pilferations; and, as Dr Chalmers observes, she was one of those who would break the commandments of God for a very slight temptation, and preferred going to hell in a small way. She made, what she termed her own, of the fat of meat, of coals, of tea,

and of the deductions given to her by dishonest tradesmen, for which those who trusted to her management were sure to pay.

"They are rich, and I am poor," said she, "they will never miss it; they ought to live according to their fortune and rank in life. These are only my just perquisites, of which I am the best judge; Mr Chesterfield recommends me as an honest woman, and so I am. I hate shabby mean ways of looking after trifles." With these principles she entered upon her new domain—with the power committed to her by John Chesterfield, of letting the house for as much as it would bring, though not under the sum of £2, 10s. per week.

CHAPTER XX.

"With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty."
SHAKSPEARE.

JANET HOLDFAST had now been in possession of Pine Cottage for about eight days. Many had looked at it; but still "Lodgings to let" remained at the window. Her sinking hopes began to revive, as Mr Malfort and his daughter opened the little gate, and stepped up to the door. Janet opened the door with a smiling aspect, and a low curtsey.

"Pray, sir," said she, "do you wish to see the house?"

"I believe, my good woman, we need not give you the trouble," replied he, "unless the rent is likely to suit us."

"Oh, sir, I assure you the rent is quite reasonable," replied Janet; "if other things suit, I am sure we shall not quarrel about that; walk in, if you please; walk in, here is an excellent airy parlour, and a bed-room, almost as large, adjoining it,

and up-stairs is a sitting-room and two excellent bed-rooms, if you please to walk up; I am sure you will be delighted with them."

"I dare say they are all very good; but it is more accommodation than we require, my good woman," said Mr Malfort.

"You shall have it all for two guineas and a half per week," said Janet; "I am sure you will get nothing so cheap in all Seafowl."

Mr Malfort shook his head—"That may be very true," said he, "but it is too much for us. I cannot possibly give more than two guineas per week, including everything."

"Well, then," said Janet, with a gulp, and considerable emphasis, "you shall have it for *two*; but I hope you will allow me something for myself."

"I cannot give more than two guineas, including everything," again repeated Mr Malfort, drawing the arm of Constantia into his, and preparing to depart; "I cannot give more than two guineas."

Janet gulped again, and with redoubled emphasis replied, "Well, sir, since it must be so, you shall have it for *two*, for *one* month; till the season advances, you shall have it for two guineas, including everything." Mr Malfort still looked hesitatingly, and Janet renewed her attack. "Pray,

will you provide coals, sir, or shall I? Either way, you cannot be more moderate anywhere in Seafowl."

Constantia gave her father's arm a gentle pressure,—"We had better fix," said she; and Mr Malfort forthwith closed with Janet, allowing her to provide necessaries, and trusting to her honesty for the charges.

"You may depend upon me," said Janet; "and though it does not become me to say so, there is not a more honest woman in all Seafowl,—poor though I am, still I am honest, and would wrong no living creature;"—and she drew out of her pocket a written certificate of her character, signed by John Chesterfield, and other respectable characters, which perfectly satisfied Mr Malfort and Constantia. Janet rejoiced she had got the lodging let, and forthwith communicated the same to her master; telling him she had let it for a guinea and a half per week, which was all she could obtain, and half-a-guinea for her own services. This latter clause she concealed entirely from Mr Malfort, as she trusted to his bounty for some gift, in consideration that she served him without wages. Janet's standard of morality was very low; and, like all unrenewed persons, she was perfectly satisfied with her own conduct; for, though no Catholic, she took the sacrament once a-year, as a

kind of charm to wash away her sins, and cheated the remainder of the year with an easy conscience; for she was one of those "who deceived themselves, because the truth was not in them."

Pine Cottage commanded a beautiful view of the high romantic rocks, and blue ocean of Seafowl; and the Malforts soon took possession, and found themselves comfortably settled in their new abode. Doctor Zealwell, as it happened, was the physician consulted about Miss Malfort, but nothing could extract from him a flattering account of her symptoms.

"I do not say," he observed, "that immediate danger is to be apprehended; but there is much to be feared from a severe winter. Here, indeed, the climate is milder than in London; but that pulse is not good."

The poor father felt his soul sink at these tidings. How, in the present state of his affairs, could he remain here? yet how leave her all alone? Where were the funds to be found for all the expenses that were thought necessary for her? A thick cloud darkened all the future. But Mr Malfort was a Christian; and there was a light which dispelled the darkness, and brought peace to his troubled soul. "There is a great Physician, who can heal and make alive; in him I will place my confidence. None ever had cause to repent, who trusted all to the Rock of ages."

These and similar thoughts cheered his soul, when, walking all alone, he explored the varied beauties of the landscape around this beautiful village.

> " There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
> There is society where none intrudes,
> By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

CHAPTER XXI.

"In every object here I see
Something, O Lord! that leads to thee;
Firm as the rocks thy promise stands,
Thy mercies countless as the sands;
Thy love a sea immensely wide,
Thy grace an ever-flowing tide."

SUCH was Seafowl, and such were Mr Malfort and his daughter. To them the world had lost its allurements, but they had learned to seek a better country. Mr Malfort saw the last tie that bound him to life rapidly loosening, in the illness which was hastening his daughter to her long home; but he possessed the greatest of all comforts, and was willing to resign her. As yet, though near neighbours, they were quite unknown to the Vainall family. Lady Amelia, indeed, had been told that there was a sick and pious lady, who lived in the beautiful cottage she had so often admired; but she had never met Mr Malfort, nor was in any way known to his daughter. The Marchioness had succeeded in making herself acquainted with all the

gay inhabitants of Seafowl, and, under pretence of keeping up the Marquis's spirits, she contrived to have a card party every night. Lady Amelia had here an opportunity of making her observations upon English character, and of comparing the inhabitants of this part of the island with those of her own country, whose lives were devoted to the same pursuit—pleasure in all its various forms. Though she gave the preference, in point of genius and ability, to her own countrymen, she thought the manners and address of both men and women here more elegant and cultivated; but when she came to analyse their characters, she found that unconverted man was the same individual being described in the Bible, to whatever clime or country he belonged.

Her father, with returning health, seemed to cast his religious feelings behind him; but she ceased not to pray, that what she had once fondly hoped had been begun in him, was not entirely extinct. Already she was beginning to long for a return to Roe Park, both on his account and her own; she felt as if she was of no use, and could do no good at Seafowl. But she endeavoured to write frequently to her sisters, and to urge in writing what hitherto she had in vain attempted in speaking.

The accounts of Amelia Bell from Mrs Webster were satisfactory; and she received a letter from Mrs Miller, recommending a place for her, to which she readily agreed. But we shall allow Mrs Miller to speak for herself on this occasion.

"My dear Friend,

"From the account you give me of Amelia Bell, I must agree with you in thinking that her present situation abounds with trials and difficulties, which, at her tender years, it would be wise to avoid. I have meditated on this subject, and sought counsel from the Fountain of wisdom; and I trust that the good spirit directs me, in transmitting my thoughts to you, with regard to your future plans for your orphan protegée. On the receipt of your letter, I repaired to a new, and, I think, an excellent institution, lately set in operation for the improvement of female servants; in hopes of finding, in the register which is there open for inspection, some situation which might suit our young friend; but in vain—there was no situation that I would recommend at that time vacant; and perhaps it is better for her that such was the case.

"I have since been to visit some schools for the education of servants, which have been lately established, and are under the management of

pious Christians: As far as I could judge, they are well calculated to train servants, first, in their duty to God, and next, in their duty to their masters, in all its various departments. These schools are conducted with the utmost economy; exacting for the maintenance and education of a girl, only about ten pounds a-year. Now, if your funds admit of it, I would advise you to place Amelia Bell for a couple of years as a boarder at one of those schools, where her education will be adapted to the department which you may look forward to her occupying in your own service—giving her, at the same time, a general insight into all the various branches of a servant's duty which may be of use to her, wherever her lot may be cast, and in whatever state she may be called to serve her Great Master in Heaven; or if you prefer it, you know that Christians ought to have all things in common; therefore, my house is yours, and I will be happy to keep Amelia Bell under my roof, while she may attend as a day scholar at one of those schools, which receives them on either footing. I shall be happy to enrol your name as a subscriber for the Servants' Register, as I am persuaded, after considering the plan, you will give it your approbation.

"Many, I know, entertain a very different opinion of this institution, and give way to unreason-

able objections; conceiving all at once that a society can new-form men and women, and expecting every moral perfection to be concentrated in the persons of their domestics, and looking upon the vices and failings of human nature as the exclusive prerogative of the higher ranks.

"In case I have not an opportunity of sending you the printed rules, I can state to you that the sole object this society professes to undertake, is to pledge themselves to have none but *genuine characters*, which have been thoroughly investigated, inserted in this Register.

"I believe the longer we live, we will the more see the necessity of subscribing to the scriptural doctrine of the corruption of human nature. They that think otherwise, may rest assured that they have either allowed themselves to be deceived, or have a very low standard by which they judge of themselves and others. Surely the tendency of this doctrine is to promote in the hearts of men, love, kindness, and pity for each other; shewing, as it does, that we are all smitten with the same mental disorder—all involved in the same danger—and all lost, but for the same Saviour.

"I wait your commands with regard to Amelia Bell; and that you, my dear friend, may go on to know the Lord, and that your path, like the path

of the just, may daily increase in lustre, is the earnest prayer of your ever affectionate,

"E. MILLER."

Lady Amelia felt one care removed by Mrs Miller's kind consideration of Amelia Bell; and she endeavoured to find opportunities of doing good when a leisure hour occurred; but her mornings were much engaged reading to, and taking airings with, her father; for in all things not contrary to the laws of God, she was a pattern of filial obedience and affection. Somehow or other, neither the Marquis nor Marchioness seemed to enjoy each other's company; perhaps it was on account of fashionable pairs being immediately dubbed unfashionable when seen much together.

After all her various duties were performed, one fine afternoon, Lady Amelia took a solitary stroll along the beach, to enjoy, uninterrupted, her own reflections. The past, the future, were so engrossing, that she became insensible to the present, and found herself near one of those high overshadowing rocks before mentioned, which, when the tide is out, terminate the beach-walk of Seafowl. A gentleman was seated on one of the projections of the bank, seemingly wrapt in deep meditation. They were close to one another ere they awoke from their mutual reverie; but at one moment

they uttered an exclamation of joyful surprise. It was Moreland!

Lady Amelia, unprepared for this meeting, burst into tears. A thousand mingled emotions contributed to call them forth. The last sad time that they had met, Sydney was the theme of their mournful conversations. Sydney's image again forced itself upon her remembrance, and she wept at the recollection of feelings that had once been so deeply interesting. Yet her feelings, though thus excited, were not real emotions of present distress, but had something in them of the nature of those tears that are shed at tragedies, or at the account of sufferings, either real or fictitious, which have long since passed away.

Moreland represented the drama, and also the *dramatis personæ*, who now called them forth; he had, like herself, a propensity to "weep with those that weep," and partook of the feelings which agitated her, in such a manner, that she felt that she was understood and sympathized with. They mutually felt and expressed sincere pleasure at this unexpected meeting. Moreland informed her of his uncle Sir Thomas Moreland's increasing infirmities, and their consequent journey to Cheltenham. "I left him there the night before last," said he, "as I was eager to see my old friends the Malforts."

"That is the name of the family who live in Pine Cottage, nearly opposite to us," said Lady Amelia.

"And are you acquainted with them?" asked Moreland.

"No," said Lady Amelia; "I have never even seen Miss Malfort. I see Mr Malfort, who is a melancholy-looking gentleman, walking about sometimes."

"I must make you known to them. Miss Malfort is a charming young woman, and your own happiness will be increased by adding to theirs."

Moreland, during their walk, related some of the circumstances respecting the Malforts, with which the reader has already been made acquainted. He accompanied her into the house, and was graciously received by the Marchioness; she happened to be in good humour at the time, and had still enough of the kindliness of human nature about her to recognize Moreland as an old acquaintance in a distant land.

The Marquis would have received him as an old acquaintance anywhere with warmth; but here, to meet him at such an out-of-the-way place as Seafowl, was transport; and he insisted upon sending for his baggage to the inn, and upon his making his house his home, while he remained at Seafowl. But when these necessary arrangements were made,

and Moreland was actually in the house, the Marquis groaned in spirit when he found how vain it would be to look for a whist partner in his guest. Moreland, however, with talk of various kind, contrived to beguile the hour, and Lady Amelia played on the piano, and the Marquis was remarkably well, and the hours flew unheeded, till the Marchioness's arrival from Mrs Crambo's party. Her ladyship assured them that she had torn herself away at this early hour, to converse with Moreland, see the Marquis, and perform all her various duties ere midnight.

"Well, well," said the Marquis, "I know that you are an exemplary wife; but it is fortunate for us both that we can contrive to exist without each other's company. What would you do if I was like Mr Dearem, who either pretends, or literally cannot live out of Mrs Dearem's sight?"

"Why, my dear, I believe I would endeavour to teach you that too much of one thing is good for nothing."

Moreland remained with them a few days, and he introduced Lady Amelia Truefeel to the Malforts. This acquaintance seemed a mutual benefit; for their intercourse was sweetened by that love which Christians bear to one another, in a manner which cannot even be understood by those who

only know the friendship which springs from intercourse with worldly society.

"When I was sick, ye visited me," is one of the marks by which Christ has declared that he will recognize his disciples. Every day Lady Amelia was seated by the couch of Miss Malfort. Here they mutually talked of their past experience; of their present trials and temptations; of the glorious prospects which were opened to them both in futurity, and which apparently were so very near to Miss Malfort.

While these young Christians took sweet counsel together, they often found themselves strengthened by the more advanced experience of Mr Soulflow. He was indeed an ornament to the establishment to which he belonged. Attached from principle to the reformed Church of England, he set his face as a flint against the corrupt manners of many of his nominal brethren; he was indeed "separated from them by the renewing of his mind." Gifted with superior talents, he could discern the true from the false; strongly attached to the establishment, both from conviction of its excellence, and from persuasion of the evangelical sentiments of its liturgy, and convinced that the numerous corruptions which had crept into it, the unbelief and wickedness of many of its members,

proceeded not from the fault of its forms, but from their own corrupt hearts; he remained a staunch friend to Episcopacy, and proved to all candid observers that the piety of many of the sectarians was equalled, if not surpassed, by many in that establishment, of which he was a firm supporter; and both in the church so called, and church universal of every denomination, he was, like John, "a burning and a shining light."

To those who stedfastly believe in the glories of an unseen world, the trials of the passing life are comparatively trivial and inconsiderable; they "excite his pity, not impair his peace;" and Mr Soulflow had, in common with all Christians, his trials; for Mrs Soulflow was not an help meet for him; he had married her in early youth, ere his heart had become impressed with the importance of religious truth; and now he loved her because she was his, and Christians are desired to love their wives; but he felt that one spirit did not regulate them both. Mr Soulflow, to his other Christian graces, added that of "hospitality towards all men without grudging;" and as his fortune was ample, he saw no reason for restraining his large heart on this subject. Mrs Soulflow differed much as to the guests who ought to be entertained; for Mr Soulflow, who took the Scripture for his guide on this,

as on every other subject, "endeavoured to call those to his feasts who could not recompense him again;" but Mrs Soulflow, on the contrary, thought that such folks were better in their own houses, and wished rather to invite those who could give as abundant and handsome dinners as they received. This she called the spirit of good sense, but Mr Soulflow called it the spirit of the world. When he returned home after his visit to the Malforts, she saluted him thus—

"It is well," said she, "that you have not brought home some additional wanderer, for my larder, as well as my patience, is nearly exhausted."

Her husband told her that he had again been to see the Malforts; that his interest in them was great, and he hoped that his wife would pay them every attention.

"It is easy for idle men, who know nothing of the cares of a household, to talk," replied she; "I suppose, as usual, you will propose that they should live with us. You seem to think you have only to say, make room, and a room grows out of the corner of a house; you carry things a great deal too far, Mr Soulflow; charity begins at home; and if you would apply the precept so often in your mouth, of 'do as you would be done

by,' to me, I would be better, and you would be nothing the worse."

Mr Soulflow was a meek Christian, and well accustomed to those harangues from his lady.

"My dear," said he, "I do not wish to incommode you; Miss Malfort is unable to profit by any society she might meet here; but call for her, and shew her the good will which, I am sure, you feel."

Mrs Soulflow was a little appeased. Her husband had learned from the Proverbs, that "a soft answer turneth away wrath;" and what she deemed his overstrained Christianity, was, in reality, the only bond which restrained her unruly spirit. Oh, what a devil would she have proved to one who would have returned railing for railing, and not, contrarywise, blessing! The total want of observance of this rule, is the cause in the lower ranks of the beginning of that strife with which the newspapers abound, and whose progress terminates in the death of one of the parties by murder, and of the other, by the gallows. But to return to the mollified Mrs Soulflow, who piqued herself upon her forgiving disposition, she replied to her husband's mild address, "Well, that is not unreasonable; but no wonder that I was afraid you meant to bring the Malforts to stay with us, when you so

often fill my house with people who are absolute nuisances." Mr Soulflow meekly allowed her the last word, and so this debate was ended.

CHAPTER XXII.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues.
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE Vainall party felt themselves tolerably at home at Seafowl. The waters agreed with the Marquis, and the gaiety with the Marchioness; and Lady Amelia felt herself daily getting so attached to Miss Malfort, that it would have cost her a pang to have left Seafowl while the issue of her disorder seemed undecided. Their society was now increased and enlivened by the arrival of Sir Philip Hum, and of Dr Spleen Harris. The latter gentleman had suggested to his friend the propriety of looking after Lady Amelia in person, as he knew from experience, that Cupid often lay in ambush at watering-places, to ensnare the unsuspecting; but upon near and minute inspection, even Spleen Harris's scrutinizing eye could discern no one whom he could suppose to be a lover of Lady Amelia. To be sure she was con-

tinually at the Malforts'; but Mr Malfort was not sufficiently rich, to be reckoned young enough at fifty for Lady Amelia.

But his confidence that the coast was clear very sensibly abated when he thought upon Moreland; he heard of his having been there; and there was a silence—a reserve about Lady Amelia when he was spoken of, which he did not much like. The danger, in the meantime, seemed indeed the less imminent, as he was gone; yet the distance was not so great as to preclude his return; and from a return much might be feared. As Dr Spleen Harris was now enacting the part of a most faithful friend, these apprehensions were immediately communicated to Sir Philip Hum, who had never seen Moreland.

"What sort of a looking fellow is he?" said he to Dr Spleen.

"Why," replied Spleen, "in my opinion, he no more to be compared to you, than I to Hercules; but women are no judges of men's looks, and view these matters very differently—he is not very unlike herself: I think I see a matrimonial resemblance: all the ladies admire him."

"But I hope Lady Amelia Truefeel is a judge of our sex," said Sir Philip Hum; "and that she will have the discernment to perceive the difference betwixt Moreland and your humble servant."

"That she will perceive the difference," replied Spleen, "I have no doubt; but where she will give the preference, *c'est une autre affaire.* However, there is a hope for you that Moreland may not take her. I assure you he may pick and choose amongst the female saints."

Sir Philip Hum determined to sound the state of Lady Amelia's affections very soon; but as he hated the very thought of committing himself either by letter, or the medium of a third person, he determined, in case of a refusal, that even his confidant Spleen should be kept in the dark, as to her ever having had him in her power. He therefore contrived so to treat the subject, that Spleen was left in doubt whether he was in joke, or sober seriousness. In the meantime, like Milton's serpent, in his insidious attempts to Eve, Sir Philip contrived to glide around Lady Amelia, and play his various pleasing arts to gain her attention,—ever on the point to put the trying question, then cautiously winding and gliding off, then starting up again erect with wily tongue. Of all these various movements, the unconscious Lady Amelia took little heed; the speeches he made to her passed as the compliments paid by Dr Spleen Harris, which had often the form of banter. But one morning his resolution having been considerably

braced by the spirit-stirring suggestions of Spleen Harris, he determined to give Lady Amelia some broad marked hints, which, if taken by her as he wished, should be followed by a proposal in form. Fortune seemed to favour his wishes; for as he was proceeding to the Marquis's house, to watch an opportunity, he met Lady Amelia all alone, seemingly intent upon a walk. He turned, and begged leave to accompany her. She told him that she was going a considerable distance to visit a sick woman. Sir Philip replied, that the longer the way, the more agreeable to him, as he would have the happiness of being in her company somewhat longer. To this courteous speech Lady Amelia returned a bow.

Conscious of his views, Sir Philip's conversation had not its usual flow.—"This is a very fine day," said he; "The weather is really delightful."

"It is charming," said Lady Amelia; "if it continues, we shall have a very fine harvest."

"I think the wind blows a little from the east," said Sir Philip.

"I scarcely feel any wind at all," said Lady Amelia.

When people have nothing to say, yet wish to talk, they frequently make observations of such a

nature, that you might suppose they thought the listener was blind, and quite ignorant of the common customs of the world, and of the place where they are dwelling, and could only see through *their* eyes, hear through *their* ears, and think through *their* understanding. Sir Philip Hum had, in general, a great deal of pleasant conversation, and a pleasing manner of conversing; but on this occasion, being embarrassed, he had degenerated into the common-place hum-drum.

"Seafowl is really very full this season," said he.

"Do you think so?" said Lady Amelia.

"There are very few real invalids here," resumed Sir Philip; "however, I am happy to see the Marquis looking so much better since he came; though people at his time of life cannot expect to be as strong as they were at twenty."

"True," said Lady Amelia, "we have no warrant either from Scripture or experience, to expect that it should be so."

"Certainly not," said Sir Philip, who was always upon his guard when Scripture was mentioned—"Certainly not; the changes of life must inevitably follow one another; we must be old before we can die of old age, and happy he who has prepared himself in health for his great change!"

"Happy indeed," said Lady Amelia.

"It is really a very fine day," again rejoined Sir Philip, clearing his voice after a little pause.

"Very fine indeed," said Lady Amelia; "I am particularly fond of this season of the year, the air is so clear, the foliage looks so beautiful."

"There are some very pretty lanes in this country," said Sir Philip; "almost as fine as those in Devonshire."

"The Devonshire lanes are coupled now with matrimony in most of the Albums," said Lady Amelia.

"How do you mean?" said Sir Philip.

"Why is matrimony like a Devonshire lane? Surely you know the verses: They are quite common," answered Lady Amelia.

"Oh yes, I now recollect something of them," said Sir Philip, and summoning up his courage, he ventured to say in a grave manner—"Would I could persuade you to enter one of those celebrated lanes!"

Lady Amelia quickly perceived the inference, but he had not made it sufficiently plain that he intended himself as her partner in the lane of matrimony—she felt that a refusal where no proposal was meant, would be the most awkward thing imaginable, except an acceptance; she therefore

replied, that were she in Devonshire, she would take little persuasion to enter its justly celebrated lanes. Sir Philip saw that either his hint was not perceived, or was wilfully misunderstood. He therefore felt himself in the disagreeable predicament of being obliged to try again.

He again cleared his voice. "I wish some fair one would take compassion upon me, and allow me to be her partner for life, whether it lay through a Devonshire lane, or some more rugged path. What would I not do to make her happy! Here am I, a solitary being with ten thousand a-year, and none to share my fortune—none to soothe my cares."

His manner was serious; and Lady Amelia, somehow or other, felt herself in a scrape.

Sir Philip continued, "Could you, Lady Amelia, recommend me where I might sue with the hope of acceptance, where I might love, and be loved in return?"

Lady Amelia was embarrassed, but felt that she must reply.

"Sir Philip," said she, "if you are serious in wishing to wed; if you are a Christian, which in charity I am bound to hope is the case, on such an important point you will surely seek counsel from Heaven, and as surely you will find direction."

A faint smile crossed the features of Sir Philip Hum at this speech. "I have her now," thought he; "how will she get out of this dilemma!"

"Well," said he, "you talk consistently and truly. I have sought counsel and direction; and now feel myself emboldened to tell you that I have loved you almost from the first moment I beheld you, and that the longer I have known you, the more firmly has my chain been rivetted. The similarity of our sentiments on all points, convinces me that we were formed for each other. Give me then the assurance from your own lips, that the counsel I think I received was not in vain—was not delusive, and that you will be mine."

"Never!" said Lady Amelia, with considerable agitation, and blushing deeply—"Never can I marry you—you do me too much honour by such a proposal; and I feel deeply the interest I must have inspired you with, but I never can alter my mind."

Sir Philip looked piqued. "What, madam," said he, "and without seeking counsel either from God or man, do you refuse me in this manner? I see that with you, as with others, this is but a way of talking."

"I hope," said Lady Amelia, "that I pray each day to be kept and counselled, and directed in the way in which I should go; and I shall pray for

you, and that I may be enabled to act properly towards you; but it is my duty to declare that my present feelings towards you, render it impossible for me to think of matrimony."

"And pray then, madam, may I ask what you mean by seeking counsel?"

"I mean praying to God to direct the thoughts of my heart, the words of my mouth, and every action of my life; and being truly persuaded that such direction will be given, and that my prayers are already heard. It is sweet indeed to live under this belief, under this influence. I prayed this day for my daily bread, my soul's support. I believe I am living in the faith; and I have no doubt it is the Lord's will that I refuse you."

"I must say that your ladyship's doctrine appears to me more liable to objection than any I have ever heard you utter. What do many thieves and murderers allege in their defence, but that they were impelled by some irresistible power? This doctrine may be an excuse for every kind of wickedness."

"These objections I have frequently heard before," said Lady Amelia; "but they have always appeared to me to be totally unfounded. Those indeed who commit wicked actions are under the influence of a strong evil power, which they cannot of themselves resist; but had they believed and

sought strength from that greater power which keeps the righteous, the wickedness of their natural hearts would have been restrained and overcome. When were murders and other wicked actions committed by those who were daily praying to God, and watching against sin? Were the suggestions of the Evil One ever yielded to by such? No, no—greater is he that is for us, than he that is against us."

Sir Philip, in contradiction to this, appealed to the well-known falls of many of the Scripture saints; and Lady Amelia gave many quotations from the Scriptures to shew, that in these cases, they had not been watching, but had been in a state of blind security, and therefore fell. "Alas! how many examples are there in the Bible of characters that have fallen into sin from not seeking counsel of God!" Sir Philip still returned to his arguments, as if they had not been refuted; for what had he to do with Scriptures—"his weapons were carnal, not spiritual."

Much was said upon both sides—and in the ardour of discourse, the subject which had led to it was almost forgotten; but, ere they reached their journey's end, another awkward pause took place. Sir Philip, in his own mind, repented that he had been so rash. How he had been led on to make this proposal, he could not conceive. It was the

first time he had ever been refused; his dignity was impaired in his own eyes—there was no undoing it—what's done cannot be undone. Once more he repeated his offer, and once more Lady Amelia positively and firmly, and coolly and calmly declined; and the whole love dialogue concluded with his declaring, that he would endeavour to spare her all future trouble on the subject, as he certainly never would solicit the honour of her hand again; daresayed it was better as it was; and that already it appeared so much a dream to him, that he could not believe that he had really asked her. He dined that day at the Marquis of Vainall's, and even the scrutinizing eyes of Dr Spleen Harris perceived nothing that could be said to intimate that anything had passed betwixt them. Indeed, Lady Amelia's embarrassment was completely done away by the extreme ease and nonchalance of Sir Philip's manner.

"Lady Amelia and I had a very pleasant walk this morning," said he, "and we had several very interesting discussions. Devonshire lanes, love, matrimony, fate, predestination, and what not."

But though this was the way in which Sir Philip chose to talk, yet he felt truly mortified and hurt, and a few days afterwards set off for London. He was not one of those characters, "who, though cheerful they seem, oft smile through a tear," but

he could laugh, and bear it high and scornfully when his heart was humbled and sore. This transaction was of course never divulged by Lady Amelia; and Dr Spleen Harris, who was an honourable man, could not help thinking that Sir Philip Hum had paid her a great deal too much attention without proceeding farther; in short, that he had behaved ill,—and he pitied Lady Amelia, as he thought he had given her some reason to indulge hopes which could not now be realized. But there came a letter from Moreland, by way of inquiring for the Marquis, which Spleen said was a "forget me not," or, "remember me."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Build him a pedestal, and say,—'Stand there,
And be our admiration and our praise.'"

THE times have long since ceased when temples were raised to heathen deities, and mankind worshipped at their shrines. These times, indeed, have passed away; but the idols of the heathen are still enthroned in the hearts of a very numerous part of mankind. What are the idolatrous admirers of beauty, but worshippers of Venus? What are they who are mighty to drink strong drink, but followers of Bacchus? What are warlike men, but devotees to Mars? What are the enthusiasts to poetry and music, but worshippers of Apollo? What are they who are fond of money, but priests of Plutus? What are the innumerable slaves of physicians, but followers of Esculapius? Though called by the name of Christ, are their heart idols ever forsaken for him? Alas! they are still devoted to those deities whose temples are overthrown, whose shrines are

now desolate, but whose power remains unshaken in the hearts of their deluded votaries. We are not sufficiently acquainted with heathen mythology to tell by name the numerous lesser deities who preside in the hearts of nominal Christians. "Little children," said the Apostle to the early Christians, "keep yourselves from idols."

There were private temples at Seafowl as elsewhere, erected to the god of gambling, and to the muses, Melpomene and Terpsichore; and Esculapius had his priests in every corner, under the names of Drs Zealwell, Bleedem, and Harmless. Mr Malfort was not a worshipper of either of these gentlemen; though he did not entirely reject the use of means, his supreme dependance was placed upon the great Physician, who can heal and make alive.

The faculty in general would have had reason to lament if the majority of human beings had adopted the opinions of Mr Malfort and other Christians, who considered them merely as instruments under Providence, whose success or failure could in nowise be ascribed to themselves. Yet there were times when they would have been happy to have sheltered themselves under the same pretence (as they called it), when some of their worshippers ascribed their failure entirely to their want of wisdom.

Poor Harmless took it much to heart, when he heard that Lady Dumfounder blamed his incapacity, and taxed him with ignorance of his art, on the death of Lord Dumfounder, who was a stout man of seventy years of age, and might have seen many more days, had Dr Harmless possessed sufficient common sense to have bled him more copiously ere the fatal mortification came on. And Dr Bleedem lost the business of Mr Frump, and all his family and connexions, from good Mrs Frump, who was only seventy-nine, having died of absolute exhaustion, owing to his system of bleeding and starving, as if he had been a farrier practising upon a houyhnhnm instead of a yahoo; Dr Zealwell also suffered blame, from some of his patients having paid the debt of nature whilst he was in attendance. Some girls, in particular, at Mrs Caper's boarding-school, had taken the measles, which she said she had no doubt Dr Zealwell had brought amongst them from some of his poor patients. She therefore dismissed him, and took Dr Bleedem, whose practice being derived from the system of the Sangrado school, she found very useful and economical in her boarding-school. But Dr Zealwell knew that all his success, all his failures, were of the Lord, and that the loss of Mrs Caper's custom was also to be received as coming from the hand of a superintending Providence. In reality, it was his plain speaking and his Christian zeal in speak-

ing to some of his young patients, which had determined Mrs Caper no longer to employ a man who interfered in what he had nothing to do with. She said she wished her physician to attend to the bodies, not the souls, of her young ladies. "I take them all to hear the Dean once a-day; and besides," as she farther remarked, "a woman in my situation of life, intrusted with the care of young ladies of the first distinction in the kingdom, ought not to employ a physician, who, if required to be sent for of a Sunday, would probably be at church, instead of attending to his duty."—But this good man made his profession his pleasure; it was his duty to attend the sick, whether as a medical man or a Christian; and much of the money he received from his rich patients was immediately distributed amongst his poorer ones. Like Boerhaave, he thought "that the poor were his best patients, for God paid their fees." But there was none in whom he felt so warm an interest as in Miss Malfort. He often felt tempted to depart from his usual integrity, in stating his fears to her affectionate parent; for Miss Malfort was indeed no better; but so gradual was the decay, that it was only by comparing her present state, with her condition at the time when he first was called to her, that he came to the conclusion that her strength was daily decreasing, and that

her pulse beat much like many a pulse he had felt, which soon ceased to beat at all. How would his compassionate heart have felt for them, had he actually known how ill Mr Malfort could afford to pay for medical attendance! For although at watering-places much insight may be obtained into people's real characters, yet their fortunes in general are entirely under the influence of report and conjecture; and Mr Malfort was reported as a rich merchant, of rather a parsimonious turn, and Miss Malfort as his only child, who would be sole heiress to his daily increasing treasures. There was a party at Dr Muddy's house, where they were completely discussed, and the reports were circulated all over Seafowl, by Lady Racket and Tom Whipem, who were justly considered as the most authentic chronicles of the place.

"Is she handsome?" asked the Dean.

"Why, if she were not so very delicate," said Tom Whipem, "even in presence of your ladyship, (bowing to Lady Racket,) I think she might be considered as such."

"She is of course young?" said Lady Racket.

"Certainly," answered Tom.

"Is she rich?" said Captain Radish.

"I cannot say precisely," replied Tom; "but she is an only child, and her father has retired from business. These London merchants seldom

retire without ruining all their friends, or enriching themselves. I daresay he has realised a good sum."

"I wonder," said the Dean, "that you do not get introduced to her, Whipem; you might sell yourself to advantage there."

"I have been rather too long at Seafowl, to do anything rashly," said Whipem. "I must first look after the papa; he might play me a trick by marrying again—he is rather a smart-looking man."

"Her lovers will require to be quick, or death will get the start of them," said Lady Racket; "I see Zealwell's carriage almost every day at Pine Cottage."

"We shall hope it is the gout in the old gentleman's stomach," said Captain Radish, "for I mean to become a candidate for the young lady myself—Stuffwell would have been employed had it been the daughter; he is the man for consumption, you know; beef-steaks and port wine, instead of turnips and milk, are the thing now."

"Well, but I fear," said the Dean, "that there will be still more formidable objections than even death itself, to her accepting of either of you, gentlemen. They never go to the Cathedral, and I suspect much that she belongs to the sect of the Presbyterians, or Methodists; and that, on the most sober of all subjects, religion, she is perfectly insane."

But Tom Whipem and Captain Radish declared themselves much too liberal, to be appalled or deterred by mere whim.

"Give us but security," said they with one breath, "that her reported Seafowl fortune of £100,000 is tangible £20,000, and we'll marry her to-morrow, if she were a Mahometan."

Such were the speculations of these worthies upon the sick Constantia, the unconscious object of their designs. Constantia had had her sorrows, and had still her affections; she feared that all within her was not yet subdued to the will of God. "Peace, be still, and wait upon thy God!" said she to herself,—"Oh, foolish heart, cease to desire, cease to wish for aught beneath the skies; alas! why am I not entirely weaned from the world —worldly amusements, worldly pleasures have long ceased to interest me. Deceitful heart, is it the love of Heaven which has robbed the world of its charms in thy imagination?" And a slight blush suffused her pallid cheek, as she put this question to herself.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"See, great commanders making war a trade,
Great lawyers, lawyers without study made,
Churchmen, in whose esteem their blest employ
Is odious, and their wages all their joy."

DEAN MUDDY, of the Cathedral, was not what would be termed a wicked man, by the unbelieving world. He was merely a careless pastor, and felt and expressed no enmity to his brother in the church, Mr Soulflow. Indeed, the latter gentleman possessed so much of the milk of human kindness, that wherever the enemies of his doctrine came in contact with him, they were disarmed, at least of enmity to his person. For who (when it comes under their observation) can help loving the charity which thinketh no evil, which vaunteth not itself, which beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things? Corrupt as human nature is, it finds a repose from its own evil passions, in the manners of those whose bland and peaceful demeanour springs from the charity which

reigns in their hearts. To his practice none could object, but as it reproved their own lukewarm indolence; for he was prompted by benevolence, and a manifest desire to promote the well-being of the whole human race.

The Dean had been born and educated for the living which he now held—he was a man of honour, and had he believed sufficiently in the doctrines of Christianity, he would have been capable of giving up his living, as feeling himself unqualified for its active duties. But as things were, he felt that he had as good a right to it, as his brother had to the family estate of Easegrove; and he meant to give his own son a collegiate education, to qualify him for his lineal successor. "By their fruits ye shall know them," will always be found a sufficient test to discriminate the unbeliever, or false professor, from the sincere Christian. Dean Muddy was a good-humoured, contented, useless man. Mr Soulflow was equally good-humoured, and contented, and placid; but, in addition, he was an active, diligent, laborious servant of the Lord. Of him it might be said, "When the ear heard him then it blessed him, and when the eye saw him it gave witness to him." All Seafowl united in awarding him the praise due to a useful man.

But his cross, his trial, Mrs Soulflow, drew upon

herself the spleen and animadversions of the whole irreligious world, and the grief of the religious society which frequented her husband's house. For her part, she was heartily wearied of them all; for she was not a Christian at heart, though in her natural blindness she thought herself as decidedly one as her husband. She was a religious gossip, and, being much in religious society, had acquired many of its technical terms; and not a few who saw her amongst the flock were offended (being destitute of the gift of discerning the spirits) to see that she was a wolf in sheep's clothing. But the great Shepherd, who careth for the sheep, permits all things for good; and her satirical temper, though not prompted by love to the sheep, had sometimes the effect of calling the attention of the sincere believer to little flaws, which otherwise might have been overlooked. On her part, she furnished ample food for the ebullitions of the spleen and bile of that class to which she in reality belonged; and she sometimes even contrived to awaken the dormant wrath of Dean Muddy and his lady, notwithstanding their naturally easy tempers. But the mild consistent demeanour of Mr Soulflow disarmed even the most malignant. There is something, notwithstanding the wickedness of human nature, which makes mankind prone to support and pa-

tronise the oppressed party; and perhaps it is a very favourable circumstance for the character of any individual, (whether religious or otherwise,) to have a disagreeable husband or wife. The very contrast draws forth additional commendations; and to this circumstance Mr Soulflow was in some degree indebted for the almost universal tribute which was paid to his character, temper, and Christian disposition.

"Were it not on Mr Soulflow's account, I never would enter the house," said many of their acquaintances.

"Were you, my dear, to torment me," said Dean Muddy to his lady, "as Mrs Soulflow does her lord and master, small as my fortune is, you should have the better half of it, rather than I would live with you."

This pair, however, were looked upon as patterns of conjugal felicity; their tempers, dispositions, and tastes, were the same; and on the great subject of religion they were as one, perfectly satisfied with themselves and with each other. They had four fine children, two boys and two girls; their fortune was ample; they lived in good society,—the Dean was also a fashionable preacher, which, in that respect, equalized him with Soulflow, who was a popular preacher, and whose

church was filled with high and low, and rich and poor,—whereas the Dean's was filled with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and he had nothing lower than waiting-maids and valets in his congregation. He kept an elegant barouche, in which he and his lady took an airing every day, and visited the surrounding gentry. There was nothing wanting to their happiness, except that the Dean wished to possess the Deanery, without the labour of preaching at all. Yet they felt an aching void, which all their pleasures could not fill up,—a feeling such as Rasselas was conscious of in the Happy Valley,—such as all they whose portion is only in this life, never fail to experience. "The eye is not satisfied in the seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing." However, it had none of the animation of positive misery, and admitted of considerable alleviation when in company, which they contrived seldom to be without.

How different was the life of the laborious, active Soulflow; and far happier! for the Lord withholds no real good from them who put their trust in him. But in none of his visits of mercy did he feel more interest than in those which he paid to the Malforts; and pleasing to his feelings was the office of unfolding the comforts of the gospel to those who were living under its influence. He had also great pleasure in seeing the Christian

walk of one of his flock, Sally Downie, who had been intrusted to take care of, and let Walnut Hut, a few doors from Pine Cottage. Sally Downie had little communication with her neighbour, Janet Holdfast; their principles were diametrically opposite; for Sally was a lover of truth, and an honest girl, who served her earthly mistress, as seeing him who is invisible. Often were her feelings deeply hurt, by the suspicions cast upon her, in common with all who let lodgings, from the general character of dishonesty attached to that class of persons—but none knew Sally without discovering how very different her practices were from the general usage of Seafowl. Poor Sally felt herself very fortunate in obtaining this lucrative situation, for which the candidates were as numerous as for every other office. Sally's parents looked forward to her earnings, as the support of their family; but their patience, as well as Sally's, was doomed to be tried; for, unfortunately, the lodging remained vacant for some time. Sally was faithful to her employers, in persisting to demand its just value of £2, and 10s. 6d. for her own wages per week. Her house remained unlet, while her less scrupulous neighbour, Janet Holdfast, succeeded in letting hers to all appearance half-a-guinea cheaper. But dearly did her lodgers pay for this; on them she played off all her various

modes of gain—silencing her conscience with the reflection, that as she had let them have the lodging so cheap, in reality she did them no wrong. Mrs Gadabout, Sally's mistress, despairing of getting her house let, gave up her intended tour to the continent, and from economy returned to take possession of Walnut Hut. This acquisition to the society of Seafowl was soon made known; for Dr Harmless was as celebrated for conveying news as health to his patients. He was a well-known man; and, unlike many of his brethren, if he performed no cures, neither did he commit any murders, seldom being intrusted to carry on a death all alone. "Take a little more of my mixture, and take care of yourself," said he to Mrs Whim, "till I see you again." So saying, he drove off in his open carriage, bowing on this side and on that as he passed, for he was very generally acquainted. He was not so immersed in thought, but that he had leisure to observe, as he passed along, what houses were let, and what were ticketted. "Oh, ho!" said he to himself, "so Mrs Gadabout's cottage has at last found a tenant," as he observed a carriage, from which various packages were unloading, at the door of Walnut Hut. He stretched out his neck, if possible to behold the visage belonging to a little bustling figure, which trotted all in motion, head nodding and arms waving, speaking and giving di-

rections as she went into the house; but just as he thought she was going to turn round and give him an opportunity of observing the countenance of this fuss-like person, she went into the house. Conjecture was vain; she was in; and the Doctor drove on.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Oh, sacred sorrow! by whom souls are tried,
Sent not to punish mortals, but to guide;
If thou art mine (and who shall proudly dare
To tell his Maker he has had his share?)
Still let me feel for what thy pangs are sent,
And be my guide, and not my punishment."

SUMMER was now fairly ushered in, and still no favourable change was apparent in Constantia Malfort, and none in the affairs of Mr Malfort. Every letter from London was more gloomy than the former one; and his conscientious mind began to feel some doubts if even his present moderate expenditure was consistent with his fallen circumstances. He settled every week with Janet Holdfast. "She seems a careful creature," thought he; yet every week increased the expenses, and left him ruminating how to diminish them, without impairing his daughter's comforts. Little annoyances are sometimes not so heroically endured as great misfortunes; and the difficulties Mr Malfort felt, began in some degree to prey upon his mind.

"What shall I do?" thought he; "I must break in upon the small sum I had allotted for the provision of Constantia at my death;" and he felt the tear steal over his cheek, while he reflected how very improbable it was that such a provision would ever be required, and how likely that he himself might be the mourning survivor.

In the midst of these gloomy reflections, Janet Holdfast entered with her usual bland aspect. She had, like other liars, a flattering tongue, which for some time took in her unsuspecting lodgers. She persuaded them that all the tradesmen she recommended were the best in Seafowl, and from them she obtained a considerable discount on every article. Everything, therefore, that possibly could or should be used by two people, she insisted upon having in the house, whether it was used or not. Every week added to the expense, and every week she declared that she was the most saving person in Seafowl. She purchased bad articles, and put a penny of profit upon every shilling, alleging that they were of superior quality.

"How can I retrench and remain here?" said Mr Malfort to himself. To quit the place seemed the only alternative.

"If you please, sir," said Janet, "to examine these when convenient," as she laid down a parcel of accounts upon the table. But he determined

not to look into any more that evening; for though his musings were not of the most cheerful kind, they were preferable to examining bills that he found it difficult to pay.

Tired of looking into futurity, his mind, with a retrograde motion, recurred to the past, to try if memory would soothe his thoughts with images more pleasing. Every period of life has its trials, its sweets, and its bitters; but his thoughts were now two years back, and retraced only pictures of cheerfulness. Two years ago he was master of an ample fortune—all prospered in his counting-house. In thought he saw his numerous clerks about him; he saw his young favourite Henry Rodmount in the full bloom of manhood—Constantia blooming and cheerful; he remembered the looks of affection that Henry cast on her—an affection, indeed, never declared; but Henry had really loved her, with all the warmth of an ardent mind. In early youth attachments are often formed, which all our future feelings can never efface; and Henry, when toiling in Mr Malfort's counting-house, indulged the waking dream, that the time would come when his toils would amass wealth, and when that wealth might be laid at the feet of Constantia Malfort. It was indeed but a dream; the house and partners were all overwhelmed with repeated losses; an advantageous opportunity occurred for

Henry's going to India; two years had elapsed since he bade adieu to Constantia; yet during this night of absence the soft star of hope shone trembling on his love; and now on India's shores, with unabated ardour and unfaltering constancy, he laboured to obtain a competency; and something whispered to his heart that Mr Malfort's consent might then be obtained, and that to Constantia he should not plead in vain.

Thus stood matters with Henry far away, and his love for Constantia so ambiguously expressed, that she scarcely justified to herself the feelings she entertained towards him. She endeavoured, to the utmost of her power, to erase each soft recollection, save at her morning and evening offerings at the Throne of Heaven; there, after having prayed for her beloved parent, she poured forth her fervent petition for Henry's welfare, and, above all, for the weal of his immortal soul.

The fear of a romantic attachment existing between Constantia and Henry, would have given Mr Malfort much distress; he was romantic enough to know and believe in the existence of such feelings, but not romantic enough to give them any encouragement. But on Henry's departure the danger he apprehended was all over, and he had ceased to think of him but as one of the many young men whom he had loved and befriended. Perhaps there is no better cure for romantic dis-

tresses, of whatever nature they may be, than the fear of wanting what we have been accustomed to consider as the necessaries of life.

The text of Scripture, "Having food and raiment, learn therewith to be content," came frequently to the assistance of Mr Malfort; he thought of it when he laid down his carriage—dismissed his horses, his men-servants, and quitted his commodious house. All these had once been necessaries to him; but to reduce any of their remaining comforts in the present state of Constantia's health, was a trial he did not like to think of; he formed many mixed plans of economy and retrenchment for himself. "But Constantia must be kept in ignorance," thought he; "she will not take the food recommended for her, if she knew how ill I could afford it. In all my perplexities, oh may I be enabled to say, God's will be done!"

He was just going to make an effort to look into the accounts, when Janet Holdfast again opened the door, and with a curtsey and a smile, addressed him thus:—"If you please, sir, here is the washerwoman's bill, and she waits below."

Mr Malfort glanced at it, and was immediately struck with its increase from the preceding week. "How have we been so expensive this last week?" he mildly said.

"Sir," said Janet, "summer is coming on, and

we cannot but give Miss Malfort, sweet lady, clean napkins for her little meals. In day-light, I could not put down a soiled table-cloth. I assure you, sir, the bill is very moderate; you will find none so reasonable in all Seafowl."

"I am no judge, my good woman," said Mr Malfort; "I depend upon you."

"I assure you, sir," continued Janet, "I am as careful as possible. Mrs Snicksnack, and Mrs Fairdo, and Colonel Dotattle, who were with me all winter, all wondered at my management, and said they had never met with such a careful woman in their lives. Here also is the coal account," said she, with another curtsey.

"This, too, is much increased," said Mr Malfort.

"No doubt," said Janet; "but I may say that it is still winter, and I keep always a good fire below, night and day, for fear Miss Malfort, sweet lady, should want warm water. I assure you there is none more careful of coals than I am in all Seafowl."—The grocer and butcher's bills were also increased.—"Miss Malfort eats but little, poor lady," said Janet; "but I always like to have a little soup ready for her, which runs away with meat."

The candles, the tea, and everything, underwent the same augmentation; but Janet still asserted that she was the admiration of Seafowl for her ho-

nesty and economy. But some misgivings for the first time passed through the comparatively unsuspecting brain of Mr Malfort; he put his hand into his pocket to take out his purse; it was gone! he reddened, but his generous spirit repressed the rising thought. "Where can I have put my pocket-book?" said he, anxiously.

"If you please, sir, where had you it last?" said Janet, without betraying any tokens of guilt.

"I had it in my hand yesterday, before I went to church," said he.

"Perhaps it may be in your dressing-room," said Janet; "I think I saw it there yesterday," and hastily left the room; but she quickly returned with joyful looks, saying, "Here it is, and also the key of the wine-cellar, laying on your table. I daresay you will find it all there, for I never leave the house of a Sunday, for fear of thieves or idle people coming in; and there never was anything stolen out of any house which I kept," said she, proudly.

"Except the Lord do keep the house, the watchmen watch in vain," said Mr Malfort, while he examined a memorandum which he had luckily kept of the contents of the purse. He counted first the notes, then the silver; it was all correct; not a sixpence a-wanting. "It is all here, my good woman," said he to Janet.

"I am glad of it," said she, retiring; "nothing was ever missed in any house I ever kept. Thank God, he has at least made me honest!"

Mr Malfort was now ashamed to doubt Janet's honesty, and paid the accounts without further comment.

Janet Holdfast had a principle of her own upon which she acted, and believed that she derived it from the Bible, with which, however, she was but little acquainted. "Thou shalt not steal," she read, as if it had been written, "Thou shalt not steal money, or wine, or open any locked drawer, or have a false key." And with readings equally convenient, she contrived to gloss over the other commandments. She was also in possession of a Bible; but it was only upon extraordinary occasions that she went to church.

Moreland's anxious solicitude about his friends soon discovered the actual situation of Mr Malfort, and his thoughts were much employed in what manner to offer assistance without hurting the feelings of this unfortunate man. If his uncle continued in tolerable health, he meant in a few days to repeat his visit to the Vainalls. Again to see Lady Amelia, again to see the Malforts, he looked forward to as refreshment to his weary mind after the soul-less beings which composed his uncle's society

at Cheltenham. And Lady Amelia felt as if her soul prospered in his company; his mind was stronger than hers, and he led her on in the paths of Christian usefulness. Dr Spleen Harris hoped he would not lead her off her feet altogether, as she was already sufficiently wild in her opinions without his counsels.

Moreland's expected visit gave great pleasure to the Marquis of Vainall. Since his late illness he had a spirit of inquiry about the religion of his friend Webster; and, though not good himself, he felt that the company of the righteous was profitable and pleasant, particularly in sickness. Moreland bore with his infirmities, whereas Tom Whipem, and even Sir Philip Hum, could scarcely conceal how tired they were of his stories, and what a bore they considered him and all other old men.

In unconverted old age, the weakness and infirmities increase so much, that the temper becomes ruffled, and every failing more prominent; and the man, as in childhood, appears in his natural colours, unawed by the opinions of mankind, and accustomed to look with indifference on the usages of a world he has become inured to, and that he probably feels he is soon to quit. Then the passions rule over their victim, and he feels how soothing it is to have a friend to bear with them: one who, on

Christian principles, "is all things to all men." Such was Mercland to the Marquis of Vainall during his last visit, and such did the Marquis look forward to his becoming again.

CHAPTER XXVI.

" Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
Sink on the heart as dew along the flower?—
Who hath not shared that calm so still and deep,
The voiceless thought that could not speak, but weep—
A holy concord, and a bright regret—
A glorious sympathy with suns that set?"

It was a summer evening, when Mr Malfort went out to enjoy a solitary walk. The inhabitants of Seafowl were walking up and down upon the beach; their animal spirits were heightened by the genial air and the beauty of the ocean. The jest, the laugh, the loud talk, drowned the gentle rippling of the wave, and but ill accorded with the tone of Mr Malfort's feelings. He passed like a stranger through the throng, and under the solitary gloom of a favourite rock, he found himself sheltered and apart from the multitude; all alone, with nature, and with nature's God. It was at that moment so often celebrated by poets and painters, when the sleepy sun appeared to be closing his golden eyes. There was no distant coast; no hill of shadowy tint—the sky and the water alone composed the landscape; and it was beautiful, and simple, and pure. Mr Malfort had the soul of a

painter, and all the charm of the scene was shed upon his soul. The sun was sunk, but had left a mellow tint upon the waveless ocean, in perfect harmony with the sky. The lovers of nature know what I mean; it cannot be described; it must be felt. Claude Lorraine felt it; and his pencil, guided by his feelings, has successfully imitated and delineated the effect.

"My Constantia, alas! will soon sink into the sleep of death," said Mr Malfort to himself. "O that her end may be calm like this setting sun, and that her rising may be glorious at the resurrection! —Yes, she shall rise again!"—and a tear of pious resignation trickled down his cheek; for he knew that his daughter trusted in the Sun of Righteousness, who arose with healing under his wings.

But how short-lived are elevated emotions in this world of earth and sense!—Mr Malfort's meditations were speedily interrupted by voices behind the rock, and he was approached by one of the few female friends he had in Seafowl. It was Mrs Gadabout—a female butterfly—a common-place being, who met the eye in every place of public resort, and with whom all gay cities and watering-places are plentifully supplied. Even in the circles in which they flutter, they are reckoned too insignificant to excite any emotion; and they maintain their places in society upon the principle of debtor

and creditor—they give parties, and are asked to parties in return.

Mrs Gadabout came to Seafowl every year, because dissipation could be procured there at a cheaper rate than in London. "La! Mr Malfort," said she, "is this you?—I took you at a distance for a crow in the mist; and when I came nearer, I thought you was a man going to drown himself. Who could have thought of finding you in so romantic a spot?—What a beautiful sky!—I have changed my lodgings, for one reason, that I may see the view. I am so fond of romantic scenery, you cannot imagine to what excess. How is poor Miss Malfort?—I declare I am quite vexed that I have not been able to see her; I have been so busy removing my goods. Small as my establishment is, when one attends to everything one's self, they have much to do. Besides, when I have called upon her, she has been either asleep or taking an airing."

"Poor Constantia is far from well," said Mr Malfort to his auditor, whose head was turned away in search of some new object; and as all romantic ideas fled at the sight of her and all of her species, he turned to accompany her back to the parade, as he greatly preferred her company in public to a *tête-à-tête* with her. She, however, enjoyed the forbearance of his Christian manners; for,

though dull of apprehension, she was frequently sensible of being quizzed, and had a kind of intuitive reliance, that with Mr Malfort, whether she pleased him or not, she was secure against being turned into ridicule. But this she did not ascribe to the true cause, but to his want of talent and satire, which was so exquisitely possessed by some of her fashionable acquaintance, who were great at giving pain, and could "trot a character in great style," as is the understood phrase for quizzing in a certain city in the West of Scotland.

The adepts at this trade in Seafowl were Mrs Squint, and Lady Queer, and Sir Benjamin Tact, and the whole family of the Slycuts, and the Showfaults, and the Quizems, who were courted in Mrs Gadabout's circles for their well-used small talents, and disliked from the apprehension of coming under their lash, by all who had not a sting to retaliate.

Mrs Gadabout, as they went along, continued talking to her listless, though listening auditor, who, amidst the repeated sounds of "la," and "ah," and "good la," made out, with feelings of no great delight, that she had taken up her abode at Walnut-Hut, and had that morning come to be almost his next-door neighbour.

Mr Malfort felt no elation, and was too honest to express any on this occasion.

"It seems a pleasant-looking lodging," said he, coolly.

"Oh, a sweet little retreat," said she; "and being such near neighbours is delightful. We shall meet frequently in the evening, and have a nice rubber at whist. You must be very dull all alone, when Miss Constantia is so frequently in her room."

"I think it not solitude to be alone," said Mr Malfort, with an emphasis he could scarcely repress; "but nevertheless we shall be very happy if you will join our reading party. I read aloud every evening to my daughter when she is able to hear me."

Mrs Gadabout did not much relish this plan; for she could truly have answered with Dean Swift's Captain of Dragoons—

> "And, sir, you will think it quite strange, when I say,
> That the sight of a book makes me sick to this day."

However, she gave a slight cough, which, to those who do not take snuff, will be found of great use in slight embarrassments.

"La, do you get good novels here?" said she; "I never get anything I want from Bindem's library."

"We seldom read novels," said Mr Malfort; "they do not suit my daughter's turn of mind."

"I hope you do not read anything gloomy or religious to her," said Mrs Gadabout, with a despairing anxious look.

Mrs Gadabout did not wait for an answer, as she was in the habit of flying from topic to topic.

"La," said she, "how glad I am to be out of my old lodgings. You cannot think what a woman kept them. She cheated me in every possible way; her ingenuity would really have been worthy of a better cause. She used to mend up old glasses and cups so skilfully, I could not perceive the fractures; and she gave them to me as whole; sure that they would break in my hands. However, I have taken care that she shall not impose them upon the next lodger, for I have taken all the broken articles with me—it cost me when there, for myself and maid, at least £— per week, owing to her cheating."

Mr Malfort's attention was now arrested, for the sum she mentioned was greatly less than his weekly expenditure; and as he was not above taking good advice even from Mrs Gadabout, he determined, in a few days, to show her his weekly bills. Mrs Gadabout, indeed, knew something of housekeeping; her income was limited, and her vanity great. She looked strictly after her domestics, not from the generous principle of making them honest members of society, but from the selfish desire of saving her own money. Indeed, all that was not spent upon herself she considered as lost. She was sparing, when alone, upon her table, but liberal upon her dress. "Few know what I

eat," thought she; "but all the world see what I wear." In company she eat for show, as well as dressed for show. Had Mr Malfort been rich and unrestrained by religion, he would rather have allowed himself to be imposed upon than have taken the trouble to correct such trivial abuses; but as a Christian he deemed it his duty to look into the conduct of his servants, whether he had been rich or poor, and to give unto each of them "that which is just and equal, knowing that he also had a master in Heaven." Happy would Sally Downie have been in his service; but she was doomed, (though acting upon the same principles in her sphere,) to undergo the severe scrutiny of Mrs Gadabout, and to have her pride humbled by the unjust suspicions of that lady, who asserted that there was no such thing as a good servant, and that to keep a lodging and be honest, were incompatible, and above the virtue of any human being. She, poor woman, knew nothing of the all-powerful effect of the restraining grace of God, nor of its constraining influence to produce good works. To her a profession of religion by a person in that line of life would have appeared only an addition of hypocrisy to vice.

"What was the name of the woman who kept the lodging you dwelt in?" asked Mr Malfort.

"Janet Holdfast," said Mrs Gadabout. "I shall never forget her name."

"Why, that is the name of the woman who keeps our lodging," said Mr Malfort.

"That is truly astonishing," replied Mrs Gadabout; "perhaps she is the first in the line of cheats in all Seafowl. I know her well, and recommend you to get quit of her as fast as possible."

CHAPTER XXVII.

" Still o'er my soul, though changed and dead,
One lingering doubtful beam is shed,
  One ray not yet withdrawn;
And still that twilight soft and dear,
Half makes me fain to linger here,
  Half hope a second dawn."

J. F. W. H.

" How is Miss Malfort?" said the Marquis one day to Lady Amelia; " for you seem to attend her as regularly as a physician."

" I fear she cannot be said to be getting any better; indeed, I daily see a change to the worse."

" Our friend Moreland will be here one of these days," said the Marquis; " he will assist in supporting her father, should anything occur."

" Heaven is the Christian's only support," said Lady Amelia; " though I never knew a human being better fitted to console the distressed than Moreland."

Whilst they were speaking, a letter sealed with black arrived from Moreland, announcing the sudden death of his uncle, and his consequent journey to London instead of to Seafowl. The Marquis and Marchioness looked upon the death

of old Moreland as a positive benefit to his nephew, and Lady Amelia hoped, from the general tenor of the letter, that all agonizing reflections with regard to the souls of the dead, had passed from Moreland's mind, as they had done from hers. The Marquis made some trite observations upon sudden death, and so did the Marchioness; but neither of them thought the reflections they uttered at all applicable to themselves; for old Sir Thomas Moreland was several years older than either of them.

Lady Amelia had thought frequently of death; but it was no longer with her, "to go we know not where, and reck not whither,"—it was to be dissolved, and to be with Christ; and though her sins of omission and commission, and above all, the great sin of unbelief which she had long lived under, rose up in array against her, yet she knew that the Captain of her salvation would shield her in that dread hour, and guide her through the dark valley. In this faith, which strengthened her own mind, she sought to give courage to Miss Malfort, of whose recovery she did not now entertain the smallest hopes. Mr Malfort, indeed, frequently said and thought, "Constantia is better to-day;" but, alas! there were many circumstances to mark that the amendment was only of a day's continuance. When she came to Seafowl she could walk abroad; now she seldom felt able to go

out even in a carriage. At that period she breakfasted with her father; now it was mid-day ere she could leave her own room. Resignation and patience were painted upon her countenance; but cheerfulness had fled; and when her father talked of the future, she forced a languid smile. There was none of the joy to be seen in Constantia that Lady Amelia had often heard of, and frequently seen exhibited by dying Christians; but she knew that the strong confidence which inspired this joy, was the gift of God; and she prayed that he might confer it upon Constantia ere the trying hour arrived. Some of the visitors talked much of the benefit to be derived from company and cheerful amusements; and this regimen was repeatedly enforced by Mrs Gadabout, who contrived to insinuate herself into the house as often as she was not otherwise engaged.

The character she had given of Janet Holdfast, upon investigation proved completely true, and accordingly Mr Malfort informed John Chesterfield, that unless he found another servant, he would find another home. John Chesterfield knew his own interest, and generally allowed all meaner considerations, such as friendship and old acquaintanceship, to yield to this grand point. But as he was a man who spoke fair to everybody, that everybody might wish well to him, he dismissed

Janet with the following speech delivered by proxy to Fanny his wife, and translated by her into her own language for the occasion—

"'Deed, Janet, I'm sweer to part wi' sic a wise-like, honest-like woman, as ye'resel; but Mr Malfort has his whimsy-whamseys, and makes a pint o't; and as I mak ye welcome to keep my written character, ye'll get as gude a place, if no better—of that there's nae doubt."

"I'm sure I'm thankful," said Janet, "that he did not put me to the pain of speaking first—I was so tired with his mean shabby ways, that I had determined, if you did not put him out, you should put me. As to your character, I am obliged to you, though I shall have little occasion for it, as I am well known; and it is well known that there is not a more careful, honest woman in all Seafowl than I am."

"That's weel kent," said Fanny; though at the same time she reckoned this assertion of Janet's rather a libel upon the servants of Seafowl; for if Janet was honest, what was thieving?

Mr Malfort did not allow her to depart without an earnest endeavour to convince her of the iniquity of her ways; but Janet remained, as before, quite unconvinced, and departed in a huff, asserting her virtues in scornful indignation.

"Foreigners," said she, "are always unreason-

able,"—under which denomination she classed all who were not born and bred in Seafowl and its vicinity.

The written character by John Chesterfield procured her another situation, where she was left still more to her own management than with Mr Malfort, and her besetting sins daily increased. Her next lodgers were rich, and not being Christians, they took no trouble whatever about their servants.

Meanwhile, the sister of Sally Downie, who had, by her good conduct, even gained the confidence of Mrs Gadabout, became the servant of Mr Malfort; and being faithful and honest like her sister, Mr Malfort's bills were reduced one-half the first week. One evening as she was returning from making purchases, she observed a crowd and tumult near the door of a house; she heard a well-known voice, and perceived Janet Holdfast expostulating with two men, who were dragging her to prison for theft. In an unguarded moment being totally left to herself, her slender principles yielded to strong temptation; and some articles of the family being found in her possession, her ungodly master and mistress shewed her no mercy, and committed her to prison; for though, like other practical unbelievers, they trusted to the unlimited mercy of God to pardon their own few failings,

they never pardoned any offence committed against themselves. Thus Janet, who had long gone on in evil, with the character of an honest woman, was now laid in jail, in company with acknowledged thieves and pick-pockets, to wait till her doom in this life should be determined at the neighbouring assizes, six months afterwards—and there we shall leave her; as it makes no part of the plan of this history to go through her trial and consequent punishment, and previous privations from painful confinement "in durance vile!"

Did our limits permit, we would detail with more pleasure, the more glorious trials, and patience, and perseverance in well-doing of Sally Downie, and her sister Jane, and shew how they finally were rewarded, even in this world, for their integrity, honour, and good principles. Indeed, it will in general be found, that virtue or good conduct is its own reward, and that true virtue can spring from Christianity alone. Well did our great Lawgiver know how to provide for the happiness of mankind. His never-failing compassion made provision for the temporal welfare even of those stony hearts, on whom his love made no impression, in the pure morality, which in some degree pervades and influences the manners of every country where his name is known, and serves to control the desperate wickedness of those

who refuse him as their Saviour, their Leader, and their God.

Sally Downie related the apprehension of Janet Holdfast to her mistress, who commented thereupon in the strain in which all unrenewed characters express their rejoicings at the punishment of vice. "I am sure she well deserves her fate, if it was only for her conduct when I was her lodger. Wickedness will be found out sooner or later. You see, Sally, how much need you have to take care of evil example."

"May God in his mercy keep us from temptation," said Sally.

"Bring my cloak," said Mrs Gadabout, "I shall step in to Pine Cottage, and let Mr Malfort know what an escape he has made in not having everything stolen from him by Janet—I am sure he will rejoice to hear that such a wretch is likely to meet with the due reward of her deeds."

But when she related the circumstances to Mr Malfort, she was surprised to find it received in a very different manner from what she expected—"Poor creature," said he, "I am happy that it did not occur while she was in my service. Alas! poor thing, I fear her master and mistress are not likely to do her any good while she is in prison."

"I think it would really be encouraging vice if they did," said Mrs Gadabout.

"I shall go myself and see her," said Mr Malfort—"Poor creature, she has done herself more harm than she has done to others by her misconduct."

Mrs Gadabout remonstrated against the inexpediency of this measure; but Mr Malfort replied that he had now an opportunity of returning good for evil, which he could not resist—"I was in prison and ye came unto me."

Mrs Gadabout gabbled something about encouragement to vice, strange times, and enthusiasm; and so the discussion ended.—"Are you really determined," said she, "not to call in more advice for Miss Malfort? I would not trust her entirely to the care of a methodistical fellow like Zealwell; I would certainly consult both Harmless and Bleedem."

"Vain are the efforts of human skill to restore a sinking constitution," said Mr Malfort.

Here Miss Malfort entered pale and feeble, and put an end to the conversation. "I feel somewhat relieved to-day," said she; "if the weather continues fine, and Dr Zealwell permits, I think I might venture to take an airing."

"I hear some one knock—it is Zealwell's rap," said Mr Malfort.

"It must be he," said Constantia.

The door opened—it was not Dr Zealwell—a stranger entered—he was young—he was handsome. Constantia gazed on him for a moment, then exclaiming, "It is Henry Rodmount!" she fainted away.

She was recovered with some difficulty, and rejoiced to find that it was no vision, but indeed Henry Rodmount, who stood before her. His tale is told in a few words. As we have always held minute details to be very tiresome, whether in fictitious narrative, or real history, we shall briefly state that Henry Rodmount found he could get leave of absence—that fortune had smiled upon him in India—that he was in love with Constantia, and anxious to know the state of her feelings towards him. How was he shocked to find her so alarmingly ill! In the sympathy, the anxiety, the ardour which he expressed, Mr Malfort and Constantia saw the love they had formerly suspected; and Mrs Gadabout, who had witnessed this scene, now departed to tell it all over Seafowl, embellished with her own private suspicions and conjectures upon the subject, for the benefit of her friends and acquaintances.

Vanity of vanities! A few short months before, and Henry Rodmount, with his present prospects, was all Mr Malfort could have desired in a son-

"Why, that is the name of the woman who keeps our lodging," said Mr Malfort.

"That is truly astonishing," replied Mrs Gadabout; "perhaps she is the first in the line of cheats in all Seafowl. I know her well, and recommend you to get quit of her as fast as possible."

CHAPTER XXVII.

" Still o'er my soul, though changed and dead,
One lingering doubtful beam is shed,
One ray not yet withdrawn;
And still that twilight soft and dear,
Half makes me fain to linger here,
Half hope a second dawn."

J. F. W. H.

" How is Miss Malfort?" said the Marquis one day to Lady Amelia; " for you seem to attend her as regularly as a physician."

" I fear she cannot be said to be getting any better; indeed, I daily see a change to the worse."

" Our friend Moreland will be here one of these days," said the Marquis; " he will assist in supporting her father, should anything occur."

" Heaven is the Christian's only support," said Lady Amelia; " though I never knew a human being better fitted to console the distressed than Moreland."

Whilst they were speaking, a letter sealed with black arrived from Moreland, announcing the sudden death of his uncle, and his consequent journey to London instead of to Seafowl. The Marquis and Marchioness looked upon the death

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tainly thinks that she is tolerably secure of him for her daughter Sophia. I really pity that poor girl; she will have no more to say in the disposal of herself, than one of her father's colts."

The Marchioness was so totally ignorant of her own character, that she frequently held forth with great eloquence against her own vices, when she saw them depicted in others, and extolled the virtues in which she herself was eminently deficient. Her own mouth frequently condemned her. Lady Sophy Morals was very soon detected by the Marchioness, as having a plot upon the hand and fortune of Dr Spleen Harris, for her daughter, the Honourable Sophia Morals, who was a plain-looking, inoffensive kind of girl. The Marchioness thought proper to inform Dr Spleen Harris of their evil designs. She said that she made it a point never to wink at intrigues, or designs, or double dealing, of any kind; but that of taking in young men of fortune to marry pennyless Misses, she always looked upon with utter abhorrence; and that such was the interest she felt in Dr Spleen Harris, from long friendship and acquaintance, that she could not in silence witness the artful designs of hoary age on unsuspecting youth.

Dr Spleen Harris could scarcely help laughing at the warning; he declared, that he thought him-

self come to the years of discretion, being thirty-and-five years of age, and that he was sufficiently gifted with understanding to see, detect, and escape, all such manœuverers as Lady Sophia Morals. He also hinted, that the fair Sophia's charms were not sufficiently alluring to bait the mother's hook; and he modestly insinuated, that when he married he must have fortune, beauty, and wit, and that the whole sex leagued together could not entrap him to marry Sophia Morals. Thus warned, confident, and guarded, Spleen Harris set off to visit Lady Sophy at Primprose Park; and the length of his visit excited the alarm of the Marchioness; for, although she had no designs upon him for Lady Amelia, knowing how abortive such plans would prove, yet she considered the disposal of him as a sort of patronage vested in herself, and which she had no idea of being robbed of by an English woman, who had only known him a few months. She considered him much in the same light as some voters are looked upon by candidates for the county; in short, he was hers, and she was not to be out-generalled by Lady Sophy Morals. But what are schemes and schemers but cobwebs, drifted by the wind of circumstances? What is human strength but a cobweb, and he who trusteth in it, no wiser than the insect who spun it, and was himself caught in his own loom, till swept

away like ordinary dust by the unconscious broom? Dr Spleen Harris was entangled, he knew not how; he said it was his own free will, and the charms of Miss Sophy Morals's mind; but he wrote to the Marchioness of his marriage, and of his intentions of immediately taking his bride to Harris Hall, and hoped soon to meet them all at Roe Park.

"Well," said the Marchioness, with a groan, "if ever there was a man thrown away, it is Dr Spleen Harris; with such a property too! 'Tis most astonishing that no young man will ever take advice till it is too late."

"A man can do no more than please himself," said the Marquis. "If she is good-tempered, she will make him happier than a haughty beauty."

"I always liked poor Miss Morals," said Lady Amelia; "I think there is something good about her, and I trust our friend Dr Spleen Harris will make her a good husband."

The Honourable Mrs Spleen Harris was in reality an amiable being, and quite calculated to make her husband happy. She possessed, unknown to herself, a kind of plain good sense, a warm heart, and good intentions; she was educated to be married; and without any particular predilection for Dr Spleen Harris, she accepted of him, happy to please her mother, and in hopes of set-

tling in quiet, now that she was disposed of. Dr Spleen Harris, on his part, had no cause to repent of his choice; his principles, like those of his wife, made him kind to a good spouse; nothing but Christianity could have taught either husband or wife to have loved a bad helpmate.

The family of the Vainalls had nearly done discussing this surprising marriage, when they were agreeably interrupted by the unexpected appearance of Moreland, now Sir Ferdinand Moreland; his affairs were nearly settled, and he came to enjoy their society for a few weeks at Seafowl, previous to their return to Roe Park. His uncle's fortune, contrary to the usual custom, turned out greatly more than it had been reputed; and Moreland deeply felt the responsibility attached to the disposal of those riches, as being in reality the property of Him who hath the true riches. He felt much pleasure in the society of Lady Amelia. It seemed to be for their mutual edification; for she felt that he understood the motives of her actions, the grounds of her faith; and sometimes her words brought light to his soul on various parts of duty; while she felt benefited by the free, liberal, strong, yet strictly Christian tenor of his discourse.

"I should not be surprised," said the Marchioness, "if Sir Ferdinand Moreland were to think of marrying Amelia; though it is difficult to make

out the meaning of these Methodists, for they think themselves authorized to carry flirtations to a great height, without matrimonial views."

"I am no judge of these matters," said the Marquis; "but if they choose to think of it, I can have no objection to the alliance, except that you and I are getting old, and Amelia's loss would make a sad blank to us."

Moreland and Lady Amelia spent much of their time with the Malforts. The deep interest they felt in Constantia was strengthened by the foreboding, almost amounting to certainty, that the days were numbered in which they might enjoy the society of this newly acquired, yet dearly cherished Christian friend. Lady Amelia, in her experience, had seen Christians more joyful on the near approach of the King of Terrors; but she seldom had seen more sweet resignation to the will of God, or hopes that seemed more firmly fixed on the Rock of ages. Perhaps, this was now more apparent, when, had life been prolonged, all that the world could offer of happiness would have been hers; for Henry Rodmount had fortune, and even without it he would have been the choice of her heart.

"I am going to write out this beautiful hymn for you," said she to Lady Amelia; "it is my

adieu to this world. When you read it, and are far away, remember me."

1.

Ye objects of sense, and enjoyments of time,
Which oft have delighted my heart;
I soon shall exchange you for views more sublime,
And joys that shall never depart.

2.

Thou Lord of the day, and thou Queen of the night,
To me ye no longer are known;
I soon shall behold with increasing delight,
A sun that shall never go down.

3.

Ye wonderful orbs, that astonish my eyes,
Your glories recede from my sight;
I soon shall contemplate more beautiful skies,
And stars more transcendently bright.

4.

Ye mountains and valleys, groves, rivers, and plains,
Thou earth, and thou ocean, adieu!
More permanent regions, where righteousness reigns,
Present their bright hills to my view.

5.

My loved habitation, and garden, adieu!
No longer my footsteps ye greet;
A mansion celestial stands full in my view,
And Paradise welcomes my feet.

6.

My weeping relations, my brethren, and friends,
Whose souls are entwined with my own;
Adieu for the present, my spirit ascends,
Where friendship immortal is known.

7.

My cares, and my labours, my sickness, and pain,
And sorrows, are now at an end;
The summit of bliss I shall speedily gain,
The height of perfection ascend.

8.

The sight of transgressors shall grieve me no more,
'Midst foes I no longer reside;
My conflicts with sin, and with sinners, is o'er,
With saints I shall ever abide.

"I shall write out the remaining verses to-morrow," said Constantia.

Moreland and Lady Amelia felt pleased to think that death was not viewed with dread and apprehension by their young friend; but all conversations which led to the regarding of it as near, they thought should originate with herself. Pleased, indeed, were they to join in the theme, in realizing the invisible world, the Throne of God, and the Lamb, surrounded by a multitude which no man could number; where angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, were equally rejoicing in the security against falling, and in the eternal rest purchased for them by Him whom they now beheld face to face; and sometimes ere they parted, the chamber of the sick Christian sent forth the melodious song of the Redeemed.

But even the dying, with every aid to give them ease and comfort, cannot entirely escape from the

annoyances of life. Mrs Gadabout wished to see Constantia, and Constantia thought it right to consent. "Who knows but I may be enabled from my dying bed to say a word in season to this poor woman?" said she.

But Mrs Gadabout still continued to gossip upon the affairs of common life; and when she was not satirical, she was uncommonly tiresome. She talked—oh how she talked!—What a dreadful provocation and disappointment was it to her to find herself forestalled in any piece of news she meant to have related! How she twisted and turned the weather! "What a cold morning this was when I met you walking, Sir Ferdinand!" said she; "and it rained a little at twelve. It is very hot just now; though not so warm as yesterday. We have had a very bad summer. I daresay to-morrow will be a good day; for Friday is always the best or the worst day in the week. What a very disagreeable thing bad weather is!"

To all this, Moreland answered in the affirmative; varying his replies with all the dexterity he was master of. It is indeed a difficult thing to talk to the edification of the hearers. How beautiful, how inoffensive, is silence! To be swift to hear and slow to speak, is a quality that all admire in others, but few cultivate in themselves; for most have much to learn, and little to impart.

CHAPTER XXIX.

How fearful to affection's view
That blush more bright than beauty's hue!
Where, sad as cypress wreath, the rose
Amid consumption ruin glows.

THE appearance of Henry Rodmount had indeed excited sensations in Constantia which she had thought long extinct; and though the forebodings of death were powerfully felt, she also felt that there were attachments which she hoped might survive the grave. The pious Mr Soulflow continued to visit her, and his conversation gradually acquired its usual influence; but the graces of the spirit, its resignation, its hope, its joy, are as much the gift of the Saviour as his great gift, eternal life; and must be sought by earnest prayer.

Mr Soulflow had had much experience in the Christian warfare.

"Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and fear, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood; at his control,
Despair and anguish fled the trembling soul;
Comfort came down, the drooping soul to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise."

He talked so simply, from the overflowings of a feeling heart, of the never-ending love of the Saviour, and of the glorious hopes which were beyond the grave, that when Constantia's body was unracked by pain, she felt a desire to depart, and to be with Christ. How sweet were her consolations on these occasions, when her father and Henry were present, and seemed to partake in the pleasure which they afforded her!

Mrs Gadabout made frequent and unsuccessful attempts to divert her mind from what she considered such hurtful contemplations, and to turn it to the trifles of Seafowl, as much better calculated to amuse the mind of an invalid. She told her of the arrivals, the flirtations, the gossip, the dress, the news, the new novels, the fashionable sermons; and exhorted her, with unabating perseverance, to be cheerful; concluding the whole with an invective against melancholy.

The patient invalid was endeavouring to learn the lesson of bearing with all men. Though she disliked Mrs Gadabout's conversation, she did not on that account shut her doors against her visits. "Who knows whether the Lord may not bless my efforts to turn her to a better mind!—When my God has had compassion on me, ought not I to have compassion on my fellow-servant?—Is not the

grace of God free?—Who can tell which are the chosen vessels to receive it?—In his good time he may convert this poor woman, and she may attain to greater degrees of holiness than have yet been communicated to me."

A month passed away, and Lady Amelia felt truly pained in communicating to Miss Malfort, that in another week they were to leave Seafowl.

"God's will be done!" said poor Constantia, while the tear stood in her eye. "We shall meet no more in time; but oh what a glorious eternity! which eye hath not seen, which ear hath not heard, and which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive. Oh the things which God hath prepared for those that love Him!"

Lady Amelia, independent of her religious principles, had the talent of making herself particularly agreeable to the sick. On the subject of their bodily complaints she never gave any advice, nor wondered, like many well-meaning people, that every one's constitution was not like her own. She had a natural distrust of her own judgment, which hindered her from assuming medical infallibility without having taken her degrees. But she well knew how to study the wishes of an invalid, and delicately to pay soothing attention. In every sick room which she frequented, there was

much to be seen, done, and suggested by her, without her ever having added to the uneasiness of the patient, by saying, "You should do this," or "you should not do that." It was hers, with noiseless foot, to remove the pillow, or soften the glaring light.

"Here is the remainder of the hymn which I wrote out for you last night," said Constantia. "I think it is not inferior in beauty to the former portion."

Lady Amelia read it aloud.

9.

Thou vale of affliction my footsteps have trod,
With trembling, with grief, and with tears,
I joyfully quit for the mountain of God—
There, there its bright summit appears.

10.

No lurking temptation, defilement, nor fear,
Again shall disquiet my breast;
In Jesus' fair image I soon shall appear,
For ever infallibly blest.

11.

My Sabbaths below, that have been my delight,
And thou, the blest volume divine,
Ye've guided my footsteps like stars during night—
Adieu, my conductors benign.

12.

The sun that illumines the regions of light
Now shines in mine eyes from above;
But oh how transcendently glorious the sight!—
My soul is all wonder and love.

13.

Thou tottering seat of disease and of pain,
Adieu, my dissolving abode!
But I shall behold and possess thee again,
A beautiful building of God.

14.

Come, Death! When thy cold hands my eyelids shall close,
And lay my pale corpse in the tomb,
My soul shall enjoy an eternal repose,
Above, in my heavenly home.

15.

But oh! what a life, what a rest, what a joy,
Shall I know when I've mounted above!—
Praise, praise shall my triumphing powers employ—
My God, I shall burn with thy love!

16.

Come, come, my Redeemer! come quickly release
The soul thou hast bought with thy blood,
And bid me ascend the fair regions of peace,
To feast on the smiles of my God.

But what availed all Lady Amelia's attentions to Miss Malfort, with whom the time was rapidly advancing when the taper of life would be extinguished!—Yet though her bodily pains increased, much peace dwelt in her mind. After nights of severe suffering, she sometimes obtained some respite from the cough and breathlessness; but upon the whole, her sufferings were so great, that she sometimes feared she failed in Christian pa-

tience, in her longing desire to be released; and even her fond father, and Henry Rodmount, whose soul was knit to hers, felt resigned to an event, which, to all human views, was unavoidable, and which promised great gain to the beloved sufferer.

"What a beautiful hymn I heard Lady Amelia sing the other night!" said Henry. "Perhaps it would please you to hear it. I believe it is frequently sung in the Presbyterian meeting-houses."

"I do not think," said Lady Amelia, "that the Presbyterians would like to hear their churches called meeting-houses. I assure you they reckon themselves as much an establishment belonging to government, as you do yours in England; and the term meeting-house is as applicable to your chapels in Scotland."

"Of how little importance," said Constantia, "in the state I now feel myself, do all these distinctions of sect or party appear!—Oh that I may be found belonging to the church universal—one of that 'great multitude which no man can number!'"

"I think the hymn Mr Rodmount alludes to is taken from that part of Scripture," said Lady Amelia—"I shall try and recollect it." And she began, and the chorus was soon kept up by all present, except Miss Malfort, who joined the melody in her heart.

" How bright these glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?" &c.

" It is a cheering thought," said Moreland, " that although but a few are saved—though strait is the gate, and many are in the broad way, and few love the narrow path, the path of self-denial, sorrow, and suffering—yet eventually the Saviour shall see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied, when he beholds the multitude collected in all ages, from the beginning of the world, and in all countries, which were given Him by the Father, to be redeemed from all nations under heaven."

Such conversations seemed always agreeable to the sufferer, and almost to calm the struggles of nature ; but her warfare was not yet accomplished. Some days she grew worse ; again she rallied so far as to get up and sit in the parlour.

Her father and Henry Rodmount were seated beside her—a more than usual serenity was spread over her countenance. " Dear father," said she, "do read to me that sweet portion of Scripture, the 121st Psalm."

Whilst he was reading, Henry was gazing on the angelic expression of her countenance. It sudden-

ly altered—a slight convulsion—a deadly paleness overspread it. She had a look the living never exhibit. He flew to support her. She gave one deep sigh—a slight struggle—and all was over.

The overwhelmed parent fell down on the ground in all the agony of grief. He thought he was prepared for the event which had now actually taken place; but the feelings of nature must have vent. There is something too, something so confounding to our natural feelings in the aspect of death, that the longest and strongest anticipations find us unprepared for its actual occurrence—that instantaneous but tremendous separation—that change which will have no more changes—that still and awful aspect—"alas! how different, yet how like the same!"

It was difficult to say whether Mr Malfort or Henry was the deepest sufferer. When they were able to reflect, it still appeared a dream, that she who made the charm of their life was now no more—severed from them for ever!

The funeral added sorrow to their sorrow. While the body still remains, we feel as if all that we love were not gone. On that day, the arrival of a stranger of high rank in Seafowl added to the gloom; for the bells rang a merry peal, and all the inhabitants of Seafowl were driving in

pursuit of pleasure; while the bell of Dr Soulflow's church tolled the death toll, as the mortal remains of Constantia Malfort were deposited in one of its chancels.

CHAPTER XXX.

" Those ills that wait on all below
Shall ne'er be felt by me,
Or, gently felt, and only so,
As being shared with thee."

THE sad events which are mingled with our brightest moments pass away, and are so fleeting and transitory in our experience, that our imagination magnifies them to our memory; and so are formed melancholy remembrances and settled sorrows, " which heave no sigh, which shed no tear, and yet consume the heart."

Mr Malfort and Henry Rodmount set off immediately for London; and the Vainalls in a few days for Cheltenham, where they were to meet Moreland and Dr and Mrs Spleen Harris. Lady Amelia felt as if her acquaintance with the Malforts had been merely a dream; and she quitted Seafowl without a regret. The Marquis's health was greatly restored, and, considering his time of life, he was wonderfully hale and robust. He had got a habit of taking care of himself, and speaking of

his age—" At my time of life, I may allow myself all manner of ease and indulgence," said he; and he formed the determination of making a yearly visit to Seafowl, for the laudable purpose of prolonging his days.

The journey to Cheltenham gave them an opportunity of admiring a rich and beautiful country. They were met a few miles from the town by Sir Ferdinand Moreland, who conducted them to the Plough Hotel, where they were elegantly accommodated under the same roof with the Spleen Harrises.

Mrs Spleen Harris seemed exactly the same person as before, except that her name, instead of Morals, was now Spleen Harris; but the Doctor himself was considerably altered; he was much graver: he was endeavouring to form a new manner for himself, suitable to his notions of the dignity of the married state. In short, the Marquis and Marchioness declared him to be a ruined man —no longer fit for civilized society. He was a man, they maintained, who should never have married, but who ought to have devoted his time and conversational powers to general society, instead of throwing them away on such an insipid automaton as Sophy Morals, one on whom any other man would have been equally well bestowed. Dr Spleen Harris and Sir Ferdinand Moreland,

endeavoured to point out all the objects worthy of notice to their friends. But, as Dr Spleen Harris observed, Cheltenham, like many other places, did not quite equal the flaming descriptions of it to be found in all the booksellers' shops in the country. Here there was another grand consultation of Doctors held; and, with a magnanimity which does honour to the faculty, with one voice they declared the Marquis in a state of convalescence, and at perfect liberty to depart for his own country. But there was one who heard this news with considerable emotion, and that was Moreland. That Lady Amelia Truefeel should live in one corner of the island, and himself in the other, was an arrangement he could not contemplate without uneasiness. Her merit had long been felt by him; and could he but hope to make himself acceptable to her, of the expediency of such an alliance he could not doubt. Though the attachment he felt to her was strong, and deeply engraven upon his mind; though all his ideas of felicity beneath the skies were closely interwoven with her image, yet he felt so assured of the watchful care of a never-slumbering Providence, and such a reliance on the Divine promises, that the impatience and anxiety of worldly men, under the uncertain success of their schemes, was to him quite unknown. He therefore, in a calm manner, made his views known to Lady

Amelia; and, sanctioned by the Marquis and Marchioness, ventured to hope for a speedy and a favourable reply. His proposals were received without much surprise; for Lady Amelia for some time past had suspected a lurking attachment; and, notwithstanding her modesty, had an instinctive feeling that she herself was the object of it. This circumstance Moreland justly considered as very favourable for him. But Lady Amelia said she could not give a decisive reply on so important a point, without much prayer, much communing with herself, much meditation and consideration, and even consultation with her friends. For well she knew that no state was exempt from cares, and that there was no permanent happiness below the skies, save in religion; and yet she felt herself much drawn towards Moreland. His addresses were so warmly seconded by the Marquis and Marchioness, that, in the course of a few days, her mind was made up to give an answer favourable to his wishes; and it was fixed, that shortly after their return to Roe Park, Moreland should join them there, and the marriage be celebrated.

As far as short-sighted mortals could discern, this marriage promised a great accession of usefulness to both parties. They felt as if each other's hands would be mutually strengthened; she, on her part, would be delivered from the necessary

restraints of her present situation; and, on his part, he had found a companion with correspondent views, with whom to continue his journey to the everlasting city. In the prospect of their union at no distant period, Moreland bid them again adieu, to settle some of his affairs in London, previous to his change of state. He had no particular tie that bound him to live there, unless when called upon to attend his duty in Parliament. He had no near relations, and now that his uncle was dead, he felt the wish of gratifying Lady Amelia, by buying an estate in the neighbourhood of Roe Park. Many were for sale; yet many were the objections to them all. Pearly Craigs was a beautiful estate, well furnished with wood and water; but then there was no house fit to live in—a crazy old mansion, yet too good to pull down. Mount Oak was an excellent house, and the land was very fine, but it was far from market, and no place of worship within ten miles. Sweet Acre was a lovely retreat; but there was nothing to do there; nothing to occupy an idle man; besides, it was twenty miles from Roe Park. But More Muir, the property of Sir James Vacant, had been long in the market; and on this estate Moreland and Lady Amelia cast their eyes, precisely for the very reasons for which no one else would look at it. The house contained only a few rooms, and

there were a few old trees to shelter it; and the lands were so bare and uncultivated, that their precise value could not be ascertained; and there were few inhabitants in the 4000 acres belonging to the estate; and there were no churches on it. But the mansion-house was only distant about five miles from Roe Park, and here Moreland and Lady Amelia determined to pitch their tent, for it was the object of their lives to improve the talents committed to them; and here the talent of money could be laid out to great advantage. What improvements did they not project!—the cottages that were to be built—the labourers that were to be employed—the churches—the schools—the good that was to be done. In prospect of this, Moreland rejoiced to find that his uncle's wealth had accumulated greatly beyond what he had been aware of; and he proceeded "with all his might to do whatsoever his hand found to do." The old domestics of his uncle were much attached to him; he paid them liberally; and those who were inclined to follow his fortune, he invited to accompany him to Scotland.

The Marchioness of Vainall felt as if all she had to do in this world was now achieved—her whole family settled—her grand-children too young to give scope to any manœuvring. To cards she then turned in all directions; and when in Edinburgh

she found many of like passions with herself. But oh, the wearisomeness of Roe Park!—The trees, the crows, the minister. Like the High-school boys, she cried, "Oh for autumn!" for then visitors flocked to them. The announcing of the marriage, and the consequent preparations for it, gave a fillip to the spirits of the family in general, and to the Marchioness in particular, on this occasion.

Lady Amelia could scarcely think it possible that she was going to remove from the place where she had thought to pass the remainder of her days. Something yet might intervene,—"Who knows what a day may bring forth?—If the Lord will, I shall be Moreland's wife"—and she sincerely wished that it might indeed be the will of the Lord.—Sir Adolphus and Lady Maria Wilde were induced to remain with them till after the marriage; and the Marchioness, who, in the midst of much folly, possessed some worldly wisdom, and also some natural affection, thought that Sir Adolphus would be more likely to look after a very material concern, the jointure of Lady Amelia, than the Marquis.

"I have no doubt that Moreland is a most excellent, worthy, well-meaning man," said she; "but I know no man who can entirely be trusted in money matters. I do not often profane the

Scriptures, by quoting them on common occasions, as some do. But true it is, that the love of money is the root of all evil."

"Ay," said Lord Francis Selby, "Moreland likes a good bargain as well as any person I know. What other inducement could he have in purchasing a barren heath, like More Muir? He could have taken shooting quarters anywhere else. Letgo would have been another sort of thing; but the price was very different."

All Moreland's friends and intended allies were angry with him for purchasing More Muir, without consulting and advising with them; but Moreland seldom gave advice, and still more rarely took any. His uncle Sir Thomas used to say to him, "Do you really imagine yourself wiser than I am, with my age and experience? Is there any one whose advice you think worth having?"

"Why," said Moreland, "it is not in man to direct his own steps, far less those of his neighbour."

There are more people willing to own their inability to direct themselves, than their incapacity to give their advice to others; and although Lord Francis Selby was well known to be unable to manage his own affairs, yet he was always ready to undertake the management of those of others—and to hear him talk, one would have imagined that economy was his virtue, and parsimony his

vice. Sir Adolphus, on the other hand, had some idea that the reluctance he himself felt to part with money, proceeded from what was vulgarly called avarice, but which deserved, in his opinion, to be applauded as prudence; and the only pain he felt on contemplating his daily increasing stores, arose from the various demands on his accumulations—various attempts from his poor cousins to borrow money—and also from his brother-in-law, Lord Francis Selby, who made a rule of receiving everything as a right, and of being violently offended at the bare hint of repayment.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"You would weep if you knew that this were the last week of your life; and yet you laugh when mayhap it is your last day."

THE period drew near, very near, when Moreland's arrival was expected; and the marriage was soon after to take place. Many were the reflections which passed through Lady Amelia Truefeel's mind, as she looked back upon her past life. Her love to her parents seemed to redouble in the prospect of leaving them; and many of the scruples which used to come into her mind, seemed now unnecessary.

"Oh had I more carefully improved the many advantages which I possessed—the deep impressions which were made upon my mind—perhaps my Christian profession might have shone with brighter lustre; and those who beheld it might have loved it more. Oh may my past experience be a lesson to me for the future, to improve the present hour!—God grant that in my new situation I may labour more diligently than I have hitherto done—

that I may not be lulled into fatal security, or cease to follow on to attain the prize of my high calling."

Sir Ferdinand Moreland arrived; the marriage was fixed to take place in a week; and Lady Amelia busily employed herself in bidding farewell, and giving her last instructions, to the many poor to whom she had been a friend and monitress.

"Surely," said the Marchioness, "if you would be writing to your milliners and mantua-makers, you would be better employed. You are to be married, I hope, but once in your life. Surely it is your duty to have everything suitable to your station and fortune. Remember, you are daughter to the Marquis of Vainall, and to be the wife of Sir Ferdinand Moreland."

"My dear mother," answered Lady Amelia, "you know that my sisters have kindly undertaken to do all that for me; and when I have so much to think of—the thoughts of leaving you—the duties that have so long engrossed my mind, become more and more forcibly impressed upon me. I feel much like a person who has only a few days to live, and wishes to leave his affairs in order, ere he depart to return no more."

"Amelia," said the Marchioness, "you talk so much of death, that you'll soon forget that you are still alive. The living claim some share—

vainly thou bestowest thy cares upon the silent dead."

"Ah, mother! few of us have death sufficiently before our eyes. We talk of it, indeed, occasionally, as a certain evil, but never as a near one."

"Well, well," said the Marchioness, "when you and Moreland are fairly set off upon your marriage jaunt, you may talk of death as long and as much as you please, and in all its different forms; but before that happy day arrives, if you please we shall talk of life—of the company to be present at your marriage—and the ball to be given in celebration of it."

"And you'll permit me to have a dinner for all my poor pensioners?" said Lady Amelia.

"Certainly," said the Marchioness; "you shall be indulged for once. The barn shall be prepared, and all the tenantry shall be invited. It shall be a day of festivity for all around."

"And you'll ask Lady Dragon, mamma?"

"No, indeed," said the Marchioness; "I have not forgotten her behaviour to me at the last county meeting."

"Oh, mother! surely you will not recollect trivial offences on a joyful occasion?"

"It was no trivial offence; and besides, do you think I can forget the long train of impertinences which preceded it?"

"Oh, mother! I know all the story; she was much to blame; but I have more reason to complain of her than you have; for she was still more impertinent to me; but I really had forgotten the circumstance till you recalled it to my memory; and I can truly say, that I forgive her heartily, and wish that she may be invited like other guests to my marriage."

"No matter," said the Marchioness; "indulgent as I ever am, and wish to be, I cannot comply with all your wishes. I have your injuries to resent as well as my own. You may have all the ragamuffins in the parish to dine in the barn if you please; but Lady Dragon shall never again enter my doors, if I have power to prevent it."

"Surely," said Lady Amelia, "we are commanded to forgive and to forget, and to love our enemies."

"Well, I forgive her," said the Marchioness; "but I cannot forget, and she shall never break bread in my house: she shall be made to feel that I am not to be treated in this manner with impunity."

Lady Amelia felt how rare is true forgiveness; and she groaned in spirit when she heard her mother utter sentiments of forgiveness which so much resembled hate. "Love your enemies," was a precept too strong for her mother to bear. She

could not turn the other cheek to him who had smitten her.

"Oh, my dear mother!" said Lady Amelia, "is not this an occasion for you to put in practice that positive command of Christ, 'Love those who hate you!'"

"Don't plague me with your romantic, mean-spirited nonsense," said the Marchioness—"I forgive her; but she shall never have it in her power to insult me again, as long as I live. I shall shew proper feeling, and assert my own dignity, and let her see that I know my own station, and what is due to my rank, and make her to feel the difference the world feels and acknowledges, between an upstart like Lady Dragon and the Marchioness of Vainall."

Lady Amelia saw that remonstrance was vain; she felt her spirit subdued; she knew that conversion was the work of God, not of man; and she prayed to the Almighty ruler of hearts to begin and finish the good work in the heart of her beloved parent.

Lady Amelia had frequently reflected upon the subject of their discussion; she had often observed how difficult it was to love those who hate us; she had found it in her own experience; and she knew that, in our own strength, *that* love, which is the fulfilling of the law, is impossible. And it is in-

deed the fulfilling of the law; for if we possessed love or charity to mankind, in the Scripture sense, where would the wickedness of the heart find scope or vent?—Charity, indeed, overcometh a number of sins; it subdues itself, and overflows in active benevolence to others.

Lady Amelia had been so long accustomed to the difference of opinions between herself and her mother, that, though quite sensible how opposed to Christianity were her mother's ways and opinions, yet she hoped some charity still existed in her heart; and though the standard by which she tried her own actions was extremely rigid, it was relaxed exceedingly when applied to the Marchioness. Yet still she wished to put the thought away from her, which, in spite of her efforts, obtruded itself upon her mind. "My mother is not a Christian; but God hears prayer; and while there's life there's hope."

The Marquis had invited Dr Pelham to perform the marriage ceremony; and notwithstanding his infirmities, he made a point of coming. Lady Amelia would have preferred some other divine of more evangelical sentiments on this occasion; but it was not a matter of great importance in her eyes, and it was one she thought it right to please others in. The dislike she had once entertained for Dr Pelham, was now totally subdued in the pity she felt for

the delusions which he laboured under; and she took an interest in listening to him, in hope of perceiving any slight indication of change of sentiment. Upon the whole, there was no reason to hope that the party at her wedding would be a religious party; but she humbly hoped that the couple to be married belonged to Christ. She well knew that a religious company would not sanctify an irreligious couple; and that, on the other hand, a pious couple would not be contaminated by a worldly party.

A letter arrived from Dr Pelham, to say that he would be at Roe Park in the course of a few days. The day was therefore finally fixed for the wedding; it was a busy week to Lady Amelia; and Mr Webster gave her every assurance of seeing the plans she had so well begun followed out. The house was full of company; the Marchioness was in high good humour; she had accomplished all her schemes; she had taken the advantage of Mr Leasholm being in the house; and the Marquis being also in a good humour, had been prevailed upon to sign and seal that paper before alluded to, whereby the Marchioness's jointure was increased so as almost to equal her own opinion of her merits, and framed upon the model of Lady Amelia's from Sir Ferdinand Moreland, which was very handsome.

"I have made you rather too comfortable in the prospect of my death," said the Marquis. "You

will not take such good care to keep me alive, nor weep so much for me when I am dead. I should not have told you what I have done."

"It does honour to yourself," said the Marchioness; "and should I step off before you, you will have a much greater variety to choose from for my successor, when the jointure is known. I shall therefore publish it, by telling it as a secret to Jane Pert."

This latter lady had made a point of being at Roe Park at Lady Amelia's marriage, as she had the greatest curiosity to see how good people were married.

"Just in the same way that bad people are," said the Marquis.

"I assure you," said the Marchioness, "that good and bad people, as you call them, resemble each other in more things than you imagine. Their faith may differ, but I am sure their practice is very much alike."

"I am sure they are very bad at telling lies," said Miss Pert. "I found out all about the marriage from Mrs Miller, who would not deny it, though a secret, because, forsooth, she could not tell a white lie. Instead of saying that she is not at home when she does not choose to see company, she says she is engaged; probably darning her stockings, if the truth was known."

"There is a great deal of affectation about these would-be-good people," said the Marchioness; "but I see a carriage in the approach,—who can it be?" said she, taking out her glass.

The carriage in question contained the Emerys. They were tired of town, and hearing that there was to be a marriage at Roe Park, and knowing the Marchioness's taste for festivities, they thought it would be a suitable time to pay their annual visit, and see their boy, the heir apparent; and they really believed that their inducements for coming were the desire of seeing their child, and the propriety of being present at their sister's marriage.

Mankind frequently deceive themselves as to the motives of their actions; and as self-indulgence was the ruling motive of every action of the Emerys, they would probably never have dreamt that either of these causes was of sufficient importance to induce them to take so long a journey at a dull season of the year. But a visit must be paid, and better then, than when the Marquis was alone, and had time to croak upon "debts, debts!"

"I am vastly happy to see you," said the Marchioness, as she embraced her son and daughter-in-law.

"Well, Jack, how are you?" said the Marquis.

"I need not ask," said Sir Adolphus, "when I see how well you are both looking."

"This is really kind of you, my dear brother," said Lady Amelia. "Edward," continued she, "that is your papa and mamma."

"A very pretty lady and gentleman," said Edward, taking hold of the watch-seals of the one, and aiming at the feathers of the other; and soon ensued a scene of domestic felicity, which we leave to be pictured by the reader's imagination.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"With equal step, rich friend, impartial Fate
Knocks at the cottage and the palace gate."

It was the day before the celebration of the marriage; the whole party were assembled at breakfast; the smoking urn stood upon the table; and the Marquis prepared to begin his repast.

"I cannot wait for her ladyship any longer," said he: "I suppose she is taking a longer nap than usual, in preparation for to-morrow's fatigues."

The breakfast was nearly finished; and still the Marchioness did not make her appearance.

"Shall we send Dressal to inquire if she takes breakfast in her own apartment?" said Lady Amelia.

"As you please, my dear," said the Marquis.

"Or shall I go myself?" said Lady Amelia, fearfully; for she knew that the Marchioness did not like to be treated with familiarity, even by her children.

"We shall send you," said the Marquis to little

Edward, willing to employ the urchin, who was, as usual, very troublesome. Edward set off, and soon returned with the intelligence that his grandmother was still asleep, and would not speak to him.

"Did you open the curtains?"

"Yes," said Edward; "but grandmamma was fast asleep; but her eyes were open, and she was very white, and her hands were laying out and very cold; and I called out, grandmamma, grandmamma, but she made no answer."

This artless but alarming account filled the family with terrific apprehensions; and with a sudden impulse, made the daughters fly to the bedroom. Lady Amelia first reached the bed, and she sunk down on her knees at the first glance at the lifeless body of her parent; for the Marchioness was indeed no more—no breath—no pulse could be felt; and no hope was left in the bosoms of all who beheld her. Death was engraven on the aspect. "It may be a fit—it may be palsy—it may be apoplexy!"

"It is death," said Lady Amelia.

"It is death," exclaimed all the bystanders.

Lady Jane fainted away; and Lady Maria fell into hysterics.

Lady Amelia arose from her knees, and summoning up all her courage and resolution, began

to feel the pulse, and rub the death-cold hands of her mother. Meanwhile the Marquis was quietly swallowing his last cup of tea, when his sons-in-law came and informed him of the state of the Marchioness.

"Never fear," said the Marquis, who was a sanguine man, as he swallowed another bit of roll; "send for Pother and Sanguine, and they will put all to rights. You know you all thought I was dying; and here I am as stout as any of you."

"We have already sent an express for the nearest surgeon," said Sir Adolphus, "but I assure you, my lord, I dread the worst."

"I shall go up stairs and judge for myself," said the Marquis, as he put another piece of roll into his mouth, and prepared slowly to ascend the stairs.

The sight of his dead wife, sanguine as he was, soon converted his doubts into fears, and his fears into certainty; and his good-natured heart gave way to a burst of grief.—"My wife, my dear wife, is dead!" he exclaimed; and he fell upon the bed overcome by his feelings. The family continued to give way to their natural emotions, till the arrival of the doctor, who, after a careful and minute examination, declared that the Marchioness was gone past all hope of recovery. The cause of her demise was not visible; numerous conjectures were sta-

ted; but an ossification of the heart was assigned as the probable cause. Had she died in England, the coroner's inquest would have returned, "Died by the visitation of God." Thus was cut off the Marchioness of Vainall, with all her sins upon her head, in the midst of health, in the midst of gaiety, in the full tide of worldly prosperity,—hurried to eternity, while many in the neighbouring cottages had lingered for years in sickness and in poverty —"Why is death for ever late to conclude the wretch's woe?" Rosa Macdonald, a poor cottager in the neighbourhood, who had lingered for years with an inward disease, had died that night in much peace and joy. What were the thoughts of the Marchioness in departing, is known only to the Searcher of hearts. The veil of oblivion hangs over her dying hour; the curtain which separates time from eternity, has separated her from the land of the living; and who can penetrate that dread, that awful veil! Sudden death is one of the evils, from which the liturgy of the Church of England prays for deliverance; but surely when the soul is at peace with God, to be gently delivered from pain and sickness, should be looked upon as a blessing sent from the God of all consolation. This sudden death of the Marchioness was felt by all the family, exactly in proportion to their natural feelings. Some kept their beds; the gentle-

men were all in a bustle—Lady Amelia gave vent to her natural feelings in a flood of tears, which brought some relief to her oppressed heart. The tie between parent and child is so strong in affectionate hearts, that no force of mind can fully sustain us under the overwhelming shock of a sudden separation. Death's softening pencil had already obliterated every harsher feature in her mother's character to Lady Amelia's mind, and left only the tender remembrances of early youth. She also felt deeply grieved for the Marquis, who talked of her now as of one he had fondly loved, and went from person to person with anxious inquiry, "Are you sure she is really dead?" Lady Amelia also felt anxiety on this account. The suddenness of the death, the previous healthiness of the patient—horrible thought! should she come alive again after interment! but her feelings on this account were subdued, by the funeral being delayed as long as possible.

"And these are my marriage festivities!" said Lady Amelia, as she surveyed the lugubrious appearance the mansion had already begun to assume. She rejoiced to think that Moreland had been spared the first shock of this sad event.

Expresses were dispatched to meet him on his way, and prepare him for the reverse which awaited him; but by some accident they never reached

him, and he arrived at Roe Park on the evening preceding his expected marriage-day. As he entered the approach, full of pleasing anticipations, there was a silence, a gravity in the appearance of all things, which struck him as inaccordant with nuptial festivities; and his heart died within him when he beheld the countenance of Sir Adolphus Wilde, who came to meet him at the door.

"Gracious Heaven!" said Moreland, "what has happened? Tell me the worst. My God will enable me to bear it." The most frightful images passed quickly through his mind; and he felt rather delivered from the most painful imaginations when the truth was unfolded.

He heard it in silent awe, and repaired to his chamber to prepare himself for comforting the mourners.

"And such," said he, "is the lot of man. Well hath our liturgy said, 'In the midst of life we are in death.'"

Moreland's arrival did indeed bring consolation to the whole family; he knew how to say a word in season; and surely, if ever there is a season when it is meet and right to call upon man to consider his latter end, it is when death hath entered our dwellings, and when preparations are making to commit dust to dust.

Even the levity of Lord and Lady Emery was

subdued by this event. Nothing increases the intensity of feeling more than when our present sorrow is deeply contrasted with our expected joys; and even the most callous at Roe Park, felt their tears flow, when they saw the bride and the bridegroom clothed in deep weeds instead of nuptial array, and all the company assembled in the chamber of death, hearing Dr Pelham perform the last obsequies over the dead body of the Marchioness, instead of joining the hands of Lady Amelia Truefeel, and Sir Ferdinand Moreland.

But all emotions of natural grief are generally of a transient nature; and the funeral was scarcely over, when the usual answer to inquiring friends was, with truth, and in proper form, changed from, "as well as can be expected," into "pretty well," and from thence into "quite well." The poor Marquis felt, as a sad bore, the continual call upon him to renew his sorrows by the letters of condolence; some of them extolling the Marchioness as a departed saint—all holding her up as a paragon of a wife and mother, and exhorting him, by every argument of philosophy and religion, to calm, and subdue, and bear manfully, sorrows which already were completely under control. He began to fear, that after having lost such a treasure, he would be looked upon as having no feeling if he was able to be cheerful, in

less than a year. But to put his feeling and affection past a doubt, he ordered a magnificent tomb-stone, on which all the Marchioness's virtues, supposed and real, were inscribed, supported by two weeping cherubs; and it was intimated to Dr Webster, that he was expected to preach a funeral sermon, setting forth the said virtues and perfections of this best of mothers, best of wives, paragon of friends, and honour to her sex. But Webster did not at all satisfy the expectations of the Vainall family upon this occasion. He preached indeed a beautiful and pathetic discourse from "Man groweth up like a flower; in the morning he groweth up and flourisheth, and in the evening he is cut down and withereth;" and merely alluded to the Marchioness's death, as a recent melancholy event which had occurred in the parish, and ought to be a warning to high and low, young and old, to prepare to meet their God.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Hope and Fortune, farewell! I've escaped from your sea;
Henceforward cheat others; ye once cheated me."

THE time which fashion prescribes for the first mourning for persons of distinction, was now completed for the Marchioness of Vainall; and even the Marquis was allowed to doff some of his weeds of woe. He had displayed no affectation; he never even alluded to the dusky cloak which he wore, and all the other signs of woe, as indications of aught but conformity to custom. He never said, "Seems, madam, nay it is; I know not seems"—"I have that within which passeth show, these but the trappings and the suits of woe." The Marchioness, it is true, if she was not a great loss, was, at all events, a great blank; for she was not like a noiseless dream, a vision-like person, who floated on the viewless air.

But Lady Amelia now felt it both her duty and inclination so wholly to devote herself to her father, that, notwithstanding the blank, he felt that

he had gained something which was more than a compensation—yet how part with her, the staff of his old age,—his comfort, his consolation! He felt that his married daughters were not like her; they were good kind creatures; but she was his friend; and he felt something of the feelings of King Lear towards Cordelia, and a dislike to Moreland, as the disturber of his peace, by wishing to make her a married daughter also. Old people are averse to changes, and the Marquis was now old; yet a change seemed inevitable. Lady Amelia was engaged to, and must be the wife of, Sir Ferdinand Moreland.

"I wonder how people can ever think of marrying," said the Marquis. "I am sure the single state is the happier state. Cannot Moreland improve the country without troubling himself with a wife? More Muir is not a place for women; there is no accommodation but for ploughmen, and shepherds, and cattle-feeders."

But Sir Ferdinand Moreland, notwithstanding all these objections, claimed the promised hand of Lady Amelia Truefeel; and Lady Amelia appeared willing to fulfil her engagement; and the marriage was inevitable. But the old man's heart seemed ready to break at parting with his beloved daughter; and the difficulties and delays he proposed were so numerous and so frequently repeat-

ed, that, at last, it was settled that the marriage should forthwith take place, but that they should live at Roe Park during the Marquis's life. Moreland felt this a sacrifice; but his newly-acquired estate lay so near, that his usefulness in that quarter he felt would not be hindered; and such had been the consistent upright character he had uniformly maintained, during his acquaintance with the Vainall family, that though they hated his religious fanaticism, as they called it, yet still they felt no jealousy of the consequent influence he might obtain over the Marquis, by his residence at Roe Park, but secure that their interests were as safe in his keeping as in their own. Such is the homage that vice is sometimes found to pay to virtue. From the recent death of the Marchioness, the marriage was celebrated in as quiet a manner as possible, by Dr Pelham, who had, ever since the fatal event, continued at Roe Park, to console the Marquis. He was now also far declined in the vale of years; and much of his acrimony was subdued either by the kindness of the Morelands, or by a better spirit which had begun to work within him.

The Morelands, as is the custom for new married pairs, set off on a fortnight's excursion to one of Moreland's English estates. "Let us be helps to one another," said he, "in our journey to Zion,

that our coming together may have been for the better, and not for the worse. Let us pray together, and mutually seek to edify one another, and may we use our numerous talents so, that we may be enabled to give account to Him that hath bestowed them upon us."

On their return from their jaunt, they found the Marquis wearying grievously for them. The other personages had returned to their respective houses; and Lady Amelia now entered upon her duty as wife to Sir Ferdinand Moreland, yet continuing the care and attention of an only child to the Marquis of Vainall. He was, as we have seen, an easy-tempered man; and now that there was no opposing influence, he yielded to and seconded all the pious plans of Sir Ferdinand and Lady Amelia. It was outwardly a changed house. Some said the change was for the better, and others for the worse.

"It is a most ridiculous thing to make a methodist of my father at his time of life," said Lord Emery.

"However, if they make him happy, it is all one," said Dr Spleen Harris, who was now settled at Harris Hall.

"It is now a very stupid house indeed," said Lady Maria Murphy. "The poor Marchioness,

honest woman, if she was to look up, would not know her own castle—all turned Methodists."

"Christians, or Methodists as you call them, are not so easily made," said Sir Ferdinand Moreland. "He that made the heart alone can change it. Let none of us deceive ourselves; the work of conversion is an inward work; we may appear to do all things, yet fall short of it. We may appear to do nothing; yet God may see that the change is begun. Oh that my wife and I may be enabled to shew by our lives to whom we belong!"

"Yes," said Lady Amelia, "I have now seen that all sayings and doings, professing of this, and condemning of that, perhaps immaterial observances, are as nothing, empty, and nothing worth, —sounding brass and tinkling cymbals,—unless the heart is filled with unbounded love to God, and universal love to man, the creature of God—for 'God is love.'"

Love still shall hold an endless reign
In earth and heaven above;
When tongues shall cease, and prophets fail,
And every gift but love.

THE END.

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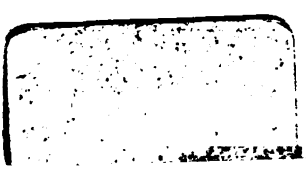

ed, that, at last, it was settled that the marriage should forthwith take place, but that they should live at Roe Park during the Marquis's life. Moreland felt this a sacrifice; but his newly-acquired estate lay so near, that his usefulness in that quarter he felt would not be hindered; and such had been the consistent upright character he had uniformly maintained, during his acquaintance with the Vainall family, that though they hated his religious fanaticism, as they called it, yet still they felt no jealousy of the consequent influence he might obtain over the Marquis, by his residence at Roe Park, but secure that their interests were as safe in his keeping as in their own. Such is the homage that vice is sometimes found to pay to virtue. From the recent death of the Marchioness, the marriage was celebrated in as quiet a manner as possible, by Dr Pelham, who had, ever since the fatal event, continued at Roe Park, to console the Marquis. He was now also far declined in the vale of years; and much of his acrimony was subdued either by the kindness of the Morelands, or by a better spirit which had begun to work within him.

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